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by Lady A Miller

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LETTERS

FROM

ITALY.

VOL. I.

LETTERS

FROM

ITALY,

DESCRIBING THE

Manners, Cuſtoms, Antiquities, Paintings,

&c. of that Country,

In the Years MDCCLXX and MDCCLXXI,

TO

A FRIEND reſiding in FRANCE,

By an ENGLISH WOMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR EDWARD AND CHARLES DILLY.

MDCCLXXVI.

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PREFACE.

THE Author of theſe Letters made the tour of Italy with her huſband in the years 1770 and 1771: her correſpondent, a near and much eſteemed relation, had required from her at parting, circumſtantial details (by letter) of whatever ſhe ſhould meet with during the period of their ſeparation, curious or intereſting; in the view of comparing her communications with the beſt modern travels of French or Engliſh publication.

At the requeſt of that relation they are now publiſhed, with little other caution or correction, than the diſcharging them (in ſome meaſure) from repetitions, and the ſuppreſſion of cer-

tain

tain matters of meer private concern, by no means objects of information or entertainment to the Public.

It were a misuse of time to offer proofs of their authenticity, which shew so clearly and unequivocally through every page of these volumes.

Will not the public candor presume, that farther embellishment of style, apposite quotations, abundant illustrations, *&c. &c.* might have been supplied by the same pen, which offers them the present artless, ingenuous narration, had such decorations seemed expedient, or a display of the author's reading been an object of publication.

Much of the matter now before us, was thrown on paper immediately after;

after; and not a little of it whilſt the recorded incidents were yet paſſing; the greater part of it was wrote in the midſt of fatigue, in moments unfavourable to preciſion and unfriendly to reflection, ſave only to ſuch reflections as naturally roſe out of the occurring events.

The Editor, who cannot plead indifference to theſe Letters and their author, finds himſelf impelled to anticipate the reader's approbation of that ſpirit of tenderneſs and benevolence, that animated warmth ſo honeſtly avowed, and ſo feelingly exerted in the defence of freedom and the intereſts of humanity, which abundantly diſplay themſelves in the pages now before us.

The Author's declining to give her name to ſo circumſtantial a narrative,

tive, as renders it ſingularly improbable it ſhould long remain concealed, ſeems to call for ſome apology; all the Editor has to ſay in regard to this peculiarity is, that the utmoſt that could be obtained from her, was an acquieſcence in their anonymous publication.

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To the Reader.

SHOULD any of our readers object, that too much place is given in these volumes to what seems to interest the corresponding parties more nearly than the Public; it may be relied on, that such parts have been retained solely from the motive of giving a more natural picture of the manners, &c. of the people represented, than the unanimated narrative of a meer spectator might have conveyed. Nor could the Editor, without difficulty, have separated from the several descriptions, that part and interest which the Author had in them. If the Editor should appear reprehensible for preserving such extensive criticisms in the article of painting; he can only say, that his author's strong propensity to that science induced her treating it more largely than may be agreeable to some of her readers; and that he was prevented from suppressing any part, from a possibility of its being relished by those amongst them of a different taste, who may be unprovided with better or more recent accounts.

Of

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Of Catalogues indeed, there is no deficiency; they ſwarm in every town and every palace of Italy: but theſe publications are merely catalogues; ſuch criticiſms as they offer being oftentimes fortuitous, frequently falſe, and for the greater number calculated by the proprietor to promote the ſale of ſuch pictures of indifferent merit, as he wiſhes to part with to advantage and profit.

Thoſe in this country who commiſſion perſons reſiding in Italy (of which there are many) to procure them the beſt of ſuch pictures as chance brings to market, may acknowledge ſome utility in critical diſquiſitions of this nature, if executed with a decent portion of truth and information; as ſerving to direct their choice upon the immediate objects of preference; and proving, when in correſpondence with the reports of thoſe employed by them, a confirmation of their eſtimates and recommendations.—Here they will alſo learn, that many pictures, ſuppoſed the property of their former owners, will appear to be in the poſſeſſion of other maſters and other countries. After all, if thoſe who have not already travelled in, or who have no expectation of viſiting Italy: if thoſe who are unacquainted with, or unintereſted in the merits of painting, will but turn over a few pages when they come to

ſuch deſcriptions, of which the marginal references are a conſtant indication, perhaps their trouble may be but inconſiderable, in proportion to the entertainment or information provided for a larger number of our readers.

From the lovers of natural hiſtory (perhaps) we ſhall need no indulgence for offering them in the Appendix, what appears to us an intereſting account of a Bridge that ſeems to have had nature for its architect; and of ſome curious inveſtigations of foſſils and minerals, all in the neighbourhood of Verona, which ſeem to have paſſed unviſited and unnoticed by any writer of travels. The Italian manuſcript from which it is printed, came into the Author's hands by an accident that cannot intereſt our readers.

LETTER

LETTER I.

Sept. 20th, 1770.

I SUPPOSE you have already received my letter from Ornon. Nothing but the promiſe I had made you of writing from the very firſt place we ſhould ſleep at, could have prevailed upon me to have ſent you ſuch a ſomniferous letter—if the reading of it did not put you to ſleep, the writing did me.—I fear this will not prove much more enlivening than its predeceſſor. —Why will you not have patience until I have reached Italy? for there I expect every day will produce freſh ſources of amuſement both for you and me.—But that, you have refuſed me, and you inſiſt that I mark and paint every ſtep I take in ſo clear a manner, that you may follow me cloſely in idea—but don't ſuffer the too tender friend-

ſhip you honour me with, to produce anxious and uneaſy thoughts that may miſguide you, in augmenting every inconvenience, or trifling accident that may happen; for as you took care at the moment of our ſeparation to bind me doubly by my friendſhip and honour, not through a miſtaken kindneſs to attempt to deceive you in the ſmalleſt particular, ſo be aſſured I hold myſelf obliged to fulfil my engagement, *au pied de la lettre*.--Follow me then in ideal jaunt, like Puck's fairy friend,

Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire.

My journey alſo muſt have a fiery end, Mount Veſuvius.—I tremble at the thought —though perhaps I may be better reconciled to a burning mountain, when I ſhall fancy myſelf almoſt petrified to cryſtal, amidſt the eternal ſnows and iced mountains, towards which we are making all poſſible

poſſible expedition. Having quitted Ornon this morning, we arrived at noon at a ſmall town called Pontarlier, where we changed horſes and dined: it is a bleak, raw-looking unintereſting place, the road is very tolerable between Ornon and Pontarlier,—but not at all to your taſte; a precipice quite conſiderable enough to frighten you being conſtantly on one ſide, the mountain riſing on the other; for a conſiderable part of the way one ſees this road winding and turning about the ſides of theſe high hills;—the day has been very fine, and the proſpect highly romantic;—it is not ſo diſtant, but that the horizon is diſtinctly determined by a chain of mountains clothed up to their ſummits with pines;—their ſituation is rendered particularly ſtriking by the ſudden protuberances of the ground on which they grow.—When the ſun had riſen ſo high as to the favourite moment of all landſcape-painters, the 45th degree, or (to ſpeak with the vulgar) about

Pontarlier.

ten o'clock, the tops of the firs gliſtened with refulgent brightneſs, and the dark ſhadows caſt by their ſpreading branches augmented in appearance the real projection of their conical ſides.—By the majeſtic nodding of their heads, they ſeemed to inſult with their ſuperiority of elevation, the humble trees in the valley below, and capriciouſly to amuſe themſelves with ſuddenly caſting monſtrous and gigantic ſhadows, on the peaceful plains of green corn in the valley, interſperſed with various hues, cauſed by the patches of peas and other pulſe now in bloſſom.—Here and there meadows of hay cutting down and making, and a few poor villages ſcattered amongſt mountains diverſified the ſcene. Theſe cottages (though far more picturesque in proſpect, than would be the comfortable farm-houſes of *Halfpenny*) are only compoſed of a few planks and trees faſtened together. As we advanced, we began to cloſe with the pines, which had

bounded

bounded our view before, and which now, dividing themſelves at our approach into beautiful viſtas, opened into irregular lawns, watered by limpid ſprings guſhing forth from amongſt the pines, their ſtreams ſeparating into ſeveral rivulets, bordered by various flowers of the lily and flag kind—but all my paſtoral ſpeculations were interrupted by our arrival at Pontarlier, where, as I have already informed you, we dined.—I do not invite you to partake in imagination of our banquet, for they ſerved us up a ſtinking chicken, which, after ſome entreaty, was exchanged for a few eggs, but little inferior in ripeneſs to the chicken. Juſt as we ſat down to our frugal repaſt, enters a peaſant, and ſays, *Voici Monſieur le Marechal.*—Mechanically I was about to riſe, ſtruck with the ſimilarity of the ſtyle and title of my viſitor to the well known ſound at B——, when, behold a dirty blackſmith, it ſeems his Cyclopian aid had been wanting to our carriage, he

demanded payment—On being aſked how much would content him, he replied, *ſix Vaches*—Six Vaches, cried I with aſtoniſhment! The peaſant who felt what cauſed my ſurpriſe, ſmiled, and ſaid, he means eighteen ſols—which ſum in this country goes under the appellàtion of ſix cows.—Our hoſt charged us five livres for four eggs; how many cows does that make? As ſoon as our horſes were ready, away we drove as faſt as we could, each horſe doing his beſt according to his ſeveral abilities, for all ſix were of different ſize, make, colour, and diſpoſition. Our road continued much in the ſame ſtyle as in the morning, till we arrived at the end of our day's journey at

Jougne. a place called Jougne.—Figure to yourſelf a ruined caſtle, ſituated on the ſide of a mountain, emboſomed in a foreſt of fir-trees; one of its towers only is habitable, and there are two tolerable rooms in it. By its date marked on one of the ſtones 1579, it appears to have been built in Henry the Third's

Third's reign, if I make no miſtake.—This ruined caſtle belongs to the Duke of Rochefoucault, who is proprietor of thirty-eight Signories contiguous, in this country.—The inhabitants of the village are civil and poor; they are dreſſed like thoſe montagnards who come twice a year to B— for the expoſition of the *Sainte Suaire*.—Their *coiffure* is to the full as ſurpriſing.—A long pewter ſkewer, with a knob at each end, ſuſtains their *Chignon*, which is twiſted about it,—ſo that when viewed in front, they have the air of the head of young heifers with budding horns.

Good night; we have juſt ſupped on trout, the natives of theſe mountain rills.—I cannot ſend you this letter from hence, for there is no poſt for letters here.

Sept. 21. At five o'clock in the morning we quitted Jougne, and we travelled for a league and a half through foreſts of pines; after which the roads were bad, the aſcents and deſcents very rapid and rough; now and

then hollow narrow ways; and we were conſtantly accompanied by a thick fog.—

Sara. We dined at a town called Sara. It ſeemed as if this town had marched out of its gates; for there were ſeveral gates, but very few houſes within. Here we regaled ourſelves on the ſhoulder of a ram, which ſmelt as ſtrong as if it had been the ſhoulder of a fox. I believe we ſhall have excellent ſtomachs by the time we arrive at Geneva.—At length we have reached Morgeſs, a Swiſs town, where we lie, and which, I think, is nine poſts from Jougne. But obſerve, that for the future I ſhall not trouble myſelf with calculating how many leagues or poſts we make in a day, or how many there are from one wretched bourg to another: if you are curious to know, examine the poſt-book, or Richard, or Lalande, *&c.*—Our landſcape has quite changed its face, for about four leagues paſt, to a fine cloſe cultivated country, reſembling parts of Berkſhire; the fields di-

vided

vided by quickſet hedges, clipped and dreſſed as in England. We ſaw Lauſanne at a diſtance. Our road lay along the ſide of the Lake of Geneva: it appears as broad as the bay of Southampton. Do not imagine it is ſmooth; on the contrary, it is rough, and not clear.—On the oppoſite ſide appear the Mountains of Savoy, whoſe lofty heads reach far above the clouds; they only concealing part of their ſides, like drapery wrapped round them. Morges is a pretty little town, with two well-built ſtreets. The Swiſs *païſannes* are much prettier than the French, but they have no air; their faces are fair and clean, but want that countenance the French ſtyle *piquante*: they ſeem modeſt, but a little ſtupid; for it is with difficulty they can be prevailed upon to anſwer the ſimpleſt queſtions.—Our inn is very clean, and like an Engliſh country ale-houſe. We fare very well; they charge us three livres a-head. To-morrow we hope to arrive at

Lake of Geneva.

Mountains of Savoy.

Morges.

Geneva. We have been walking about the town in queſt of ſomething worth ſeeing. Our kind hoſteſs conducted us to the houſe of *Monſ. le Baillie*, by way of ſhewing us the fineſt edifice in the town ;—a dreadful looking old manſion, painted all over black and red.

I reſt ſatisfied that your friendſhip will make allowance for the inaccuracies of this letter, and the barrenneſs of the ſubject for the want of that amuſement you had expected to find from the pen of your moſt affectionate, *&c.*

LETTER II.

Sept. 23, 1770.

WE arrived here yeſterday afternoon, in Savoy, about half a mile from Geneva. We had been informed on the road, that we ſhould find a better inn on the other ſide of Geneva than any in the town. We determined to drive through without ſtopping. Another convenience ariſing from our not being in the town, is, that we are not ſubject to be detained here longer than juſt to take a curſory view of this famous city, which, had we lodged in, we might have found ſome difficulties in quitting ſo ſuddenly the ſociety of ſeveral of our countrymen, which, though it might prove a moſt agreeable interruption to our journey, yet, as the ſeaſon is far advanced for paſſing Montcennis, we think it more prudent to loſe as little time as poſſible on our way thither.

All yeſterday's journey was through a moſt beautiful country (till we came to Little France, or the *Païs de Gex*; of which country, ſo much talked of by our news-writers, I ſhall by and by attempt a deſcription). From Norges to another good town called Nyon the road continues the whole way on the borders of the Lake; and on the other ſide the road, as far as the eye can reach, nothing appears but a rich ſoil, all under tillage, and planted with extenſive orchards of apples, pears, cherry and walnut trees, growing at not more than fifteen yards diſtance from each other. Agriculture is certainly in a ſtate of great perfection in this part of Switzerland. Here are conſiderable fields of buck wheat and lucerne, as well as of various other kinds of artificial graſſes.

Païs de Gex.

Nyon.

The Swiſs have a contrivance for ſpreading the alarm on the appearance of the enemy, which has a pretty and an odd effect to the view: they are beacons, and are

Beacons.

are placed on the ſummits of their high mountains. Each conſiſts of nothing more than a very tall withered pine, ſtuck into the ground with a bundle of ſtraw and faggots tied acroſs, and appears, when viewed at a diſtance, like the belfry of a ruined hermitage. On the ſuſpicion of an approaching enemy, they ſet fire to one of theſe beacons, whichever is the neareſt; the blaze is immediately perceived, and all the beacons in the country are ſoon lighted. Thus the neceſſary alarm for making war-like preparation is ſpread from one canton to the other.

After an hour's drive on this ſide of Nyon, we entered the *Païs de Gex*: a rivulet only ſeparates it from Switzerland. Scarcely had we paſſed its borders, when our ears were aſſaulted by the ſqueeling ſtreet voices of the Frenchwomen. The peaſants of both ſexes bear in their phyſiognomy inconteſtable proofs of their origin, though they have been tranſplanted here many years;

Païs de Gex.

years; brown, meagre, ragged, half-ſtarved wretches, prancing and grinning at one in their dirt, miſery, and *ſabots*; their houſes ſcarcely covered in, windows ſtuffed with rags.—Lazineſs, ſuperſtition, and deſpotiſm, with their baleful claws, ſeem to have been the only cultivators of this country.—What a difference between this and the landſcape on the other ſide the ſtream! their habitations clean and commodious; themſelves ſtout, freſh-complexioned, healthy, and decently dreſſed (no *ſabots*); their beaſts of burden large, ſtrong, and well fed; their implements of agriculture ingeniouſly conſtructed, and never lying idle; their churches neat, ſimple, and well built, though quite plain. But how different muſt be the country where liberty, blended with every patriotic and ſocial virtue, ſprings up ſpontaneouſly in every boſom, to that where religion ſerves only as a maſk to hide the hypocriſy of the wily prieſt; who, inſtead of inculcating

cating the laws of morality, and encouraging induſtry, whenever it ſerves his intereſts, drags forth from his ſaintly cupboard his holy puppet-ſhew, and unfurls the banners of his deceits * to his deluded flock; who, beating their breaſts, their eyes turned up in extatic ſtupidity, whilſt their ears are filled with the ſwelling yell of theſe holy men, fancy they believe that the heavens, propitious to their diſtortions, will beſtow upon them immediate rain or ſunſhine, according to their wiſh?—But I ſhould beg pardon for this digreſſion, and return to the deſcription of the Païs de Gex, which is about three quarters of a league in breadth, and three and a half in length, in ſhape like a tongue, ſtretching acroſs the country down to the Lake.—The moment we entered it, we were attacked by a harpy, commonly called a *Commis* of a Bureau, who extorted more duties upon

* The ſtandards on which are painted ſaints of both ſexes, &c. and which are borne in proceſſions.

our

our baggage for three quarters of a league, than the tax for twenty-eight leagues had amounted to in Switzerland.—Our *Commis* was ſucceeded by a woman between ſeventy and eighty years old, who purſuing us, clattering her wooden ſhoes, demanded a trifling toll. The firſt time I have ſeen *rouge* ſince I quitted France was on the ſhrivelled cheeks of this beldame.—As we were very curious to ſee the port of Verſoix (the new town) we ſent our courier to the *commandant* for permiſſion for that purpoſe, which he very obligingly granted us, and ſent the commanding officer of the troops to conduct us about. The commandant very politely excuſed himſelf from accompanying us, on account of his being ill, and confined to his room. His name is I——re: he inhabits a poor cottage, juſt at the entrance of the *bourg*. We alighted then from our carriage, and walked about what is to be the town of Verſoix, for there is not a houſe begun yet. The ſtreets,

ſquares,

ſquares, &c. are determined by tall ſtakes fixed in the ground, and have all pompous names. There are a few miſerable hovels, or rather roofs of planks, which almoſt touch the ground, and appear at a diſtance like tents. In theſe wretched habitations on the cold and damp earth have the unhappy ſoldiers (deſtined to take up their quarters here) endured the laſt rude winter. Paſſing by one, I looked in, being curious to diſcover its contents. I believe it muſt have been the infirmary hovel; for I perceived ſeveral ſick wretches ſtretched out upon *palliaſſes*, who ſeemed ready to expire, and whom it had been more merciful to have ſhot through the head, than to ſacrifice thus by degrees to agues and dead palſies, for the glory of *Lewis the Beloved*.

Our conductor, after relating to us the very great difficulties they had combated during the laſt winter, in particular that the heavy ſnows had prevented their receiving proviſions from Savoy, and their

Swiſs neighbours had refuſed to ſell them any, added, that the garriſon of B. (from which they are a detachment) obliged them (the officers) to ſubſcribe twelve livres a month for the comedy there. This is ſomething ſo highly ridiculous, and at the ſame time ſo unjuſt, that it is ſcarce credible.

The Lake in this part is very rough, and frequently ſo dangerous in winter, from the eddy winds cauſed by the ſurrounding mountains, that none of their little veſſels could lie at anchor in ſafety, if unprotected by walls, which form a regular port (I believe I forgot to tell you, that there is a very good port at Morges, though there is none at Geneva), in ſhape a ſquare of two hundred yards, or thereabout. Three ſides of this ſquare are formed by a wall four feet thick and twenty feet high, built out into the Lake upon piles, with an entrance left for veſſels to come in.

Having viewed this town and port *in terrorem*, we took leave of our polite guide, wiſhing him a ſpeedy order to re-

turn

turn to Old France *. M—— propheſies this town will never be built; or, ſuppoſing it ſhould, never inhabited †. His reaſons are, that it is ſituated in the midſt of implacable enemies, whoſe intereſts and inclinations it muſt ever be to diſtreſs this new eſtabliſhment. Nor can trade be carried on without a fund; and though that was afforded them, ſtill the Genevans, by making the ſmalleſt accommodations for the veſſels trading upon the Lake, would render utterly uſeleſs and unavailing all that the French can hereafter expend upon *Verſoix* and its port. What benefit can they expect to reap from throwing away a great ſum of money, and haraſſing many more of their already too oppreſſed military ſubjects?

As we drew near to Geneva, the country became very cheerful, by offering to our view a great number of ſmall houſes and pretty

* The troops now here are a detachment of about 300 from the Queen's regiment, and 200 of the Royal artillery.

† This propheſy has been long ſince fulfilled, as the undertaking was totally abandoned immediately upon the *D. of Choiſeul's* diſgrace.

gardens belonging to the citizens, who retire to them in the ſummer as frequently as their buſineſs permits.—Our inn is very good, as are our accommodations and proviſions; and the people civil. I think civility in innkeepers eſſential to the health of travellers; for how much are one's nerves and ſpirits hurried, and one's blood heated, when, on arriving late perhaps at an inn in France, you are almoſt morally certain of receiving an inſolent reply to any queſtion, though the moſt reaſonable, and neceſſary, that a traveller can aſk?

I think the trout produced by this Lake inferior to the common Engliſh trout. The victuals here are dreſſed in the faſhion of Geneva, or rather in the old Engliſh ſtyle, boiled and roaſted, with puddings of various ſorts, codling-pies, *&c.* The Genevans and Swiſs boaſt a reſemblance in their manner of living to the tables of England. They are total ſtrangers to the luxuries of our modern repaſts.—As to what you have heard in regard to their

eating

eating cats, if there is any truth in that report, it is not at Geneva that it is practiſed, but in the more remote and uncivilized parts of Switzerland.

Here I am interrupted by a great noiſe, proceeding from the jollity of ſome young men of Geneva, who, Divine ſervice being over, are come to paſs their Sunday's evening in various amuſements in the garden of the inn. Some play at nine-pins, others at *vingt et une*; others eat and drink in the arbours, and chaunt the old French pſalm-tunes to profane words, *che ſono un poco troppo allegro*.—I thought the Genevans had been a grave plodding people. I own I had formed that idea of them from theſe lines of Voltaire, which I had been lately reading:

Au pied d'un mont * que les temps ont pelé,
Sur le rivage ou roulant ſa belle onde
Le Rhone échape à ſa priſon profonde
Et court au loin par la ſône appellé;

* La Montagne de Salive, partie des Alpes.

On voit briller la Cité Genvoiſe,
Noble cité, riche, * fier, et ſournoiſe;
On y calcule et jamais on n'y rit,
L'art de barême eſt le ſeul qui fleurit †;
On hait le bal, on hait la comedie.
Du grand Rameau l'on ignore les airs
Pour tout plaiſir Geneve pſalmodie
Du bon David les antique concerts,
Croyant que Dieu ſe plait aux mauvais vers
Des predicants la morne et dure eſpece
Sur tous les fronts à gravé la triſteſſe, &c. ‡.

We can form no judgment of the juſtice or injuſtice of theſe lines, knowing ſo little of the people they characterize.

As to the company below, the maid of the houſe eyes them with terror, calling

* Les ſeuls citoyens de Geneve ont quatre millions cinq cent mille livre de rente ſur la France en divers effets. Il n'y a point de ville en Europe qui dans ſon territoire ait autant de jolies maiſons de campagne proportion gardée. Il y à cinquante fourneaux dans Geneve, ou l'on fond l'or et l'argent. On y pouſſoit autrefois des argumens theologique.

† Auteur des Comptes Faits.

‡ Ces vers ſont digne de la muſique on y chante les commandements de Dieu ſur l'air *reveilles vous belle endormie*.

them

them *libertins*, and *mauvais ſujêts*. She certainly means what we call Bucks, and of theſe, I think there muſt be a certain proportion to every town. At length *la Jeuneſſe Genevois* have taken their leave, for at a certain hour Geneva's gates are cloſed, and are impenetrable to any perſon whomſoever until the morning.

To my great diſappointment, I am juſt now informed that the letters I expected to receive here from you are forwarded to Turin; travellers muſt learn patience.

A cold I have caught, adds to my chagrin, as it deprives me of going to Ferney *, whither M— went this morning, and from whence he is juſt returned, highly ſatisfied with his reception, for Voltaire was in a *good humour:* D'Alembert and the Marquis d'Argens were juſt arrived by appointment to ſtay a few days, the former from Paris, the latter from Berlin. You may imagine the converſation was not languid when

* The ſeat of M. de Voltaire, about three Engliſh miles diſtant from Geneva.

kept up by ſuch men. I have been teaſing M— to relate to me every word they uttered; what he recollects of the converſation pleaſes me ſo much, that I wiſh him to commit it to paper for your amuſement, and he has promiſed me he will do it the very firſt moment he can command. He ſays, Ferney is a charming place, that Voltaire lives magnificently.—His niece, who is a very well bred agreeable woman, manages his houſhold affairs;—and that the gardens are well kept, and neat, which I wonder at, the maſter being a Frenchman.

We ſhall continue our journey the day after to-morrow. I am going to ſend this letter to the poſt.—Don't be ſurpriſed at not hearing from me till after our arrival at Turin; not that I ſhall neglect writing; but, it is poſſible I may not be lucky enough to find an opportunity of ſending a letter from any part of Savoy. I have not forgot that you was deſirous I ſhould be very particular in my account of that country: whatſoever I meet with which

appears

appears to me to be remarkable, or extraordinary, or that has not been noticed by *Richard*, *Lalande*, or *Keyſler*, &c. you may depend upon it, ſhall not eſcape me; though I ſhould imagine thoſe authors have not omitted any thing of conſequence, nor have I the vanity to put my letters in competition with their travels.—They made this journey with a view to writing and publiſhing their obſervations for the benefit of travellers, and the information of the curious; but we who travel merely for our amuſement, and I who write for yours only, if my letters ſhould prove ſufficiently entertaining to chaſe away *une partie de vos ennuies*, (for I know no expreſſion in Engliſh for that univerſal complaint, although no nation is more tormented with the diſorder than the Engliſh) ſhall think my end will be anſwered, and your approbation will be more grateful to me, than the applauſe of all the learned doctors of the *Sorbonne*. I remain, as ever, moſt affectionately yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER III.

September 25th, 1770.

Geneva. WE quitted the neighbourhood of Geneva to-day at noon. Do not expect from me a deſcription of this famous city and republic; I am neither qualified nor inclined to deſcant upon the merits of their form of government, laws, &c.—nor is the town at all to my taſte; I mean its ſtreets, architecture, &c. It is very dirty, and I ſhould imagine trade flouriſhes prodigiouſly by the number of carts and drays with which the ſtreets are crowded. Our hoſt was not unreaſonable, and we parted without any diſpute. I write this

Friangean. from a little village called *Friangean*, ſituated in a bottom, ſurrounded by high mountains. Our inn has a dangerous appearance, but that is all; for the poor people do every thing in their power to oblige us. They have dreſſed an elegant little

ſupper,

ſupper, conſiſting of a fine young turkey, a tongue *a la daube*, two ſallads, one of anchovy, the other of lettice; a *deſſert* compoſed of cheeſe, biſcuits, *Maſpinerie*, almonds in ſhell, butter churned ſince our arrival, and very good wine both white and red. Is not this a ſumptuous repaſt for ſuch a ſavage place? And what do you think they charge us, including our courier? Only five livres, five ſols, French. I dare ſay you thought Savoy afforded nothing but acorns and goat's whey.—From Geneva to this place, our road has not been abſolutely bad,—though we have had ſome rough ſteps. The mountains, according to their different aſpects, produce vines in abundance, corn, buck-wheat, and various kinds of pulſe.—The Arve winds along the valley, its waters are clear, and foaming in their courſe break over ſeveral large ſtones and rocks which have tumbled into it from the mountains on each ſide.—Do not imagine that we poſt it here; there is no going

ing faſt in ſuch roads; ſo we have hired an excellent Geneva carriage, with four ſtout ſleek republican horſes, and a careful coachman, who boaſts with J. J. Rouſſeau of being a citizen of Geneva; he appears *en bon point*, is rich, and communicative,—has talked to us much about Lord ——, who has been admitted, to his great ſatisfaction, a citizen of Geneva. Good night. To-morrow we ſet out early to gain Chamberry.

LETTER IV.

Chamberry, Sept. 26.

WE have paſſed ſeveral frightful bridges to-day; for by the winding of the road, cauſed by the mountains, one is obliged to paſs the Arve continually. At Rumelie (a wretched old town) there is a dangerous bridge at preſent, and an aſcent from it to the inn, by no means pleaſant on account of its abrupt ſteepneſs. But, it ſeems, they propoſe ſoon to build a very good bridge here. The inn belongs to the marquis de *T—n*, a *Seigneur* of Turin: as it had been the family *chateau*, I ran through the apartments, which are paved, and now waſte and wild; at length I came to a great ſaloon, which had no other ornament, or furniture, than the family arms blazoned; not even one grim anceſtor in armour to grace the naked walls:—But I ſuppoſe the family pictures are conveyed

Rumelie.

to

to Turin. As ſoon as we poſſibly could we took leave of Rumelie. I believe no place in the world, of its ſize, contains more beggars; but I ſuſpect them to be the inhabitants of the town, who demand alms in the moſt importunate and clamorous manner.

Aix. From thence we came to Aix, where we employed about an hour in examining its ſprings and baths. The road is good from Rumelie to Aix, and from thence to Chamberry. Cultivation is not neglected; on the other ſide of Aix the mountains are laboured until their extreme acclivity mocks the peaſant's toil. Their corn is ſtill very green, their hay now making; having a bad proſpect of grapes this year, they have neglected their vines, whoſe branches trail in diſorder along the ground.—From Aix hither, there is no mountain to aſcend or deſcend; fertile plains open themſelves out on each ſide of the road to a great extent, whoſe boundaries are mountains covered with

with ſnow. Abundance of ſtandard fruit-trees, forming conſiderable orchards, and bending under their loads of fruit, the corn growing between them in many places, ſtrike the mind with ideas of plenty, widely differing from thoſe I had formed of Savoy. But it ſeems this landſcape is to have its contraſt.—At Aix we made every inquiry, our time would permit of, in regard to the medicinal qualities of the waters. Two of the ſprings burſt out of a rock on the ſide of a ſteep mountain, which rock is arched over like a grotto. The upper bath, ſupplied by one of theſe ſprings, has a ſtrong ſulphureous ſmell and taſte. The ſpring flows out of a leaden pipe inſerted in the rock, in a ſtream which meaſures about two inches and a half diameter: it is ſo exceſſively hot, that I could not ſuffer it to fall upon my hand for a quarter of a minute. M—— held his hand repeatedly under it, till at laſt it ſwelled, looked very red, and

itched. Our guide told us, that a Geneva gentleman, who had but juſt left the town, and who was ſo paralytic at his arrival as to occaſion his being helped out of his carriage by five men, in ſix weeks after he had uſed the baths and drank the waters, mounted into his coach without aſſiſtance, and is returned in perfect health to Geneva. Lepers bathe here, and, we are told, ſome have been cured. The ſecond ſpring brings down with it a kind of ſtuff or paſte in flakes, in colour and conſiſtence not unlike white of egg a little hardened; which flames and burns when applied to a lighted candle. Curioſity led me to taſte the water, of which having drank off a glaſs with ſeveral flakes in it; I was almoſt inſtantaneouſly ſeized with a ſickneſs in the ſtomach. It is uſed in conſumptions, and all diſorders of the breaſt. I folded up in a paper ſome of the moſt condenſed flakes, which ſtuck about the ſpring, and put them in my pocket-book to dry; but, an hour or two after,

after, there was not the ſmalleſt veſtige of them to be ſeen; nothing remained but an exceeding bad ſmell. However, they had covered a knife and ſciſſors, which were near them in my pocket-book, with ruſt. The ſtones, which receive the ſpray of this ſpring, are covered with a green coat reſembling vitriol; and in the crevices, where the flakes are collected together, they have acquired a ſubſtance as firm as glaziers' putty. This is applied to corns as an infallible remedy. No doubt, it may be endued with many ſuperior virtues; but its medicinal qualities have never been properly inveſtigated. On one ſide of the place, whence the ſecond ſpring flows, is a hole in the rock, through which a perſon may creep. While we were trying to explore the courſe of this cavity, an old woman appeared with a lighted candle, in order to penetrate through this opening into a ſubterraneous paſſage, which ſhe did with much eaſe. She had been

ſent by a phyſician to gather a quantity of the ſubſtance and incruſtation mentioned above; but having advanced about nine yards, the great heat and ſteam obliged her to make her retreat as faſt as poſſible. Probably this paſſage leads to other baths within the mountain, of Roman conſtruction; for, no doubt, the Romans were acquainted with theſe waters and their virtues. No fiſh, nor any reptile, as you may imagine, can exiſt in or near theſe ſprings.—The third fountain ſupplies a bath of about twenty-two feet in diameter, of an irregular ſhape: it was built by *Madame Royale.* The water of this is green, and ſo tranſparent, as to diſcover the ſource bubbling up through the gravel at the bottom: it is not ſo hot as the two ſprings before mentioned.—About two hundred yards higher up is another fountain, milk-warm only, and has ſcarcely any taſte; it is called the refreſhing ſpring. Our guide aſſured us, it has the extraordinary quality of reſtoring in a few hours to their original freſhneſs

freſhneſs all ſorts of herbs and vegetables, though dried and withered. We had no time to make any experiments ourſelves, nor further inquiry into the qualities of theſe waters: it is to be wiſhed that ſome good natural philoſopher of England was to reſide here for ſome time, and to analyſe them properly. I am ſure the world would profit by his diſcoveries.—There are no lodging-houſes, nor any particular conveniencies for the ſick. The inn is not bad: thoſe who come to Aix for their health are obliged to reſide in it: its largeſt apartment is occupied at preſent by the Duke and Dutcheſs *de Gramont*. The S——'s paſſed the laſt ſummer or part of it there.

We intend ſtaying here to-morrow to reſt ourſelves. This town is built like many of our old Engliſh country-towns, but inferior to moſt of them. Though, as I ſaid above, the beſt apartment in the inn is occupied, yet we are not ill lodged: the houſe is clean, and we are well ſerved at three livres a head. Chamberry.

LETTER V.

Chamberry, Sept. 27. at Night.

WE have been walking about the town all the morning. Here are no antiquities to be ſeen, nor any thing curious. Abbé Richard, vol. i. p. 8. has ſaid more in favour of the architecture of the Church, than we think it deſerves. They ſhew with great veneration a little chapel, in which the *Sainte Suaire* was formerly depoſited: now removed to Turin. Upon the wall hangs a long liſt of relics, conſiſting of above ſixty different articles; ſuch as St. John's reed, that was ſhaken by the wind in the deſart; two nails of the holy croſs; morſels of ſome of the apoſtles' garments. But, unfortunately for the *devots* at Chamberry, all theſe precious commodities have been removed to Turin, and the liſt only remains.—The old caſtle was impregnable in bow and arrow time, but is now com-

Church.

Caſtle.

manded

manded on every ſide. Two thouſand people were lodged in this caſtle in 1736 or 1737, at the marriage of the preſent King of Sardinia with *Madame* of Lorrain. —The palace is in ruins. There are a few ſmall pictures in the church of the Jacobins, which are tolerably well executed. The public walk admired by Lalande does not anſwer his deſcription. There are ſeveral fountains well ſupplied with excellent water. The houſes make a beggarly appearance on the outſide particularly, as the windows are of paper, and are frequently torn. As we were ſtrolling about, we were accoſted by a Jacobin monk, who informed us, that there are in this town fifteen religious houſes, male and female *communauté's*, beſides one convent of Jeſuits; who, though conſiſting of no more than fourteen or fifteen in number, have a yearly revenue of thirty thouſand livres *(Piedmonteſe)*. He added, that, to his knowledge, they had many concealed reſources, but that they con-

Convents.

ducted themſelves and their affairs with the utmoſt ſecrecy and circumſpection, not chuſing to converſe or aſſociate with any of the other religious orders. This man complained much of the riſe and dearneſs of proviſions. The meaſure of corn, which ſold for four livres in 1767, cannot now be purchaſed under nine; and every other article of the neceſſaries of life have gradually riſen, to the double of their former prices. —France uſed to ſupply Savoy with a conſiderable quantity of corn; but as this traffick is now prohibited, they fear a ſcarcity will enſue. They have ſome reſource in their buck-wheat, which produces two crops later than every other ſort of grain.

There are ſeveral families of *nobleſſe* eſtabliſhed here; and during the carnival they have a *comedie* and maſked balls. The ladies of Chamberry wear no *rouge*, excepting one old *Marquiſe*, who, I ſuppoſe, is a Frenchwoman.—Our hoſt boaſts much

of

of a certain fiſh called *lavaret*, for which this river is famous; but he has not yet been able to procure us one of theſe delicacies.

Cobler's family.

I ſhall conclude this letter with an anecdote of a cobler's family of this town.—About a quarter of a league from the town, a fine *chateau*, juſt built, attracted our notice. The maſter of which goes by the name of *Jaques Mar* (for he has no title): he is the ſon of a cobler. When he was a child he quitted his country, and travelled into Spain (in as humble a manner as many of his comrades who thrive on *Pont-Neuf*). Being arrived at Madrid, he had the good fortune to recommend himſelf as a *marmiton* in the Queen's kitchen. In proceſs of time, he was promoted to be *Chef de Cuiſine*; and at length, fortune puſhing him on, he became *Entreprenneur de Cuiſine*; in which capacity he had a fixed monthly allowance to provide victualling for all the houſehold. Mean time, a brother of

Jaques Mar's, who had ſought his fortunes in England, (having quitted Chamberry about the ſame time) died in London, where he had realized ten thouſand livres a-year, and left all to his brother. Fame does not give ſo accurate an account of the riſe and progreſs of this *Mar*, as of *Jaques*. All I could learn is, that he ſerved a London merchant (during his youth) who *traded on the ſeas*, and that at length he became conſiderable, and trafficked alſo on his own bottom.—The *Entreprenneur*, Jaques Mar, planned and built the before-mentioned *chateau*, to which he is retired with a yearly income of about forty thouſand livres *. He is not above forty-five years old. He is at preſent a widower, his wife being lately dead: who has left him two or three children. His couſin-german continues the family-ſtall, furniſhing to the neceſſities of the ſoles and heels of his neighbours, with as much humility as if there was no *chateau* in the family.

* Near 2000 *l.* Engliſh money.

Adieu.

Adieu. The poſt paſſes through here to-morrow morning, which will bring you this letter; unintereſting as it is, you will be glad to hear we have reached thus far, free from accident, and accompanied by fine weather.

I am, as ever, moſt affectionately, yours, *&c.*

LETTER VI.

Sept. 29th, 1770.

HERE we are at Aiguebelle, and here are we to ſleep. We quitted Chamberry this morning, and had purpoſed leaving that town yeſterday, but were obliged to poſtpone our departure, not having been able to procure what is called, a good chaiſe and horſes, to convey us to Turin, until this morning: when a *voiturin* preſented himſelf with his horſes and chaiſe for our approbation. It ſeems we were particularly Aiguebelle.

larly lucky, for this *voiturin* is ſuppoſed to have one of the beſt chaiſes and the beſt horſes at Chamberry;—but after thoſe of England, or even of France, it is no eaſy matter to reconcile one's ſelf to a machine, which ſeems conſtructed for the purpoſe of overturning. It is ſo extremely high and narrow, that it totters on plain ground; it has but two wheels; the ſhafts are tied over the back of the horſe, the two extremities having been forced as near to each other as cords can brace them. The conſequence of theſe ſhafts being raiſed up ſo high is, that the body of the chaiſe leans back; ſo judge of the eaſy ſituation of thoſe who are thus conveyed. Nothing like a ſpring to mitigate one's ſufferings; but jolt upon jolt—now, by the unevenneſs of the road, loſing the equilibrium on one ſide, till by a ſudden riſe one trembles for fear of being turned topſy-turvy on the other. The horſe the poſtilion rides, is tied on with ropes to the ſide of the chaiſe, the

ſhafts

ſhafts occupying the whole breadth. By the frequent breaking of theſe ropes, the chaiſe muſt as frequently ſtop to tie them up again. For this machine and three horſes, including one for our *courier*, we are to pay ſix louis and an half; and the *voiturin* is to convey our baggage and his chaiſe and horſes over the mountain ‡; (I certainly need not tell you, there is no putting more than a pair of horſes to a carriage in theſe roads.)—From Chamberry to Montmelian the road is narrow, but not dangerous; and the country fertile. The town and citadel of Montmelian (which latter is now in ruins) are ſituated upon a high and very ſteep mountain, on the ſides of which the vine is cultivated which yields that wine ſo much eſteemed, and ſo frequently mentioned by the Italian *voyage* writers *. The inn is not in the town, it is half a

Montmelian, in Savoy.

‡ Mount Cennis.

* It is remarkable, that theſe vines have ſcarce any earth to grow out of. I do not believe that 12 cart loads could be collected from 15 acres of mountain on the weſtern ſide of Montmelian.

league

league on this ſide; it was formerly a nobleman's *chateau*. But poor and humble muſt have been the times, when noblemen occupied ſuch houſes. An Engliſh farmer would not be thought unreaſonable, were he loudly to complain of his landlord for having deſtined him ſuch an habitation on his eſtate.

There is ſo ſteep an aſcent from the inn, that we walked it up. Having gained the top, the country we had left behind appeared very charming; the river *Iſere* waſhing the feet of the mountains, which from the bottom to the town of Montmelian are entirely covered with vines. The town is crowned by the citadel, which is ſufficiently in ruins to be a fine object of view. Higher again, and on all ſides, riſe up mountains, ſome quite bare and barren, others clothed with wood; and great beds of ſnow in the clefts of rocks, form a ſtrong contraſt with the green pines. From Montmelian to Aiguebelle, after having

paſſed

paſſed the mountain above-mentioned, the road lies in a very narrow valley, which winds inceſſantly; there is no room in many places, but for the road and the river, the mountains on each ſide approach ſo near to each other. The courſe of the river is frequently turned by the ſtones that have fallen into it, and the road is in many places rendered difficult by vaſt fragments of rock that have rolled down from the adjacent mountains. Within a league or two of Aiguebelle the proſpect opens, the country is well cultivated and peopled, and ſeveral villages appear on both ſides, half hid in trees; the ſpires of their churches, covered all over with tin, gliſten amidſt the foreſts of firs. Several ruined towers, moſtly of a ſquare form, crowning the brows of the mountains, ſeem placed there on purpoſe for the view.

Aiguebelle lies in a bottom cloſely ſurrounded by mountains, whoſe tops are covered with eternal ſnows, which the pea-

ſants firmly believe have never melted ſince the firſt ſnow that fell after the creation of the world. This is but a poor ſtraggling ſort of village. The water here is delicious; it is clear, light, and ſparkles in the glaſs like Champaign. The inhabitants pretend, this village has acquired its name from the quality of the fine fountain that runs through it. The inn is tolerable; there are a few Sardinian cavalry quartered here. A female, who belonged to the troop, particularly attracted my attention; ſhe was dreſſed in the regimental uniform; a man's coat of blue cloth, faced with ſcarlet, and ſilver buttons; the ſkirts very long; a petticoat, buttoned before and behind, of the ſame materials; a ſmall hoop under it. On her head, a brown *peruke*, I think it is called a *Ramilie*, with a *queue* reaching down almoſt to her heels. In perſon, extremely tall; her face long and pale, her noſe aquiline, and to crown the whole, an exceeding fierce cocked laced hat. M——

is gone to see the remains of the village of Randan, which was destroyed a few years since in a wonderful manner; the *Curé* of the parish is gone with him, if the account he brings me proves in any degree curious, I shall certainly retail it to you. Village of Randan.

M—— is returned, and I shrewdly suspect by his accounts, that neither *Richard* nor *Lalande* ever gave themselves the trouble to explore in person the devastation that a falling mountain caused, by its descent on the village of Randan: an event which happened on the 12th of June 1750. Continued heavy rains for several days, succeeded by a warm sun-shine, dissolving the vast heaps of snow which lay on the mountains contiguous to the village, caused such an inundation, as brought down on a sudden vast fragments of the soil and prodigious rocks, in such an abundance as entirely to cover up the village, which consisted of thirty-six houses, the *chateau*, gardens, and stables of the *Seigneur*, and the parish church;

church; excepting about 16 feet of its ſteeple, which ſtill appears above the ſurface. The windows of the belfry are above eleven feet from the ground; not even with it, as *Lalande* aſſerts *; nor is there any poſſibility of entering them without a ladder. The peaſants have cleared about ſeven feet of the arch of the vault of this church; but it was too difficult an undertaking to continue. The ſpace covered over is about 150 acres, including the village and adjoining fields. The ground is raiſed above its former level 36 feet in the higheſt part, ſloping down to the river. Old trees are buried up to their heads, five or ſix feet of their topmoſt branches only appearing above the ground. Stupendous rocks lie diſperſed on all ſides; ſome meaſure from eleven to thirteen feet one way, by ſeven to eleven the other: this unequal ſuperficies is covered over between the rocks with bruſh-wood, the fibres or ſeeds of which have come down in the fragments of the mountain. The torrent

* Vol. 1ſt, page 8.

of

of melted ſnow which forced its way down, formed two cataracts, overturning in its courſe houſes, trees, and rocks: the channels they have left are 16 feet deep and 30 broad. As Lalande and Richard have ſaid very little about the cataſtrophe which befel this village and its environs in one day, I thought it worth while to deſcribe its preſent ſtation.

Having nothing more curious to add, I conclude, *&c.*

LETTER VII.

Sept. 30, 1770, at Night.

HERE, at St. Michael, another deſerted *chateau*, are we to paſs the night; but the accommodations are ſo wretched, that they have baniſhed ſleep from my eyes: the hardneſs and dirt of the bed does not invite me to reſt. One would think old Keyſler had been doating, when he ſays, "there is very good accommoda- St. Michael.

tion in a ſpacious inn at St. Michael," *&c.* Spacious it is indeed, but naked walls, and ill-paved floors; a few broken chairs, and ſtraw beds; thoſe without curtains being better in ſome reſpects, by being leſs *ſordid*; a larder affording no other proviſion than ſtinking oil; ſour, and almoſt black bread; and trout marinated after they ſtunk. But what charmed poor Keyſler, was certain moral ſentences wrote over the doors; who inveighs with great ill-humour againſt the ſallies of fancy, commonly wrote by young people upon window-panes. It had been a difficult matter to have found any here to have wrote upon.—Our hoſteſs made us ſome reproaches for chuſing to ſup in our own room (although it was more for her intereſt, as we pay conſiderably dearer), intimating it would be better if we would eat at *table d'hôte*; for there was a great deal of company. You cannot imagine how much all our hoſts have worried us to eat at their table; but I need not

tell

tell you, we had rather eat a cruſt of bread in the ſtable with the horſes, than ſit down with all ſorts of people that one do not know: they may be "the beſt ſort of people in the world." However, the laſt words of the hoſteſs made me curious to know who the company might be: it conſiſted of a *Seigneur* of Milan, an *Abbé* of Florence, a ſinger from Venice, three Lyons traders, and a woman, wife to one of them.

Our road to-day has been worſe than any we have yet experienced. From Aiguebelle to St. Jean de Maurienne is one continued aſcent and deſcent. We have paſſed ſeveral dangerous bridges, compoſed of nothing but fir-trees thrown acroſs; very uncertain and weak, the river running under with great rapidity. About three weeks ſince, one of theſe bridges failed, as the Lyons *diligence* was paſſing it. None of the paſſengers periſhed; but the baggage, to the amount of forty thouſand

St. Jean de Maurienne.

livres, was loſt, and all the horſes drowned, before they could be diſentangled from their harneſs. Some of the ſtone bridges I think very near as terrifying as thoſe of wood; one in particular near St. Jean de Maurienne, which is more like a ſharp ridge of a houſe than a bridge; and ſo narrow, the wall on each ſide being alſo extremely low, that were the horſes to take fright, one muſt infallibly be overturned into the river.—I forgot to mention, that we dined at *la Chambre*, a moſt wretched place, and a very bad inn: it is about midway between Aiguebelle and St. Jean de Maurienne. This latter is a pretty, clean-looking little town. Lalande makes mention of this place, as being the fortreſs by which Hannibal marched into Italy, according to ſome writers; but as authors, you know, often differ, others will have it (and this he ſays is the common opinion) that he croſſed over the mountain St. Bernard. He (Lalande) gives a long quotation

La Chambre.

from

from the *Memoirs du Marechal de Vielleville*, deſcribing a kind of maſque given by the inhabitants of this town to Henry the Second of France, in 1548. See tom. i. p. 15.

Having already attempted to give you an idea of the bridges in Savoy, which, as you ſee, are not too much to be depended upon (though the preſent time of the year is eſteemed the beſt and ſafeſt ſeaſon for this journey), there is another kind of accident to which thoſe who travel this road are ſubject, that of being cruſhed to death by ponderous rocks, many of which ſeem ſuſpended by one corner only, and jutting out, hang over the road, threatening deſtruction every moment. The ſoil about them is a looſe grey ſand, and ſeems ſtrongly incorporated with lead ore. Many of theſe rocks have already fallen down into the road, others into the river: thoſe which by their fall had quite ſtopped up the road, have been blown up by the pea-

ſants, ſo as to leave ſufficient room for a carriage to paſs. Several of theſe fallen rocks are nearly *cubical*, and as large as ſmall cottages. A rock, in particular, which appeared to be one entire ſtone, that had rolled to one ſide, in form and ſize reſembled a ſmall pariſh-church. The great ſtones which have fallen into the river, by ſtopping its courſe, have cauſed moſt rapid caſcades, whoſe white foam daſhing from rock to rock, is beautifully contraſted with the greenneſs of the ſtream.—This road is particularly dangerous in the ſpring, when the rocks are ſubject to fall, from the weight of the ſnow that lies upon them.

Further on, and nearer to St. Michael, there is a variety in this montainous proſpect that is more than romantic. Some of the mountains are cleft and torn aſunder, as if by earthquakes, a dreadful darkneſs concealing the inmoſt receſſes of theſe caverns. Down the ſides of others, prodigious ca-

taracts have, in their fall, rooted up great fir-trees, and thrown them acroſs each other: ſome are actually growing with their heads downwards; great fragments of rocks and ſtony ground, out of which they grow, having been partly broken off, and twiſted round out of their places by the rapid deſcent of theſe torrents of melted ſnow. Near St. Michael, there are mountains whoſe ſides admit of cultivation, the earth being ſupported by little low walls, riſing one above the other, till intercepted by the ſnow. Vines, and all ſorts of grain, flouriſh luxuriantly on the ſunny ſide. The earth is brought up in baſkets faſtened to the backs of women and children, the mountain being too ſteep for an aſs or mule to aſcend.—I could not perceive any petrifactions or foſſils along this road, though I kept a careful look-out; and as our carriage went ſlow, I think I ſhould have diſcovered them, had there been any.

Miolans, a ſtate-priſon.

We paſſed by a caſtle ſituated upon the top of a very high rock: it is called *Miolans*, and ſerves as a ſtate-priſon. The King of Sardinia ſends hither thoſe who have committed any capital crimes of ſtate. Many years ago there was a dreadful inſtrument of death made uſe of here for the priſoners condemned to die; it was called *la ſupplice des razoirs.* A caſcade, which falls near the caſtle, turned a mill-wheel, which was ſet round with razors: the wretch who was to ſuffer, being faſtened under this wheel, was ſoon cut into a thouſand pieces.

Supplice des Razoirs.

Adieu. I do not know when an opportunity will offer to ſend you this and the foregoing letter, not having met with any poſt ſince we left Chamberry.

I am, yours, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER VIII.

Turin, Oct. 3d.

I Fear you have been uneaſy at not hearing from us ſooner. You will, together with this letter, receive thoſe I wrote you from Aiguebelle and St. Michael, not having had it in my power to ſend them to you ſooner.

In the firſt place, and not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, I have the pleaſure to acquaint you, that we paſſed the *Mont Cennis* on the fineſt day imaginable, and are ſafely arrived without having met with the leaſt accident, and are well lodged in the houſe of the Counteſs d'Or—b—ns at Turin. Now you are perfectly ſatisfied that we have not broke our necks down the precipices of *Mont Cennis*, I ſhall proceed to tell you, that the reſt of our road from St. Michael to Lanebourg by no means improved upon us. After having aſcended a very

St. Andre. very ſteep mountain, called *St. Andre*, with a tremendous precipice on one ſide, we

Bois de Bramant. paſſed through the *Bois de Bramant*. This foreſt grows on the ſide of a very high mountain; the road is practiſed through it, and is what the poſt-boys in Somerſetſhire call *ſideling* and bad; and from the road to the river, the precipice is frightful, the height being ſo conſiderable that the river appears no broader than a narrow rivulet, and the precipice down to it is nearer a true perpendicular than any I have yet ſeen.

Village of Modane. We dined at a village called Modane; here we ſaw ſeveral ſorts of game, with which the foreſt abounds: many of theſe birds are new to me. I was ſurpriſed to ſee partridges whoſe feathers become quite white in winter; their breaſts and part of their wings are already white; and pheaſants, whoſe feathers are black and fleſh very brown. The *Coq de Bruyere*, *Gelinottes*, and many other birds not common in England,

land, are in great abundance here; the peaſants knock them down with ſticks.

From Modane to Lanebourg the road is never level; part of it, up an exceeding high mountain, is ſo zig-zag, that it looks at a little diſtance, before one is quite cloſe to it, like the lacings of an old-faſhioned ſtomacher. The ſharp turnings of this road convinced me, of the neceſſity of a two-wheeled carriage; for four wheels (unleſs with a crane-neck) muſt be very difficult to conduct along with ſafety. Lanebourg.

Near Modane, a little on one ſide of the road, is a moſt beautiful fall of water, which deſcends perpendicularly from a prodigious height. We lay at Lanebourg. Its ſituation is very ſurpriſing, the mountains, caſcades, and great rocks, are ſo aſſembled together, that the appearance of the village is as if by ſome vaſt concuſſion a number of entire cottages had been thrown amongſt theſe mountains, and had in their fall reſted ſome on the tops of

rocks,

rocks, others on the ſides, ſo as juſt to find an equilibrium ſufficient to keep them from tumbling into the torrents of water that roar on all ſides. We had the honour to occupy the royal apartment in the inn; for his Sardinian Majeſty has lain here two or three times, and whatſoever of royal, that go through Lanebourg, are always lodged in this room: though the walls are literally bare, and the curtains of the bed of very coarſe woollen cloth, the windows paper, and the floor very ill paved; yet this room is not looked upon in a deſpicable light.

While we were eating a very bad ſupper, compoſed of liver and brains, (to what animal they had belonged, I do not pretend to decide) the Syndic of the Porters came in, to judge how many of the latter we ſhould have occaſion for. Four were aſſigned for me, and ſix for M——. The ſettled price is fifty Piedmonteſe ſols each. You may imagine we gave them ſomething over. One of the porters addreſſed

Porters.

us in Engliſh; he is well known to all our country-men that travel this road. His name is Martin, he has been a ſervant; lived ſeven years with the Archbiſhop of —— in Ireland, and has travelled through Italy with ſeveral Engliſh maſters. Though he profeſſes to love England, and ſeems very glad to ſee Engliſh people; yet he is retired to his native mountains, to paſs the reſt of his days, preferring theſe barren rocks, and almoſt perpetual ſnows, to any other country he has ſeen. Surely the old ſtory of the *maladie du païs* has ſome foundation in truth, by the Savoyards and Swiſs conſtantly returning to their own country. With his ſavings, he has purchaſed an eſtate of 36 *l.* a-year; which provides him with not only the neceſſaries of life, but raiſes him above the rank of an ordinary Porter; even the Syndic looks upon him as a man of reſponſibility. I wiſh I could ſay as much of his honeſty as of his good humour; he was very uſeful to us, and entertaining,

tertaining, in our journey over the mountain, but latterly convinced me, by ſhewing a very intereſted mind, that he had not improved in honeſty by his travels into England. Some particulars we learnt in regard to the people of Lanebourg, I think, curious enough to mention, as there is no notice taken of them as diſtinguiſhed from the other Savoyards in the books of travels.

Their village conſiſts of about 220 houſes; they are ſo happy as to be free from the oppreſſion of a *Seigneur Commandant*, or petty tyrant of any denomination. All the tax they are ſubject to, is the *Taille*, which amounts nearly to the ſeventh part of the produce of their land: this is paid to the King; they are at no other public expence, except the keeping their roads and bridges paſſable. They alſo make proviſion for their *Curé*, and repair their church. They never let their land, as by ſo doing they could not get more than two and a half *per cent.* for

their

their purchaſe-money; whereas, by cultivating their ground themſelves, they make it yield from ten to thirteen *per cent.* There are few Lanebourgians who poſſeſs leſs than twelve, and none more than forty pounds *per annum* *. Though they are obliged to keep the road over *Mont Cennis* in a paſſable ſtate, particularly during the winter, yet the above-mentioned expence falls lightly on the inhabitants, as they gain yearly eighty guineas, which the lake on the plain of *Mont Cennis* is let for, and this money is ſolely appropriated to the uſes of the community. They have but two prieſts in the village and no convent. Their prieſts not being Lanebourgians, are conſidered by them as foreigners. They have ſenſe enough not to bring up any of their own children to the church. They are remarkably healthy and long-lived; no phyſician being permitted to live at Lanebourg, they truſt to Nature and ſobriety. The ſimpli-

* See Lalande, p. 22. Not well informed in regard to the Lanebourgians.

city

city of their manners, and the purity of their lives is ſuch, that it very rarely happens an illegitimate child is produced amongſt them; but when ſuch an accident does happen, immediate marriage, or perpetual exile, muſt enſue. By the vigilance of the *Curé* and the Syndics no culprit has ever eſcaped one or other of the above ordinances; and they generally prefer the former. Here then ſubſiſts a community, more free from ſuperſtition than the tenets of the religion they profeſs admits of. Content with the produce of their own labours, they are always cheerful, always happy; their wants are bounded to the mere neceſſary; their wiſhes never reach beyond their means:—thus do they defy the vice of avarice, and chaſe for ever from their pillow, the cares attendant on ambition. Upon inquiring into the frequent emigrations of Savoyards, it appeared, the Lanebourgians never ſent out of their community more than three

or four in the ſpace of 18 months. There are now twelve at Lyons, whom they aſſert are rich and conſiderable, although they quitted Lanebourg in the capacity of ſhoe-cleaners and chimney-ſweepers: they boaſt alſo of having given four chairmen to the King of France. *Louis the Beloved* certainly could not have choſen better.—There are about an hundred porters, whoſe names are upon a liſt; the Syndics take care that they carry travellers in their turn, and are referred to, in caſe of any diſpute that may ariſe amongſt them. Proviſions are very cheap here: in money of Piedmont, bread 1 ſol and a half, beef, mutton, and veal, 3 ſols the pound. Twenty-five years paſt, bread ſold at half a ſol, and meat at one ſol the pound.

After having paſſed a ſleepleſs night in the royal apartment, partly owing to a mountain torrent that deſcends cloſe to the window, we ſet out at five o'clock the next morning in our chairs, the aſcent not being

Manner of paſſing Mont Cennis.

ten paces from the door. Theſe chairs are conſtructed in the moſt ſimple and portable manner. There are two ſmall bars of wood for arms, and another bar behind, which riſes but little higher than the arms, and which ſerves as a ſupport to the back of the perſon in the chair; the ſeat is matted with bark of trees and ropes twiſted together, which yields to the weight of thoſe thus carried. You are ſo near the ground, that there is not the leaſt difficulty in ſtepping out of the chair at pleaſure; there are no legs to theſe chairs, but in their room a board is tied on by ropes to the ſeat, which the feet being placed upon, and the cords as much ſhortened as can conveniently be, the legs and feet are well ſupported, being ſufficiently raiſed to clear them entirely of any ſhock from uneven or rocky ground. The chairs are fixt on poles, which appeared to me to be as long as thoſe commonly uſed in London. The chairmen are aided by ſtraps over their

ſhoulders,

ſhoulders, in the ſame manner as they carry in England. Theſe porters uſe no compoſition of wax and roſin to the ſoles of their ſhoes, as related by Keyſler, vol. i. p. 200, to keep them from ſlipping; nor other aſſiſtance for this purpoſe, than a few nails drove in here and there, at the heels, and a packthread paſſed from one to the other. The aſcent is not at firſt very ſteep; it winds, and towards the top augments conſiderably in acclivity and roughneſs.

Many large ſtones render this road inconvenient, which however admits of being made paſſable for a carriage, and that at no great expence. A foreſt of pines ſtretches itſelf along one ſide of the mountain, which they ſay is abundantly ſtocked with game. I liked this manner of travelling very much. You are conveyed along ſurpriſingly faſt on the plain; the porters run rather than walk; but M—— was ſoon tired of being carried, aſſerting the road was very paſſable for a perſon on foot,

the length of the way being the greateſt difficulty: he walked, I am ſure, three parts of the road. By his walking ſo much, our porters had little more than half their trouble, as I uſed his in their turn; yet theſe poor people ſhewed the beſt hearts in the world, fearing leſt he ſhould be too much fatigued * * * * * * but all they could ſay had no effect upon him. You know how humane he is, and the being carried by his own ſpecies is no part of his ſyſtem * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Our chaiſe being taken to pieces, it was carried on the mules backs. Theſe animals make a droll appearance, with a wheel on each ſide, and the body of a chaiſe on their back. They are ſhod in a particular manner, to prevent their ſlipping; their ſhoes advance more than two inches beyond the fore-part of their hoof, and turn up again in front.

Our porters endeavoured to amuſe us by their converſation. Theſe poor inoffenſive

people recollect all the different travellers whom they have carried (particularly princes, ambaſſadors, &c.); and even every thing they have ſaid to them, which they retail to others, ſuppoſing it may amuſe, and make them forget the tedioufneſs of the way. But the information I ſought for, being more about themſelves and their mountains, I got from them all the intelligence I could.

The *Glaciere*, which appears at about four miles diſtance, is, according to them, extremely curious. They told us, many Engliſh gentlemen had gone ſo far out of their way to ſee it: that there were great quantities of chryſtal found in the grotto; and that the peaſants in the villages made uſe of it for ſalt-cellars and ſmall cups. That it was not always white; for that they frequently found ſome nearly black. They make no doubt of cryſtal being formed from ice; and account for the ſtraws incloſed in lumps of it, and the muddy appearance it often bears, to its

Glaciere.

Chryſtals, &c.

having been once in a fluid ſtate. But as the origin of cryſtal has been, and ſtill is diſputed by the learned, who have not as yet agreed upon the matter, I certainly don't mean to give more weight to the *Lanebourgian* opinion than it merits.

The rocks and ſtones lying on all ſides of the road have many of them the appearance of marble, with beautiful veins, of different colours; there are alſo large lumps of ſpar, which gliſten with great brightneſs in the ſun. I picked up ſome morſels that are incorporated with ore. Lalande's account of the natural productions of *Mont Cennis*, and his obſervations on mountains in general, are curious and intereſting. Juſt before we gain the plain, the aſcent augments in *rapidity*. On the ſide of the mountain are ſmall houſes, which ſerve the peaſants in winter, as magazines for their forage, and in ſummer as dairies, for they make butter and cheeſe in them during three months. The plain is by no means

means *ſans aucun inegalité*, (according to Lalande, vol. i. p. 23.) for there is great variety of ground, and the plain, as it is called, is rather a valley, extending along between high mountains, with ſeveral different roads, ſome of which the mules take, others the Porters. The graſs is exceedingly thick, ſhort, and full of flowers: there were many in blow of the tribe of the Amuranthoides, or Everlaſtings; ſome yellow, others of a fine crimſon, and purple *. The Crowfoot kind in great abundance; their flowers were paſt, but I perceived great patches of the graſs of Anemone and Ranunculus, Violet Polianthus, &c. with aromatic and odoriferous plants, ſeveral of which I never ſaw before. A good Botaniſt might find entertainment on the plain for a month. The foreſt on

* Dans toutes les montagnes il y a une multitude des plantes curieuſes & agréable à voir, dans les Fentes des rochers dont les fleurs ſont de couleurs eclatantes, & que je crois devoir être miſes au rang des ſemper vivan. Note in Richard, tom. i. p. 19.

the ſides of *Mont Cennis* abounds with the *Chamois*, a ſpecies of wild goat, whoſe fleſh is eatable. The peaſants ſell their ſkins from eight to twelve livres each. The blood of theſe animals, dried, and taken in wine, is eſteemed a ſovereign remedy for the pleuriſy; the King of Sardinia is never without this medicine, it being allowed by the Turin phyſicians to be admirable in many caſes. The Chamois are fleet, and extremely ſhy, concealing themſelves in the moſt retired parts of the foreſt, and in the clefts of rocks, the moſt difficult of acceſs. They are ſo alert, that they bound from rock to rock, and ſtand with all their four feet cloſe together on the moſt pointed. Their ſmell is ſo exquiſite, that no man can approach them without their perceiving it, except againſt the wind; and they have the ſenſe of hearing in ſuch perfection, that it is ſcarce poſſible to approach within ſhot of them. The only way of killing them is, by lying in wait,

Chamois.

con-

concealed behind the buſhes, and near their uſual haunts before break of day, taking care the wind ſets rightly. No dog can catch them, not even a greyhound; for they run directly to the precipices as their ſecurity, near which they are always found, and which are ſo circumſtanced, that a dog would break his neck that ſhould attempt to follow them.—All kinds of game quit theſe mountains in the winter, the cold being too ſevere for them. Even the wolves and bears ſeek a leſs inclement ſky. The air was very keen on the plain; and I was obliged to wrap myſelf up in a pelice, lined through with fur, although the day was remarkably fine for that country; but it was early in the morning when we ſet out, and I think it was not more than 8 o'clock when we found ourſelves on the plain, having been about three hours in mounting. My chairmen, to compenſate in ſome meaſure for the cold I complained of, expatiated on the good wine,

and

and bread and cheeſe, that the *bon Pere Nicolas* would give us for breakfaſt. (This is the *Curé* mentioned by Lalande, who lives cloſe to the Hoſpital.)

Pere Nicolas.

Before I cloſe this letter, I ſhall give you a ſketch of this extraordinary Prieſt, whoſe purity of life, and charitable conduct, has rendered him ſo dear to the inhabitants of Lanebourg, (who look upon him as a father) that they cannot ſpeak of him without tears in their eyes; ſo much do they fear being ſoon deprived of him, as he is now very much advanced in years.

There is a riſing in the plain before you gain the borders of the Lake, which is a rough ſtep. The Lake is about three miles in circumference, of an irregular ſhape. The graſs grows not only down to the water's edge, but under it for ſome way, as you ſee through the water; but this does not continue far, for the Lake is ſo deep towards the middle as to be deemed unfathomable, at leaſt by the peaſants. They

find

find no other fiſh here than trout, but theſe are in the utmoſt perfection; their reported ſize is enormous: ſome weigh eighteen pounds. Thoſe we had at *La Grande Croix*, where we dined, were not larger than trout commonly are in England, but are much better flavoured. I do not know whether or not trout have the peculiar quality of living in waters that are iced over for eight months of the year, which is the caſe with this lake; but one is tempted to believe it muſt be ſo, as the quantity of this fiſh has never been known to diminiſh, although there is no viſible inlet by which the Lake can be ſupplied; no ſprings, nor communication with other waters, having yet been diſcovered: yet it muſt certainly be ſupplied from the adjacent mountains, which are covered with eternal ſnows, and part of which ſnow muſt melt, and ſo be filtered through the earth, till it gets to this great reſervoir. The large trout are ſent to Turin,

and

and bought up for the King's table, and for thoſe of foreign miniſters, for great entertainments. During the time that the Lake is frozen over, loaded mules, and herds of cattle, paſs over it; without danger, as it is frozen from ſeven to eight feet deep.

Having reached the Prieſt's houſe, we ſtopped, and aſked admittance. He, good old man, received us with the utmoſt hoſpitality; he has quite the appearance and countenance one ſuppoſes the *Patriarchs* bore. He gave us excellent cheeſe of the mountain *, with as good wine and bread as the Porters had promiſed us. His houſe was clean; and he ſhewed us one room, which he boaſted of, as having been occupied three ſummer months by a noble gueſt, Lord A—g—n; who had retired here from Florence, during the heats of ſummer, and with ſome ſporting-dogs, and Engliſh hor-

* This cheeſe is made of three milks, *viz.* Cow, goat, and ſheep.

ſes,

ſes, amuſed himſelf upon theſe mountains. His apartment was fitted up in the moſt humble manner; his pious hoſt, by way of enlivening it, had graced the walls with prints repreſenting the fathers of the deſart. The poor old man mentioned him with parental tenderneſs, ſpoke highly in his praiſe, and regretted his departure with the utmoſt ſenſibility.

I wonder how ſo young a man could find ſufficient reſources in himſelf to be able to exiſt voluntarily in ſo dreary a ſolitude as that of *Mont Cennis*. The hoſpital, which joins on to the prieſt's houſe, is for the reception of pilgrims travelling over the mountain: *Pere Nicolas* is chaplain to it. In caſe of ſickneſs, they are lodged and taken care of till recovered; if they happen to be benighted they are taken in for one night. Each pilgrim that calls at the hoſpital receives a pound of bread and ſome ſoup. This inſtitution was certainly well intended; but at preſent thoſe who

receive

receive theſe charitable donations are nothing better than a number of idle vagabonds, who, rather than work, wander about with ſcollop ſhells in their hats, and under pretence of *pilgrimaging*, indulge a lazy diſpoſition of rambling, and frequently pilfering upon their road.

Having taken leave of our kind hoſt, promiſing to reviſit him at our return, if we ſhould come back the ſame way, we proceeded on to *la Grande Croix*, an inn, ſituated at the extremity of the plain, the deſcent commencing immediately after. Oppoſite to the inn is a ſmall chapel, where thoſe who happen to periſh on the mountain by cold, lightning, or any other accident, are buried. Here our *porteurs* reſted for above an hour; and we taſted the famous trout of the Lake, which they fried; and although they were not large, as I think I mentioned before, they were uncommonly well-flavoured. They brought us butter, which was the beſt I think I

ever

ever taſted, perhaps owing to the many aromatic herbs the cows find on the plain. They told me, that for nine months of the year they keep their cows in their kitchens, in order to make freſh butter for the Engliſh travellers. The wine is very pleaſant, which is made on the ſides of the mountains, and is preſerved in goat-ſkins. Had I ſeen this veſſel before I had taſted of its contents, I doubt if I could have prevailed on myſelf to have touched it, for theſe ſkins have a dirty and diſguſting appearance: the hair is off, but the ſkin looks black and greaſy: where the feet and the head grew it is ſewed up: the whole looks like ſome ſtrange ſwollen monſter. The Ganymede, cup-bearer, or Savoyard who acts as butler, tucks up this diſmembered carcaſe, like a pair of Scotch bagpipes, under his arm, preſents its poſteriors to the gueſts, and plucks out a peg; the wine flies out from a tap Nature never intended for that purpoſe when ſhe created goats.

The deſcent from *la Grande Croix* is extremely rapid for about three hundred yards. I don't know any thing this road reſembles more than a broken ſtone ſtaircaſe, which occaſions the *porteurs* to turn ſo ſuddenly by its windings, that the perſon in the chair paſſes clear over the ſharp angles, cutting them, as it were, acroſs. Notwithſtanding the novelty of this manner of travelling, the ſteepneſs of the road, and the velocity with which I deſcended, my *porteurs* running almoſt the whole way, I never once felt myſelf ſufficiently frightened to lay hold of the arms of the chair, my attention was ſo much engaged with the ſingularity and variety of the proſpect below; for the ſun having now got up far enough over theſe ſtupendous mountains to diſperſe the fogs and vapours on this ſide of the world, diſcovered to us, through fragments of broken clouds, fertile vallies, woods, villages, and rivers, ſeen as a bird flies. When, by the crooked

turning

turning of the road, we loſt our proſpect, prodigious caſcades, (the ſpray of which fell down upon us in rain) mixing with the clouds, produced the moſt beautiful rainbows, whoſe vivid colours dazzled the eye. Whatever you may think of clouds when you look at them, and their ſoft and warm appearance in a fine day, they are nevertheleſs exceedingly damp and cold to paſs through. I certainly need not inform you that I have been much higher than the clouds. At ſome moments during the deſcent, I could not help fancying myſelf a witch upon a broomſtick. The beautiful caſcade, particularly diſtinguiſhed by Richard and Lalande *, is much better deſcribed by Richard. The rock is plainly incruſted with ore of lead and copper, and the ſand about it is evidently impregnated with metallic ſubſtance. This caſcade falls from a prodigious height. Having arrived at what is called the *Plain of St. Nicolas*, we had

* See vol. i. p. 22 of the former, and vol. i. p. 28 of the latter.

thence a view of the wonderful caſcade. There is ſtill ſome ſmall remains of ruined wall and rails; the latter is carried away every year by the fall of ſnow, but is conſtantly replaced by the peaſants.

La Ferriere.

From this plain, which is rugged enough, we came to a village called *La Ferriere*, which is exactly midway between *La Grande Croix* and *Novaleſe*; here our *porteurs* reſted juſt time enough to drink a draught of wine and water. This village is more than wretched; and already you perceive yourſelf in Piedmont; the dawnings of the little, low, cheating Piedmonteſe cunning begin to ſhew themſelves in the countenances of the peaſants of *La Ferriere*.

From this village to *La Novaleſe*, the road is in ſome places not quite ſo ſteep; but at intervals is exceedingly narrow, and there are three or four very bad ſteps. I was exceſſively annoyed by the droves of cattle, and loaded mules; they are

ſo

ſo obſtinate that they will not turn the leaſt out of their way. One of the latter gave me a horrid fright; for, having lagged behind her companions, to ſhorten her way, ſhe choſe to attempt ſtepping over the poles of my chair. You may be ſure I ſcreamed, for I never was in ſo great danger of being thrown down the precipice; but my chairmen were ſo alert as to lift the chair clear over a low breaſt-work, ſo as to leave room for the mule to continue her way. When theſe droves of loaded mules meet, it often happens the road is particularly inconvenient for them to paſs each other, and they run great riſk of being puſhed down the precipices. Thoſe we met were chiefly loaded with rice; but thoſe that overtook us, and which were in their way to Turin from Lyons, were loaded with rich gold and ſilver ſtuffs, Jewellers' work, &c.; ſo that it is of the utmoſt conſequence that the road be kept in ſufficient repair for the ſecurity of theſe animals.

At Novaleſe, we remounted our chaiſe and baggage: it is a very poor place, and the inn but indifferent. From hence to Suſa. Suſa*, the road is rough and bad. We Brunette. paſſed by the famous Brunette, which, although eſteemed impregnable by the Piedmonteſe, Monſ. *Richard* thinks commanded by two mountains; but, however, he makes a ſhrewd reflection, and very *apropos*, namely, "That it would be difficult to bring up, and plant a battery of cannon on theſe mountains:" as it is certainly utterly impoſſible. We walked down the deſcent which leads to Suſa. As for the Arc of Triumph, which is in a kind of alley leading to the caſtle at Suſa, I refer you to Lalande. His obſervation on the bas reliefs, *&c.* is extremely juſt; but we could not find the inſcription he mentions. A ſoldier, upon guard near the place, told us, a

* I obſerved ſome gibbets between Novaleſe and Suſa, which have plates of tin nailed on them, with the crime and puniſhment of the malefactor who had ſuffered there ſet forth and engraved.

plate

plate of bronze had been conveyed away (upon which it, probably, had been engraved) ſome months before to Turin; and he ſhewed a hollow in one of the pillars, which appeared as if a plate of metal had been inſerted there. The town of Suſa is not conſiderable. From thence to Turin *, the road lies moſt pleaſantly in a valley, with well dreſſed fields on each ſide. In the corn-fields, are planted mulberry-trees, in rows, at a ſufficient diſtance not to injure the corn.

We lay at a wretched village, called *Buſſolia*, on ſtraw-beds, ſuſtained by four planks, which were placed on ſtone props, ſimilar to thoſe uſed for corn-ſtacks. I find the precaution of carrying our own ſheets with us highly neceſſary. Next day, we dined at a village called *St. Ambroſe*. From the inn, which Buſſolia.

* From Suſa to Turin are a few ſmall croſſes, to mark the places where aſſaſſinations have been committed. I think I did not perceive more than three or four of them, and theſe have been up ſome years.

is tolerably good, the abbey of *St. Michael de la Cluſe* hangs upon the brow of a very high mountain; and as it is for the moſt part in ruins, forms a fine point of view. By the road ſide, and near *St. Ambroſe*, ſtands a ſmall church, built in the Gothic taſte, of brick; the mouldings and pillars, which are all of *terra cotta*, are very well executed. Certain friezes formed by vine branches, leaves, and their fruit, are particularly well ſculptured, and are of the ſame materials. We paſſed through Rivoli, where on a ſharp riſing is ſituated the Royal Caſtle; here the preſent King's father ended his days. Should I happen to be informed of any thing particularly curious, in regard to this Prince and his impriſonment, during our ſtay here (more than what is mentioned by Richard and Lalande), it ſhall certainly make part of ſome future letter.

St. Ambroſe church.

Rivo

Royal Caſtle.

For the three leagues from Rivoli to Turin, the road is planted on each ſide with

with double rows of moſt beautiful elms; it is extremely broad, literally ſtraight, and forms one of the fineſt avenues (I ſuppoſe) in all Europe. The beautiful fields on each ſide, which are for the moſt part water meadows, are kept in as neat a ſtate as it is poſſible for the utmoſt care and attention to bring them to. Near the gate of the town, we ſaw the Prince of Piedmont, who had alighted from his coach to walk; his *ſuite* conſiſted of ſeven or eight pages only. He is a tall, thin, genteel-looking young man, and of an agreeable countenance.

Turin.

The entrance into Turin is noble; the gate is of a ſolid, but magnificent architecture. The fortifications are in perfect repair, as M—— particularly obſerved; for as you know theſe matters are not quite within my province, all I can affirm is, the wall appeared to be ſtrong and thick, and the ditch very broad, and there were ſeveral centinels, well-dreſſed, walking backwards and forwards.

The town ſeems to be extremely populous, I ſhall ſay more about it in my next letter. Although this is grown to a moſt unconſcionable length, yet as I promiſed you ſome anecdotes relative to the *bon Pere Nicolas*, of the plain of *Mont Cennis*, I ſhall inſert them here, and if poſſible crowd them into the cover.

Pere Nicolas.

Pere Nicolas's ſanctity of life, his charitable and moral diſpoſition at length reached the ears of his ſovereign, who ſent for him to court. The King took ſuch a liking to him, that, upon his entreaty, he granted a perpetual exemption to the Lanebourgians from the quartering of troops, and from furniſhing either men or money for the *milice*, even in time of war. So little did *Pere Nicolas* conſult his own intereſts, that he never aſked any thing for himſelf; and although he goes to court from time to time, and is always exceedingly well received by the King, he has never in any inſtance ſought his own pro-

motion, but employs all the intereſt he has to relieve his poor neighbours and pariſhioners from any difficulties they may be expoſed to, either by the accidents of bad ſeaſons, ſtorms, or above all, a threatened tax, which, by his interpoſition, they are free from to this day. The Lanebourgians, through gratitude, immediately after the firſt favour the King was pleaſed to beſtow on *Pere Nicolas*, preſented him with the rent of the Lake for ſeven years. By this he made a conſiderable ſum; but in the year 1737, he augmented his fund, and ſerved his country at the ſame time, by ſelling cattle to the Swiſs army; which cattle he bought up cheap from the Savoyards, who with difficulty could prevent their being taken from them by the Spaniards, ſo were glad to get rid of them at any price. *Pere Nicolas*, who was much better acquainted with the different roads, paths, and cliffs of the adjacent mountains, than the Spaniards were, concealed the

cattle

cattle by day in caverns and hollow ways, and by night drove them ſometimes along the ſides of rivers, ſometimes ſwam them acroſs, and frequently made them deſcend precipices from 100 to 250 feet perpendicular height, by the narrow paths made by the goats and chamois, and which would have been abſolutely impracticable to cows or oxen that had not been bred amongſt ſuch mountains. Thus, by his addreſs, he eſcaped the out-poſts of the Spaniſh army, who had not failed to guard all the paſſes they knew of, in order that no communication ſhould be kept up between the Savoyards, the Piedmonteſe, and Swiſs army. Thus *Pere Nicolas* profited conſiderably, at the ſame time that he diſtreſſed the enemy, by depriving them of a great ſource of proviſions; but the poor Prieſt had a narrow eſcape of his life; for the Spaniſh troops got intelligence of his activity, not only in the above inſtance, but alſo by giving early intelligence of

their

their movements to the Piedmonteſe army, by which he had cauſed many of their deſigns to be totally fruſtrated. This conduct of his ſo exaſperated them, that they vowed to burn him alive; for which purpoſe they ſent a party of ſoldiers to take him priſoner; but ſome of the Laneboursgians, hearing of their intention, explored their way, at the hazard of their lives, through the foreſt of pines, and over the rocks, notwithſtanding the deep ſnows, which rendered the way extremely dangerous. They arrived in time ſufficient to acquaint him with the impending danger, and to contrive means for his eſcape and concealment, which was effected before the Spaniſh ſoldiers could reach his habitation; for they, although they kept the ſtraight road, found it, on account of the drifts of ſnow, almoſt impracticable; and when, after much difficulty, they thought themſelves ſecure of their prey, they found, to their great mortification, he had quite eſcaped them.

them. *Pere Nicolas* dedicates his money entirely to the uſe of the Lanebourgians, and his other neighbours, as far as it can go; in lending it to them, whenever they want, in ſmall ſums, particularly at the ſeaſon for purchaſing cattle. He never takes any intereſt, nor ever requires payment till they can with eaſe return it him, which they rarely fail to do at the enſuing ſeaſon for diſpoſing of their corn and cattle. Induſtry ſhould be encouraged; and it is ſcarce credible, of how much uſe this one man has been, by thus devoting himſelf and his intereſts to the public good. To many people, the ſphere he moves in might appear too low and contemptible, not to require an apology for taking up ſo much of their time, *&c.*; but I know your way of thinking too well, not to be aſſured of the value you will ſet on true greatneſs of mind, though found in the perſon of an uneducated Savoyard *Curé*.

Here

Here is juſt arrived a packet of letters * * * * * * I can no longer delay ſending this long epiſtle to the poſt. You ſhall hear from me ſoon, mean time * * * * From your's, moſt ſincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I am ſure you will be glad to learn, that we did not meet with the leaſt difficulty from the officers of the *Douane.**, at the gate; for although we have nothing that can be eſteemed contraband, the delay and trouble cuſtom-houſe officers occaſion by the opening of trunks, is ſingularly vexatious and inconvenient to travellers; but theſe let us paſs, without any examination, on our bare word that we had nothing concealed. We requited them for their civility with a ſmall gratuity, for which they were very thankful.

* Cuſtom-houſe.

LETTER IX.

Turin, Oct. 16, 1770.

IN my laſt letter of the tenth of this month, I mentioned our having delivered our letters, and of the ſociety they have procured us. However, for people who are determined to ſtay only a ſhort time in a place, and are bent on ſeeing every thing worthy the curioſity of ſtrangers, letters of recommendation, and their conſequences, are, on ſome accounts, by no means convenient. The frequent dining from home, ſhortens the mornings; and the afternoon is always conſumed between the Corſo, viſits, and the opera. Notwithſtanding we have made good uſe of our time, as we have already ſeen great part of what is moſt curious in Turin and its environs.

Royal Garden.

I ſhall begin with giving you firſt a deſcription of the Royal Garden, and then proceed

proceed to the palace. The garden belonging to the King's palace was laid out by *Le Notre*; ſo it is not neceſſary to animadvert on the total want of taſte throughout. You are ſufficiently acquainted with his genius and talent for the art of planning gardens, by thoſe you have ſeen in France, to believe, I do him no injuſtice in not admiring this garden, whoſe inſipid uniformity and flatneſs renders it very fatiguing to walk over. There is an inſurmountable dulneſs in ſtraight walks, with high hedges; formal parterres, compoſed of triangles, half-moons, ſtars, and the moſt ungraceful figures, called here *Parterres à l'Angloiſe*, many of which, inſtead of being filled with flowers, are compoſed of brick-duſt and coal-aſhes, formed into a kind of mortar, which fills up the borders. Graſs plats ill kept; all the walks damp and moſſy; there is but one ſpot which is tolerable, it is well gravelled, has plats of flowers in parterres, a little leſs formal than the others. In the

middle

middle is a ſmall piece of water; beyond it appears a triumphal arch, of *Trelliſſe*, painted green, which is curiouſly and neatly executed; high trees ſhew themſelves behind, and from each ſide ſprings out an open work of the ſame kind *(Treliſſe)* which forms a ſweep: and all together, when viewed from the front of the palace (that this part of the garden is calculated for) has a pretty good effect.—But there is no garden in England that is not in a much better taſte than this, ſo much boaſted of by the French and Turineſe; not to mention the celebrated gardens of England, belonging to noblemen's and gentlemen's ſeats. I do not mean in regard to ſize, for the garden juſt named is very large; but the want of taſte, in ſubſtituting all ſorts of quadrangular and other formal figures, which were never to be found in Nature, to beautiful lawns, hollow ſlopes, clumps of trees, natural caſcades, irregular walks, planted with the moſt beautiful

flowering

flowering ſhrubs, and of which every garden in England has ſomething.

Even the Palace has much the air of French architecture, flat and bald: compoſed of brick and ſtone. The entrance is through a great gate-way, into a ſquare court, ſurrounded by a piazza, through which one enters the palace by the great ſtair-caſe, at the foot of which, in a receſs, ſtands an equeſtrian ſtatue of Victor Amadeus the Firſt. The horſe is of white marble, very heavy and ill executed. Victor is in bronze, and but little better in point of ſculpture than his horſe. The architecture of this ſtair-caſe is not beautiful, nor is it kept clean; the odious cuſtom of making uſe of the corners of the landing-places, which you have often heard to be a practice in Italy, commences here already; where the ſtench occaſioned by the ſtagnation mixed with the ſmoke of the lamps, which is never cleaned off the walls, makes the entrance of the houſes very diſguſting.—Lalande ob- Palace.

ſerves, tom. i. p. 89, very juſtly on the patience and politeneſs of Monſ. *le Comte de Groſſo Cavallo*, who frequently conducts ſtrangers about the palace, from whom we have received many civilities, which I ſhall have occaſion to mention hereafter.—I have heard the King has been preſent *incognito*, whilſt ſtrangers have been viewing the apartments; but I believe it very rarely happens. They are nobly furniſhed; no expence ſpared; a profuſion of glaſſes, gilding, rich Lyons' ſilks and velvets, cover the walls. The floors are beautifully inlaid with woods of different ſhades, and kept, as are the whole of the apartments and furniture, delicately clean. The frames of the looking-glaſſes of the ſconces are all of wrought plate, as are the arms that hold the candles, and the frames of the pier glaſſes; large maſſive tables of ſilver ſtand under each glaſs, all wrought in bas reliefs, and the workmanſhip for the moſt part finely executed. The luſtres that hang

from

from the cieling are of rock cryſtal. I meaſured one of the ornaments which was within my reach (for theſe luſtres hang too low), it was ſhaped like a pear; was it ſquared, it would meaſure a cube of five inches; but they have, by their ſcolloping and crinkling, ſpoiled the rock cryſtal as much as poſſible.

The curtains to the doors have a fine effect; for when all the doors * which lead through theſe magnificent *ſuites* of rooms are open, theſe curtains are tied back, and by the manner of their being drawn up, their folds form beautiful arcades. They are made of exceeding rich flowered ſilks of Lyons, of a beautiful pattern, repreſenting large fruit and leaves: there is a canopy of the ſame, which projects about eight

* Theſe doors open in the middle, and folding inward are received into grooves made in the thickneſs of the wall; the pannels are carved and gilt, and when the apartments are open, no door is to be ſeen; but as one paſſes through the door-caſe, the ornaments of the doors, which cover the ſides of the thickneſs of the wall, are very ſtriking.

inches over each door, and finiſhes in a moſt graceful ſweep. Theſe doors all anſwering to each other, form a perſpective which I think has a moſt beautiful effect. As theſe ſuites of rooms form a rectangle, you look up from the ſame point two extenſive viſtas, which being terminated by looking-glaſſes, ſeem to have no end. The ſilk is the furniture of the ſummer apartment; that of the winter apartment is of crimſon velvet.—As the walls are extremely thick, the windows have a noble air from the inſide, the wall ſloping off from them, and the tops arched and cove faſhion, are incruſted with looking-glaſſes ſet in gilt foliage, and which by their reflection produce a fine effect. Sculpture and gilding abound in every room; all the mouldings, architraves, and every morſel of wainſcoting, is highly ornamented. But what is wonderfully ſhocking in the midſt of all this profuſion of finery, is the panes of the windows, which are ſet in lead, in the ſame

manner

manner as thoſe in the caſements of our Engliſh cottages. The cielings are painted, but are none of them capital; the beſt is that of the audience chamber, but even this has a certain bloom of colouring which is too gaudy. The repreſentation is allegorical, the groups much confuſed, and the whole not pleaſing; the cornice loaded, and compoſed of too many mouldings, *&c.*

I ſhall not pretend to give you a regular catalogue of the pictures and curioſities contained in this palace, I ſhall only mention thoſe that pleaſed me moſt. There are 53 chambers, of which 48 are completely furniſhed.

The King's gallery is decorated in an excellent taſte, except the cieling (by *Daniel de Senterre*), which has not much merit. The pictures are all hung upon black pannels; I ſuppoſe they imagined it would ſet them off, but I do not think it has a good effect. The following are the moſt to my taſte:

Pictures. A boy careſſing a dog, by Cimiani. This is ſo well done, and ſo natural, that the longer it is looked at, the more beauties it diſcovers.—A full length portrait of King Charles I. by Miers, a ſcholar of Vandyke's. The perſpective of the back ground is much admired, notwithſtanding it has the following faults; the point of view is placed too high, the pillars are too much crowded, and the row of columns commence too near the fore ground, on which the King ſtands. The colouring is too black, and the aerian perſpective is not well obſerved; the King's figure ſticks cloſe to the architecture, for want of proper judgment in the demi-teints, if not owing to a failing in the linear perſpective. The face is admirably done. The figure is ſtiffer than it otherwiſe would have been, perhaps occaſioned by the too great attention of the painter to the buttons, lace, *&c.* and too ſtrict a repreſentation of the minutiæ of the ornamented dreſs of thoſe days.——

A Venus, Cupid, and doves, in high preſervation, by Carlo Cigniani.—Prince Thomas on horſeback, by Vandyke, as large as life. A very good portrait; the horſe well done, his mane incomparable; and the whole together in a great and maſterly ſtyle.—Another of the ſame maſter, repreſenting the three children of King Charles the Firſt; admirable, both as to the colouring, drapery, and correctneſs of the drawing; all the graces that belong to children, added to the moſt charming countenances, which expreſs, at the ſame time, dignity without pride, and ſoftneſs without languor. There is alſo a ſpaniel in this picture, which is ſo natural, it would almoſt deceive in a proper point of view.—The portrait of this painter, by himſelf; a truth and force of colouring that muſt ſtrike the moſt ignorant ſpectator.—An Evangeliſt writing, an Angel dictating; the attention and awe, mixt with a holy dread, ſtrongly expreſſed in the countenance of the Saint,

is beautifully contraſted by the benignity and candour in the celeſtial face of the holy meſſenger. I have forgot the name of the author of this picture.—A picture repreſenting the daughter of Sir Thomas More, his head as juſt ſeparated from the body, lying on a table; ſhe is fainted away, her paleneſs is moſt natural, and there is great expreſſion in one of her hands, which is a little elevated from the dead head, as if ſhe had ſhrunk it back with horror at the touch: this is by Conrado of Milan. In the room after the gallery are two good pieces of perſpective, as ſeen from an angle; one repreſents part of the inſide of St. Peter's at Rome, the other of St. John Laterans. There is alſo a landſcape with four oxen in it, well done. Although the above three pictures are not by celebrated maſters, they are by no means contemptible.—The portrait of Porbus, done by himſelf; he is meaſuring the extent of his ſkull with a pair of compaſſes; although it is not ill

exe-

executed, yet the ungracefulneſs of the attitude, and the uncouthneſs of the ſubject, prevent this picture from pleaſing. A portrait of Rembrandt, by himſelf, and a ſmall picture of an old man, whoſe head and hands are admirable, particularly the truth of anatomy in the latter; the drapery and back-ground are ſo dark as to be totally indiſtinct. In another room, which goes by the name of Solimene's, are four pictures by that maſter; the beſt repreſents the Queen of Sheba preſenting her gifts to Solomon. By his never finiſhing any of his pictures, there is often a great failing in his *clair obſcure*, which is frequently falſe. Covetouſneſs was the cauſe of this ſingularity; for he could finiſh a piece conſiſting of thirty figures in ſix days *, and his pictures ſold off quick, as there is always to be found in them a truth of drawing, and great knowledge in the art of

* His firſt ſtroke was alſo his laſt, for he never retouched them.

grouping

grouping his figures without confuſion: but at firſt ſight his pictures appear all ſpotted with mold; the prevailing colours being black, and blueiſh grey, with ſpecks of white.—In a cabinet, a Salutation by Rembrandt, the St. Elizabeth is full of merit.—In another, belonging to the ſummer apartment, are the portraits of Martin Luther and his wife, by Holbein. I do not doubt their being ſtrong likeneſſes; they are a homely, good couple, and the want of ſhade in their faces does not render them more pleaſing. Notwithſtanding this peculiarity in all Holbein's paintings, they are eſteemed conſiderably in Italy, as Monſieur Groſſo Cavallo aſſured us were all the works of our old Engliſh painters; if that is true, I believe it is owing more to their politeneſs than to their ſincerity. The Queen's gallery, which is 30 feet wide, and 270 long, is to be lined with marble; it is already begun, and is to be compleated with the marble of this country, excepting

one

one narrow moulding round the pannels, which is of that of Verona. It will be extremely fine when finiſhed. Amongſt the variety of coloured marbles, an alabaſter coffee-colour and white, and a green are of extraordinary beauty. Here are ſome paintings of great merit. A prodigal ſon by Guercino. This picture is a proof of the expreſſion a human figure is capable of diſcovering, without the aid of the countenance; for the face of the prodigal ſon is not ſeen: he is repreſented in a kneeling poſture, his back is turned to the ſpectators, but every feeling of his mind is ſhewn in the muſcles of his back, legs, and the ſoles of his feet; ſhame, regret, and repentance, are more ſtrongly expreſs'd than they could have been in his face. The colouring is vigorous, the drawing bold, and the *clair obſcure* well preſerved and ſtrongly oppoſed. —Two very large pictures of Paul Veroneſe. One of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who is very ugly indeed: this picture

ture is full of faults and abſurdities. The other is the finding of Moſes by Pharaoh's daughter. It is remarkable that Paul Veroneſe has introduced himſelf amongſt the attendants of the princeſs, and is one of the moſt alert to preſerve the little Moſes, whom he is extricating from amongſt the bulruſhes. Pharaoh's daughter is too finely dreſſed. The beauty of the ſilks and embroidery of Paul Veroneſe can never be too much admired. It is ſingular, that ſo good a painter ſhould invariably fall into the ſame abſurdity, of draping the ladies of antiquity in the moſt modern dreſſes and ornaments of his own day.——A David by Guido; there is one at the Luxemburg, and another at Genoa. Monſieur Groſſo Cavallo thinks that all the three were done by Guido's ſcholars, and afterwards touched by himſelf. The figure is ſtriking, and there is the gracefulneſs of Guido in the air of the head.—A holy family by

Guido; the Virgin's attitude too much ſtrained, and falſe in the drawing; the little Jeſus finely done.—Rape of the Sabines, by Jacopo Baſſano: ſome of the womens heads have great expreſſion, and the faces handſome.—Its pendant, by the ſame maſter; the ſubject, a woman whipping a Cupid out of a tinker's ſhop. Here Baſſano had an opportunity to repreſent all ſorts of braſs and copper kitchen utenſils, in which he excels.—A Saint Sebaſtian ſhot to death with arrows, by Cigniani; a faultleſs picture, but the ſubject is too ſhocking to dwell upon.—Alſo a Saint Andrew crucified, by Eſpagnolet. This great maſter has here diſplayed that grand manner and vigour of colouring for which he is ſo juſtly famous.—The Queen's *cabinet de toilette*, which is a cube of 30 feet, is entirely wainſcoted with japan: either it never was fine of the ſort, or elſe it is ſpoil'd, for the varniſh is almoſt gone, and the grain is coarſe. There is a jar of

old

old japan, which is the fineſt morſel I ever ſaw. In another cabinet are twelve jars of japan china, black and gold, of exquiſite beauty, and of great value; preſented by the King of Portugal to the King of Sardinia. In the Queen's bed-chamber are two very tall ſilver ewers, I ſhould think about three feet high, finely wrought in bas relief; the handles are formed by two lions, who bending their bodies, having attained almoſt to the top, ſtretch out their tongues to drink out of the ewer; they are extremely well executed. This room is hung with crimſon-velvet, and laced with gold: the bed the ſame.—In a ſmall chamber of audience, ſtands a clock of very curious workmanſhip; it is of gold, and in the ſhape of a Chineſe temple. As well as I recollect, it is about ſixteen inches high: it ſtands on a table.

A ſmall cabinet which leads to one ſtill leſs; they are covered with curious woods inlaid, ivory and mother of pearl: the lat-

ter

ter is engraved, but indifferently done. Here are ſome ſhelves of books; my curioſity urged me to open two or three, amongſt which I found the Female Spectator tranſlated from the Engliſh; a book entitled a Monitor for Sovereigns, doubled down and marked in ſeveral places. On one ſide is a little *oratoire*, with a fine picture of a Madona by Carlo Maratti.—I think I forgot to mention the four elements by Albani, which are in the King's bed-chamber, and which are perfect in colouring and deſign. This maſter's works always pleaſe.—In another chamber is an Annunciation, very large, by Gentileſchi. The virgin is more natural than beautiful; the modeſty and confuſion of an exceeding young perſon is the characteriſtic of her figure; the angel is kneeling to her: the colouring is gay and freſh looking; and, upon the whole, it is a very good picture.—Oppoſite is a St. *Françoiſe* by Guercino, who has made as much of his ſubject as it admits of.

of. The ſurbaſe of the ſame room is prettily painted, by a Piedmontoiſe painter, after the Flemiſh manner. The angles of the coved ceiling are formed by four great ſhells of ſingular beauty.—In a ſmall cabinet are four childrens heads by Scudoni; they are touched freely, but not highly finiſhed.—A virgin and a little Jeſus by Pietro Perugino, Raffaello's maſter. All the remains of this painter are more curious than perfect; he had but one manner, and that ſo ſtiff and ſo flat that his pictures can never be miſtaken for thoſe of another: his women are always red-haired; their drapery almoſt totally without folds, and generally black, or very dark-coloured, the face broad, fair, inſipid, and almoſt always viewed in front; the teint of the ſkin a light vermilion. He wanted a ſufficient knowledge in painting to give thoſe beautiful demiteints that are conſtantly found in nature, and that the great Raffael ſo well underſtood, and ſo amazingly imitated.

tated.—A weeping Magdalene, very homely, by Rubens.—In a cabinet, highly ornamented with glaſs, and beautiful gilt foliage, are a vaſt number of miniatures; all portraits. Theſe pictures are diſperſed in ſuch a manner, amongſt the glaſs and foliage, as to have a ſingular and very pretty effect. They are incomparably well executed, on ivory; none hatched, all dotted, and bear the examination of the higheſt magnifying glaſs. They are painted by one man, named Carameli, a Monk; his own picture is amongſt them. Inſtead of uſing a camel's-hair pencil, which is (I believe) univerſal in miniature painting, this man dotted all his pictures with the feathers plucked from woodcocks' wings*; and inſtead of finiſhing as he went on, he began them almoſt all together, and worked

* I owe this piece of intelligence, which I intend to try, to the Marquis de Barbian, one of the gentlemen of the chamber. He ſays, no hair-pencil can be brought to the point that theſe feathers have naturally. Carmeli took thirty years to finiſh them. He had never learnt.

at each every day, till they were all compleated. Amongſt many remarkable portraits, that of Sir Thomas More is much admired.—The *Galerie de Guerre* contains many battle-pieces, repreſenting victories gained by the late, the preſent King, and Prince Eugene; in which, as you may ſuppoſe, the French are every where worſted; running away in many places, and in others begging their lives on their knees. All round this gallery forming a row juſt above the ſurbaſe, is a fine collection of Flemiſh pictures, by the beſt maſters; ſuch as Teniers, Wovermans, Brughels †, and others whoſe names I have forgot. There is one little Berghem, which is excellent, repreſenting a landſcape with the ſun ſetting; and a very ſmall one by Calf, of a citron peeled: two ſmall Peter-nefs: a woman with a flower-pot and a cage, by Gerard Douw. The

† This maſter's peculiarity of colouring reſembles often, in reſpect of his blue and green, the paintings on old china.

high

high finiſhing and neatneſs of this maſter is wonderful.—Two portraits on copper, the maſter forgot. One repreſents a man, the other a woman, and ſeem to be brother and ſiſter; they are remarkably well done, in their proper dreſſes; the point ruff of the lady, her auburn hair, and a fillet of pearls, are ſo extremely well imitated, that one can ſcarce forbear touching them, to be convinced they are not real †.—— In other rooms I remarked two admirable flower-pieces by Vanhuſen; a Scalken, repreſenting a Magdalene by candle-light; I think ſuperior to one I ſaw of the ſame maſter at Windſor-caſtle; and, as well as I can remember, I think it is a duplicate of that picture. But of all the Flemiſh pictures moſt admired in this collection, one by Gerard Douw, called *la Hydropique*, has juſtly the preference; as it has all the perfections of the

† All the Flemiſh pictures were added to this collection by Prince Eugene.

Flemiſh ſchool. This picture appears without ſide, like a cupboard; it is ſhut in by two doors, on which is painted by Gerard Douw, an ewer and a napkin. When theſe doors are opened, the picture appears with more *eclat* from its having been concealed. It repreſents the inſide of a room; the *clair obſcure* has a beautiful effect; the room is lighted by an ox-eye placed over a window, and by the light proceeding from a fire in the chimney, which is admirably thrown on the furniture and other objects. The principal figure is a phyſician, who is ſtanding on the fore-ground, and holds up a phial to the light, which he looks at very attentively; he is dreſſed in a prodigious fine lilac-coloured ſattin night-gown; the dropſical woman is very fine alſo, in white ſattin; her daughter's dreſs is not neglected; ſhe is on her knees near her mother, and holds one of her hands in hers. There is great tenderneſs expreſſed in the countenance of the daughter; and her attitude

titude is eaſy and natural: the mother looks exceedingly ill indeed. A waiting-maid who is adminiſtering a potion to the ſick lady, has a ſtupid indifference in her manner, that forms a good contraſt to the filial piety and attention in the daughter. This picture is too highly finiſhed; the ſattin, lace, embroidery, &c. done too well: this cauſes a hardneſs of out-line in many places, which is augmented by an extraordinary attention to the finiſhing ſeveral pieces of furniture in the room. In ſhort, there are many ſketches, by Italian maſters, I ſhould prefer to this, had I my choice: it really is, rather a curious, than a capital picture. One wonders more at the extreme patience and laborious diſpoſition of the painter, than at the ſuperlative merit of the piece.—There are ſo many ſmall cabinets, or cloſets, that I had forgot two of them; one is painted in compartments, by Charles Vanloo; the ſubjects taken from Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered, and are all well done;

the colouring tender and gay. The other cabinet is entirely of looking-glaſs, ceiling and ſides, which are highly ornamented and gilt.—There are two ſmall rooms which are kept locked by the King's order. Monſieur Groſſo Cavallo is alone truſted with the keys; and very great is the difficulty of gaining the entrance of theſe myſterious cabinets: decency is the pretext: a ſight of theſe pictures (as ſuppoſed by the King) may be of dangerous conſequence to young people. If he locked them up from the Princes and Princeſſes only, the manner of their being brought up is ſo particular in ſome reſpects, that I ſhould think he had reaſon. He does not permit willingly the Duke of Savoy * to ſee an opera, although he is near forty years old, leſt it ſhould corrupt him. The Kings of Sardinia have been exceedingly odd in their old age. When young, they are remarkably debauched; when old, all *devots*, and torment their families and court with *etiquette*, and the

* Now King of Sardinia.

moſt

moſt ridiculous prudery.—But to return to the contents of theſe dangerous cabinets. One contains nothing but the chaſteſt repreſentations; ſuch as a Saint Jerome of Michael Angelo, much blackened by time, otherwiſe worthy of that great maſter. A holy family and a Saint Jerome in the ſame picture: the little Jeſus is capital; the moſt amiable ſmile, and a moſt angelic expreſſion in the countenance. This picture is by *Baltazar Perouſi ou de Siena.* Two original portraits; one of Petrarc, the other of his beloved Laura *, by Brongino, a famous painter

* Paſſing through Avignon in Auguſt 1771, they ſhewed us in one of their churches a tomb which is allowed to have been that of Laura. In the coffin which it contained, was found, about 30 years ſince, a roll of parchment, incloſed in a ſmall leaden box, with the following copy of verſes, in Petrarc's own hand, from which I have tranſcribed them:

Qui ripoſan qui caſti, e felici oſſa
Di quell' alma gentile, eſola interra,
Aſpro, e dur ſaſſo hor ben teco hai ſotterra
El vero' honor, la fama, ebeltá Scoſſa;
Morte ha del verde Lauro ſvelta, e Scoſſa
Freſca radice, e il premio di mia guerra
Di quattro luſtri e piu, ſe ancor non erra

painter of that day. Her ſort of beauty would never have captivated me, had I been Petrarc; firſt, her hair is red, her eye-brows extremely narrow and exact, forming a flat arch; her eyes ſmall, her noſe a little hooked, and riſing too high in the middle, her mouth not very ſmall, and lips like two ſcarlet threads, a very faint colour in the cheeks, the *contour* of the face more ſquare than oval, her countenance more demure than engaging; her head is covered with a kind of caul which ſits cloſe, and is of gold net, with pearls and precious ſtones faſtened on in lozenges; this caul

Mio penſier triſto, et il Chiude in poca foſſa;
Felice Pianta in Borgo de Avignone
Nacque, e mori, e qui con elia giace
La penna, el ſtil, l'inchioſtro, e la regione;
Ô delicati membri, o viva face!
Che ancor me cuoci, e ſtruggi; in ginnocchione
Ciaſcun preghi il ſignor te accepti in pace.
O S C X O.

Morta bellezza indarno ſi ſoſpira;
Le alma beata in ciel vivra in eterno;
Pianga il preſente, e il futur ſecol privi
D'una tal Luce, ed io digli occhi e il Tempo.

confines

confines her hair, excepting a border or roll which is left all round close to her face. Her gown, which I imagine was intended to imitate embroidery of that day, looks now like a piece of an old Turkey-carpet; it is without plaits. Two rows of large pearls, intermixed with rubies and emeralds, hang loose about her neck. I give you this detail of her dress as it was probably the fashion of her day, and I suppose was esteemed extremely becoming. As for Petrarc, he is exceedingly ugly indeed, but has a very sensible black and yellow face. —A Virgin, an Infant Jesus, and a St. John, an angel descending with a great quantity of flowers; the little Jesus grasps at a white rose. There is a fine glow of colouring and freshness, as if lately finished, although by Dionysius Caloari, Guido's first master; its date 1579. It is in its original frame, which is of silver, clumsily wrought.—— A Holy Family, and a St. Jerome in the same piece, by Andrea del Sarto. The co-

louring

louring of this antique painter is very remarkable; he was ſatisfied with ſpreading over all the fleſh a ſoft carnation; but never introduced, in his ſhadowing, the teints of violet, yellow, nor even pea-green, which has ſo fine an effect in the complexion of young and fair perſons. The eyes of all his figures are black, like a ſpot made with charcoal; nor is there in any of them, the white ſpeck, ſo neceſſary and now ſo univerſal in the worſt pictures. Notwithſtanding, the works of this maſter have a peculiar ſoftneſs, and ſo much eaſe and gracefulneſs, that they are univerſally admired, and his faults paſſed over.——A picture, mentioned by Lalande thus: "*Parmi les tableaux qui doivent le plus exciter la curioſité des connoiſſeurs, il y a un Prêtre confeſſant une bonne femme, & un Penitent qui attend, &c. On dit qu'il eſt de l'Eſpagnolet.*" *Pardonnez moi, Monſieur, on ne dit pas telle choſe à Turin.* This picture is by no means in high eſtimation, nor does it merit ſo to be.

It is cold and inſipid; even its ſubject does not prevent its being totally unintereſting. A groteſque painter might have made a ſatyrical repreſentation of the above groupe; but Eſpagnolet had no turn that way; and probably, had he been abſurd enough to have attempted to turn into ridicule any part of their religion, he would have been in that day thruſt into the inquiſition for his wit, and his picture burnt by the hands of the executioner. I do not know where Monſ. Lalande learnt it was ſuppoſed to have been painted by Eſpagnolet. Monſ. Groſſo Cavallo, upon my inquiring particularly for this picture (from the account given of it by Lalande) diſcovered ſome ſurprize; for till then, he had been ſo obliging as to expreſs himſelf in terms the moſt flattering to me, upon the juſtneſs of my obſervations, *&c.* on moſt of the pictures; but I was too vain of the good opinion of Groſſo Cavallo, to let him remain in an

error,

error, and upon my producing my authority, he ſmiled, ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and ſaid, That Monſ. de Lalande paſſed but a very few days at Turin; that he had but ſlightly run over the pictures in the palace; and that it was ſufficient for an Italian to diſlike a picture, to give it perfection in the eyes of a Frenchman; adding, *il faut laiſſée causée & jasée les Meſſieurs François.*——I fear your modeſty begins to be alarmed, as I am now arrived at the indecent collection. The firſt objects that ſtrike one's eye on entering, are our firſt parents, in their birth-day ſuits. As Adam and Eve were not born, I ſhould have ſaid (with more preciſion) *in puris naturalibus.* Very indifferently done. —One of Ovid's metamorphoſes, repreſenting Selmacis and Hermaphroditus. Poorly executed; their limbs appear lame, the proportions are ſo ill preſerved.—Three Venuſes, by Guido. One as juſt ſprung from the ſea; the other two in ſupine poſ-

tures.

tures. They are as large as life. One is finely done; the face, neck, and ſhoulders, perfectly beautiful: the reſt of their perſons, we may ſuppoſe, were as full of merit as might be expected, being the production of ſo great a maſter; but that is left to the imagination, the good old King having cauſed all theſe Venuſes to be cut in two, and from the breaſt downward burnt, by his order.—A ſketch in little, by Correggio, from his large picture of Io. Perfect of its kind, and univerſally admired by all connoiſſeurs, excepting Monſ. Lalande, who believes it a bad copy.——A Cleopatra, by Guido, large as life, applying the aſp to her boſom. Much faded; but the air of the head, very graceful.—A Diana and Acteon, author unknown. The figure of the goddeſs is graceful, and beautiful in every reſpect, both as to the truth of the anatomy, and the juſtneſs of the colouring; the bubbles and circles formed by the water are ſurpriſingly well imitated;

her

her foot and part of her leg appears through the bath, and is finely done; her face betrays a tumult of different paſſions; her dignity offended, her indignation and rage, gathered into a ſtorm, ſeem ready to burſt on the too preſumptuous Acteon, who is ſwimming towards her with all his might.—A Venus and a ſhepherd, in little, by Wanderwerf. This picture might paſs for a Diana and Endimion. The ſhepherd is reclined in a ſleeping poſture; the Venus is moſt exquiſitely finiſhed, her countenance, her attitude, and her colouring is charming; her face and figure animated only by the ſofteſt paſſions. She ſeems to approach (with the moſt tender anxiety) the ſhepherd, whoſe doubtful repoſe is finely expreſſed. This delicate colouring, and exceſſive high finiſh, is to be met with in no painter of his country in the ſame degree, as in Wanderwerf. His painting is ſmooth as ivory, and is not varniſhed. His dark ſhadows have been objected to;

but

but they give a ſoftneſs that no picture which is highly finiſhed with a very ſtrong oppoſition of *clair obſcure* can ever attain. ——A Medea gathering ſimples by night. This picture pleaſed me much, but, by ſome miſtake in the notes I took, I omitted the painter's name.—A portrait of a Lady, by Titian; and of a man who is offering her a chain of gold. It is but indifferently done, though aſſerted to be the work of ſo famous a maſter. It wants character, preciſion, and fails even in colouring.—Three Graces; much ſpoiled by damp, or accident.—Six paintings, or rather ſketches, by Raphael, on wood. They repreſent ſacrifices and proceſſions; but have been ſo much injured and abuſed, that were it not for the enthuſiaſtic admiration that every performance of this greateſt of painters excites in all lovers of the art, one ſhould be at a loſs to diſcover the genius and native touch of Raphael in theſe paintings. However, *le Comte de Groſſo Cavallo* looks upon them

them as of ineſtimable value; he ſays they were found amongſt rubbiſh in the Vatican, and prefers them to any picture in the palace.——Three fine Etruſcan vaſes, of delicate texture, with human figures, in two colours.—Two Moſaic pictures; one repreſents Moſes. This manner of painting is wonderfully curious; it is a compoſition of coloured glaſs. You ſay, you know that already; but as this ſtyle of painting is peculiar to Rome, it is reaſonable to forbear giving my opinion of it until I ſhall have reached that famous city, where I ſhall be able to form a better judgment of this ſpecies of painting, and be leſs liable to ſpeak of what I do not underſtand.

The Theatre, the chapel of the Saint Suaire, *&c.* I muſt defer mentioning particularly to another opportunity. Mean time, I hope you are not tired by this long letter; but why this to you. * * * I am, *&c.*

P. S.

P. S. Hurried as I am, I muſt add, that I think there is too much gilding and carving in this palace; it abounds ſo much in every apartment, that the eye tires of it It is remarkable, that in this collection of pictures, there is no Raphael, except thoſe defaced ſketches I mentioned; but one Titian, and that not good; a ſingle portrait by Michael Angelo; one Scalken; and not one of Salvator Roſa, nor Correggio.

LETTER X.

Turin, Oct. 20th.

FINDING you doat upon long letters, I am determined not to ſpare you, for I ſhall endeavour to crowd into this all I have to ſay on the ſubject of Turin and its environs. In my laſt, I had not quite gone through the palace, not having made mention of the Library nor the Theatre; the former is ſaid to contain curious manu-

ſcripts, but we could not ſee them, an excuſe being made, that ſome perſon was out of the way who had them in charge. Plans of all the battles of Prince Eugene are preſerved here. There is little elſe remarkable in this Library. They ſhew a moveable ſtaircaſe, which is neatly made, but is very common in all good libraries in England.

Theatre. As to the Theatre, it is ſtrikingly magnificent, and ſo far ſuperior to any theatre I ever ſaw before, that at firſt ſight I could not believe it admitted of criticiſm. Notwithſtanding, I am at preſent convinced of the juſtneſs of Cochin's obſervations, which are ſo clear as to render every reader a competent judge of its proportions, *&c.* if endued with the ſmalleſt degree of taſte, or the moſt ſuperficial knowledge in architecture. I could wiſh with all my heart, to ſee a theatre at London but half as well built; and would willingly compound for all the faults Cochin may juſtly

diſcover.

diſcover. The form is that of an egg cut acroſs. There are ſix rows of boxes; which are narrow in front, but very convenient within; and hold eight perſons with eaſe*. The King's box is in the ſecond row, and fronts the ſtage; it is 30 feet wide, Paris meaſure, and the back part is covered with looking-glaſs, which reflects the ſtage, ſo that thoſe who happen to have their backs turned to the actres, being either converſing, or at play, may ſee the performance in the glaſſes. Theſe glaſſes form a partition, which can be moved whenever they chooſe to enlarge the box, there being a room behind. The very great breadth of the ſtage produces a moſt noble effect. The *proſcenium* meaſures forty-five Paris feet, [this meaſurement I took from Cochin] he does not give the extent of the ſtage be-

* The Italians play at cards, receive viſits, and take all ſorts of refreſhments in their boxes; they reſemble little rooms, rather than boxes at a theatre. There are no benches, but what is much more convenient, chairs, which are moved about at pleaſure.

hind the *couliſes*; the depth of the ſtage 105, beyond which they can add a paved court of 24 feet *. A gentle riſing contrived at the ſides, by which may be introduced triumphal cars, for great proceſſions, horſes, *&c.* They can alſo throw a draw-bridge acroſs when the ſcene requires it, and have a contrivance for letting in water, ſo as to preſent a *jet d'eau* of 30 feet high. Sixty horſes at a time have been brought upon the ſtage, and have manœuvred with eaſe in repreſentations of battles. The orcheſtra is ſo curiouſly conſtructed, as, by having a place left underneath, which is concave and ſemicircular, to augment the ſound of the inſtruments very conſiderably. I am ſorry that, as it is not now the time of the carnival, we have no chance of being preſent at an opera, there being none performed in this theatre, but during that

* We meaſured it ourſelves, and found it thus, according to Engliſh meaſure: ſtage 96 feet broad, including 36 feet behind the *couliſſes*, and 126 deep.

ſeaſon, when they repreſent the ſerious opera. The only theatre now open is that of Carignan, which though called ſmall here, is, I aſſure you, by no means deſpicable. Here they give only operas *bouffon* at this time of the year; I ſhall have occaſion to ſay more upon this ſubject before I quit Turin.

Palace of the Prince of Piedmont.

That part of the palace * of the Duke of Savoy which is modern, is fronted, in the moſt ornamental manner, by Philip Juvara (the reſt of the building being old); it is the fineſt morſel of architecture at Turin. The Corinthian pillars, with their entablature, terminated by a fine balluſtrade, upon which are placed ſtatues, vaſes, *&c.* make a ſtriking appearance. But the ſtair-caſe is what they admire here ſo much, as to aſſert it to be the fineſt in the world; it is double, and unites at top,

* This palace is now called that of the Prince of Piedmont, as he occupies it at preſent; for the Duke of Savoy has apartments in the King's palace.

from whence you enter the great ſaloon. Cochin remarks very juſtly thus, " *Cet eſcalier eſt en general fort beau, quoique l'on trouve que la cage qui l'enferme, ſoit trop etroit pour ſa longeur, il y a des details fort ingenieuſement decorés, & d'autre de mauvais goût, & d'une architecture trop tourmentée, &c.* The apartments are well furniſhed, and would appear much more grand and conſiderable than they do, was it not for the ſtair-caſe, the noble appearance of which ſeems to promiſe to conduct you to a more magnificent ſuite of rooms.—Another great palace grows on to that of the King's, which is called, *The Academy*. The *Manége* is very large, and finely vaulted; the apartments neat, and fit for the purpoſes for which they are deſigned.—I believe I did not mention to you the gallery in the King's palace, where the archives are kept. Theſe archives are arranged with ſuch method, that, although they are extremely voluminous,

nous, the King can, at a moment, turn to the population, extent, and productions of the ſmalleſt ſubdiviſion of his hereditary dominions, or of thoſe acquired by him at the concluſion of the war in 1744, commonly called, *Les païs conquis*; their preſent and paſt revenue, at, or for any given period within the two laſt centuries, by the day, week, or year; its capability of bearing a further increaſe of taxes, in caſes of neceſſity; the value, and caſual increaſe, or decreaſe, of its different branches of manufactures, as well as to the number of militia, and of recruits, which it can yield upon any emergency.

Table Iſiaque.

The *Table Iſiaque* is one of the moſt celebrated Egyptian antiques in all Italy. This ſlab or table is of copper; it is covered all over with hieroglyphicks. The principal figure is an Iſis, ſitting; ſhe has a kind of hawk on her head, and the horns of a bull. Many and various are the conjectures formed by the learned in regard to the

meaning of the figures upon the table. Some have imagined, they could prove it to be a compaſs; others, a perpetual calendar; and not a few have pretended to find in it principles of philoſophy and politicks; while, more ingenious ſtill, ſome have aſſerted that it contains a complete body of theology. After what I have ſaid, you cannot expect from me an opinion upon this ſubject. I am not impertinent enough to pretend I diſcovered any thing more, than a ſtrange chaos of men, women, ugly birds, and other animals, frightfully delineated, by ſtraight lines ſometimes ſpringing all from a point, like rays, then ſuddenly turning into angular figures, formed by ſilver incruſted into copper. It is evident that much ſilver has been taken out of this table, as the grooves remain. Notwithſtanding the ſeeming confuſion of the repreſentations, the ſilver lines are very neat, and extremely well inſerted into the copper.—Monſ. Groſſo Cavallo gave himſelf

ſelf a great deal of trouble to procure me a very learned performance on the ſubject of this famous monument of antiquity, which he borrowed from a friend of his. But I frankly confeſs I returned it ſoon after; for, either want of capacity or taſte, it tired me to death, but did not inform me.

Chapel of the St. Suaire.

The chapel of the *Saint Suaire* is curious, from its ſingular conſtruction; it is quite round. Thirty pillars of black marble, highly poliſhed; their capitals and baſes, of gilt bronze, ſupport ſix great arches, which ſerve as windows; theſe have niches between them, ornamented with pillars of the ſame marble. The cupola, which terminates the whole, has a very ſurpriſing effect; being formed by a great number of hexagonal figures in black marble, which are ſo contrived as to admit the light: they are placed, one over the other, in ſuch manner as to produce many triangular lights (if I may be allowed the expreſſion, for it is really very difficult to deſcribe). Through

theſe openings appears, at the top of all, a crown of marble in the form of a ſtar, which ſeems ſuſpended in air; ſupported by part of its rays. The ſides of the chapel are all incruſted with the ſame ſort of marble. The pavement is grey, with ſeveral ſtars of bronze inſerted into it. In the middle riſes a lofty altar; upon which is placed, in a very high glaſs-caſe, a caſket of ſilver wrought, and highly ornamented with gold and precious ſtones, in which is incloſed, as they pretend, the *Sainte Suaire*, or winding-ſheet in which the body of our Saviour was wrapped up by Joſeph of Arimathea. This precious relic is very rarely exhibited to the people. Above the caſket a group of Angels ſuſtain a beautiful croſs of rock-cryſtal, ſurrounded by gilt rays. At the four corners of the altar hang very large ſilver lamps; as do alſo ſeveral others between the columns. Theſe lamps are always kept burning. The ſort of uncertain

day

day that reigns here, is calculated to impreſs the mind with holy horror. The reflexion of the flames of the lamps on the high poliſhed black marble, contraſted with the doubtful light admitted from the cupola, where nothing meets the eye but black and gold, ſtrikes the mind of the ſpectator with a ſort of momentary enthuſiaſm, that weak perſons might miſtake for devotion. This chapel is built on to the cathedral; the entrance of which is through a great arch, ſupported by very large Corinthian pillars, fluted. Here the King often goes to hear maſs; and they reckon this chapel particularly well conſtructed for muſic.

St. Philip de Neri.

St. Philippe de Neri is eſteemed one of the moſt beautiful churches in Turin. In it is a fine picture of Solimene, repreſenting the ſaint in extaſy before the Virgin, ſurrounded with angels; but the colouring is too grey, and the light too partial; I mentioned to you before the faults

faults of this maſter. This church is ornamented with ſeveral pillars of marble, which I think are enriched in a bad taſte, with garlands of flowers and foliage of gilt bronze wreathed round the ſhafts. The altar is in a fine ſtyle of architecture, and has a noble effect, when ſeen from its proper point of view.

Cabinet of inſcriptions and antiques.

The Cabinet of Inſcriptions and Antiques, which I hear contains many curioſities, I fear I ſhall not have in my power to give you any account of; for *Monſieur Bartoli*, who has the care of this collection, is not at Turin, nor is expected to return before our departure. I am very ſorry for it; but there is no remedy. I have been told alſo, that the cielings of the palace of Carignan are very finely painted; but as the Princeſs of Carignan is lying in, there is no poſſibility of being admitted to ſee them. I am ſurpriſed that neither Cochin nor Laland make mention of theſe cielings.

The

The Church of *St. Chriſtine* is in the *Place St. Carlo*, which is a very fine ſquare, well built, with porticoes all round. The fronts of the houſes are uniform, and richly decorated. This church is a great ornament to the ſquare; the front is of hewn ſtone, ornamented with pillars and ſtatues. The inſide is remarkable for two ſtatues; one of St. Thereſe, the other of St. Chriſtine. They are the work of a Frenchman, one *Le Gros*. That of St. Thereſe is the beſt; but her extacy borders on diſtraction; and the tearing open her boſom to ſhew her heart to God, is a ſtrange extravagant idea of *Monſieur Le Gros*, which I do not think has ſucceeded. Becauſe theſe ſtatues are the produce of a Frenchman, Laland does not fail to expatiate on the merits of the ſculptor.

Church of St. Chriſtine.

A church dedicated to *St. Charles Baromeé*, is famous for containing a miraculous virgin. Her chapel is almoſt covered with votive pictures, ſetting forth all the miracles

Church of St. Charles Baromee.

racles this image has performed whilſt at Turin: as wretchedly done as the ſubjects are falſe. There are here ſome good marble ornaments.

Church of St. Thereſe.

The church of *St. Thereſe*; the great altar is very high, and is ornamented by two rows of twiſted pillars, with ſtatues of marble; the latter very indifferent. Here is a picture, remarkable for its ſingularity of compoſition. The infant Jeſus, in the attitude of a Cupid, is drawing a bow to pierce with an arrow the heart of *Saint Thereſa*, who faints away, and is received into the arms of ſeveral angels, who are very conveniently found ready to receive her. The Virgin and St. Joſeph are admiring and obſerving upon the addreſs of the little Jeſus, who expreſſes an archneſs in his countenance, extremely ill-placed by the painter on ſo ſacred a ſubject. A copy of this picture would be a fine preſent for the Moravian chapel at B——. In this church is a pretty chapel, built by order

of

of the late Queen *Chriſtine Joanne de Heſſe Reinsfeld.* Six marble pillars ſuſtain a gilt cupola, ornamented with glaſſes, which are diſpoſed in ſuch a manner as makes you imagine the ſun always ſhines into the chapel. In the middle is a ſtatue of St. Joſeph, who holds the infant Jeſus, and who appears in a kind of glory, borne upon clouds by angels. The whole is executed in white alabaſter, and is ingeniouſly enough conſtructed; the ſupports of the figures not appearing ſo as to hurt the eye *.

The Arſenal appears more like a palace than a place to keep arms in. There are only two ſides of the ſquare as yet completed. The proportions of the architec- Arſenal.

* I believe I have not mentioned the dome in the church of the Carmes, rendered famous by being the depoſitory of a miraculous picture of the Virgin. This dome is painted by the ſame man who has decorated the theatre for the grand opera. He has repreſented a round dance of Cupids, capering and jumping about the Virgin, who is ſtanding in the middle dandling the little Jeſus in her arms. The painter was ſo penetrated with ideas of the opera, that he could not avoid transferring a ballet of Cupids into the ſolemn repreſentation of the celeſtial Paradiſe.

ture pleaſe the eye at firſt ſight. This building will bear the ſtricteſt examination. A noble ſimplicity, the ſource of true elegance, reigns throughout. There is no inconſiſtency to be found here. There is a propriety and juſtneſs in every part calculated for the uſe to which it is aſſigned. Here are two great rooms, the roofs vaulted and bomb-proof, ſupported by ſtrong brick pillars; each of theſe rooms are about 100 yards long by 30 wide. Round each pillar are frames of wood, in which the arms are placed; muſkets, with their bayonets, placed in ſuch a manner as to reſemble an organ, was it made in a circular form. There are about an hundred muſkets round each pillar; they are quite covered with red flannel bound with yellow; ſo that they appear like tents. All theſe covers are to riſe at the ſame moment, by the means of pulleys practiſed in the vaults of the cieling. Between each pillar are placed ſuits of armour of different faſhions; ſome of them

finely

finely wrought and gilt, which belonged to the anceſtors of the preſent King. To the wriſts of ſome of the ſuits of armour are faſtened weapons that make one tremble; ſome reſemble a flail, the handle ebony; at the end of which is faſtened, by two ſmall iron chains, another length, of about two feet and an half, and ſeems by its weight to be filled with lead: it is garniſhed round with iron ſpikes. Here are many other inſtruments of death of old time equally deſtructive and cruel. No nation but the Engliſh is permitted to ſee the citadel; but they are never refuſed upon a proper application. As it affords neither pictures, ſtatues, nor other curioſities of that kind, and having been told there is a great quantity of gun-powder and ball in the *ſouterreins*, you may be ſure I have not explored them. M—— has been there, and has ſeen every thing above ground and below; if you ſhould be curious in regard

to its pregnability or impregnability, *&c.* you muſt apply to him for information.

Turin is about a league in circumference; has four beautiful gates, and ramparts all round, which are very pleaſant to walk upon, and from which the proſpects are very agreeable. Almoſt all the ſtreets are quite ſtraight*, and finely built; the fronts of the houſes uniform; and what adds greatly to its magnificent appearance is, that every ſtreet is terminated by ſome agreeable object; either a church, ſome ornamental building, or the rampart planted with fine trees. The beſt ſtreet is the *Rue de Po*; it has open porticoes on each ſide, which are ornamental, as well as uſeful for foot-people. The ſituation of Mr. L——'s houſe is delightful, and commands a very fine proſpect; it is almoſt cloſe to the rampart.

* The King is conſtantly improving the town; ſo that in a ſhort time every ſtreet muſt be perfectly ſtraight, nor will there be a houſe that advances beyond another.

I now

I now come to the environs of Turin; and, firſt, ſhall begin with the airing-place, or *Corſo*, called the *Valentin*: you enter upon an avenue, formed by four rows of lofty trees, conducting to the palace, which is at the end, and ſituated upon the borders of the Po. There are alſo other avenues, one of which leads to the church called the *Servites*. The Royal Family, and almoſt every body at Turin who are not bed-rid, lying-in, or dying, appear upon theſe avenues every day, from the hours of five or ſix until ſeven, when they change their ground to another avenue at ſome diſtance from theſe, and very near the citadel. This they leave at eight for the theatre, or ſome private aſſembly. Thoſe who cannot afford to keep equipages are here on foot; and let the weather be fine or rainy, the coaches never fail to come. The Royal Family make a noble appearance, particularly the coach of the Dutcheſs of Savoy, which is

Valentin, or Corſo.

very fine: ſhe drives with eight horſes and a conſiderable *cortege*, conſiſting of her ladies, pages, *&c.* in other coaches; all conducted with the utmoſt dignity and tranquillity. The young Princes frequently alight and walk, and the Princeſſes ſometimes amuſe themſelves with walking in the garden of the palace of Valentin. The coaches are extremely good here in general, and ſome ſo well painted, as might merit approbation even at Paris. The ground between theſe avenues is neatly kept, and the King is endeavouring to bring it to a mathematical plane, by levelling ſome very gentle ſwells, which would be thought ornamental in England.

Galley Slaves.

The Galley Slaves work here at preſent, and draw, themſelves, the carts of earth; work, no freeman could be brought to perform. Theſe Slaves are ſent once a-year from Turin to their Galleys at Nice; till which time they are lodged in the citadel, and

employed in ſome public works, of which there are always ſufficient for more culprits than the town and country furniſhes.

Palace Valentin.

The Palace Valentin is in a ruinous condition; it contains many bad pictures, and but two that are tolerable; one repreſents a Magdalen expiring in the arms of angels. There is great merit in the angel that ſuſtains one of her arms. The other repreſents Romulus and Remus ſucking the wolf, who expreſſes an amiable character in her countenance, and ſeems to try to aſſume all the gentleneſs that her ferocious nature can admit of. I do not know the authors of theſe pictures; the palace being ſo much neglected, that it is not thought worthy of a Ciceroni to ſhew it. Here is a fine ſaloon, a double cube of thirty feet, painted all round with the battles of Philibert: very indifferent. We ſaw three groups ſculptured in ivory and cypreſs-wood, which never decays; a preſent from the Emperor to the King of Sardinia.

Sculptured group.

One repreſents the judgment of Solomon, and is finely done. The executioner, about to divide the child, is the principal figure, has great boldneſs, and is near three feet high. The ſecond, Solomon upon his throne: He is well executed, as are the angels who bear his canopy. And the other, which I like the beſt, is the Sacrifice of Iſaac: Abraham, Iſaac, and the angel, form fine contraſts to each other, by the ſculptor's having ſtrikingly expreſſed their different characters. The manner in which the angel is ſupported, who is deſcending, is ſo extremely ingenious and well-contrived, that I conſidered it for ſome time before I could diſcover the means by which it was effected. All theſe figures are ivory, and the clothing cypreſs-wood, which has a good effect. The gardens are old-faſhioned; and contain a few botanic plants, which they ſhew to ſtrangers.

La Venerie Palace.

La Venerie is a country palace, much admired by the Turineſe and the French, for

for the beauty of its architecture, gardens, &c. Both the one and the other are quite in the French taſte.—The road from Turin is planted with white mulberries. The approach is through a wide ſtreet, regularly built, at the end of which is a large ſort of place, ſhaped like an egg cut the long way, or a concave half-oval, ſurrounded with a piazza; behind are buildings for the King's guards, and two churches, one oppoſite the other: at the extremities of this great court are two pillars of marble, on the top of one is a virgin, and on the other the angel Gabriel. Theſe ſtatues are not remarkable. Probably they are placed here only as being the inſignia of the higheſt order of knighthood of Piedmont, that of the Annunciation. Through this oval place you enter into the great court of the palace. The building is not yet completed. Duke Charles Emanuel the Second, about the middle of the laſt century, began it; and what is cu-

rious, he himſelf drew the plans. It is built of brick, and highly ornamented with balluſtrades of white marble before each window, and one continued balluſtrade all round the top of the walls, which crowns the building. The roofs are high and ugly, like thoſe of Verſailles. It ſhocked me to ſee beautiful white ſculptured marble married to brick. The front altogether has a flat, unfiniſhed, inſipid appearance. There are two pavillions, one at each end of the building, in the ſame taſte with the middle part. The entrance is by a great hall, as high as the building, where are ſome pictures by John Miel. Had they not been mentioned in the manner they are, by Cochin and Laland, they are (in my opinion) ſuch wretched daubs, that I ſhould not have taken the trouble to have looked at them after the firſt glance. They are ſo much ſpoiled, that ſome parts are effaced, and in what remains, I own I could not diſcover any kind of merit. The leaſt

frightful

frightful are, a death of a ſtag, and a repoſe after hunting. Over theſe are a great many equeſtrian paintings, all portraits, chiefly women. Theſe Amazons are dreſſed in the Spaniſh faſhion, and are mounted upon prancing horſes. If they were not portraits, they would not be worth a moment's conſideration; but I ſhall only trouble you with two or three of them; as they repreſent people who have been remarkable in the annals of this court: and I believe they were all ſtriking likeneſſes, if not caricatures, of their originals. The picture of the Counteſs de Sebaſtian, who was afterwards married to the late King, is not ſo handſome as I ſhould have imagined her to have been; ſhe appears to be with child. Another, of the famous Counteſs of Verüe; not handſome neither, but *piquant*, her noſe too long. Each lady is drawn as for the chace; and as all their hats and riding-dreſſes are much alike, they are diſtinguiſhed by ſilk bridles to their horſes of

different

different colours: this was really the order of the late King, that he might be able to diſtinguiſh them one from the other at a little diſtance *. The men are alſo in hunting-dreſſes, but with full-bottomed periwigs, as large as thoſe worn in the days of Charles the Second. Above theſe portraits, the compartments in the cove are badly painted in freſco. Here are no fine apartments except the gallery, which is of great extent. At each end is a ſaloon; their cielings are domes ſupported by pillars. There is neither picture, ſtatue, nor gilding in this gallery; it is ſtuccoed and whitened. We thought the projections of the different members of the architecture of the ſides, and the architraves of the windows, too ſtrong and ſalient, even to heavineſs; and that they have a very crowded appearance when viewed from one end. In one of the apartments is a table of *lapis lazuli*, which appears to conſiſt of ſeveral pieces, and is by no means

* See Keyſler, for anecdotes of theſe ladies.

a fine

a fine thing. There is another table, compoſed of excellent morſels of lapis, amethyſt, and agate, 22 inches broad, and 3 feet 10 inches long. In the apartment of the Dutcheſs of Savoy, is a *cabinet de toilette* and a *boudoir*, all wainſcoted with the fineſt old japan (I ſuppoſe) in Europe. Theſe pannels abound with the beautiful green leaves and ſilver dragons, ſo much admired by all connoiſſeurs in japan; and in the *boudoir*, the compartments repreſent landſcapes, with ſtags, and Indian warriors on horſeback, in bas relief, incruſted in *Pierre de Lar*, which is exceedingly fine. The above pieces of japan were preſented by Prince Eugene to the Princeſs Victoire, from whom they came to the houſe of Savoy.—The chapel is famous for the beauty and ingenuity of its architecture and proportions; it is built in the ſhape of a Greek croſs, and is terminated by a dome. The *coup d'œil* is ſtriking; but there are ſome bad ſtatues and other ornaments that

had better have been left out.——A picture of Saint Euſebe *; I think the drawing not faultleſs, and the colouring glaring and tawdry. Cochin eſteems it much, both for the one and the other, which ſurpriſes me, and inclines me to think, he had taken his opinion from another, and had not ſeen it himſelf. Three rooms in this palace are furniſhed with portraits; one contains the family of Savoy, another the Imperial family, and the third that of England, from the Saxon line down to Queen Anne: all vile copies. The portrait of Elizabeth is greatly flattered; ſhe appears to be about 18 years old, with the fineſt large black eyes and black hair, and the beautiful complexion the French call *Brune clair*.

Orangerie. The *Orangerie* is much eſteemed for its architecture; it is 582 feet long, 51 broad, and 40 high: the front is ornamented with

Stables. pillars of the Ionic order.—The Stables are

* Cochin ſays of St. Auguſtin, but he is miſtaken.

alſo

alſo very beautiful, and ſeem to be to the full as large as the *Orangerie*; we were told they contained two hundred horſes.—The Gardens were laid out by a Frenchman; one would think this good man had taken his idea of planning gardens from ſome of Euclid's problems. They are of great extent; the walks all ſtraight, and cutting each other at right angles, leaving ſquare plantations, or quarters of beech and bruſh-wood, which are frequently interſected by narrow alleys, ſo that they form triangular figures, hurting the eye by their uniformity, *&c.* They told us, that in theſe copſes are great plenty of pheaſants, hares, and *chevreuls* (roe-bucks). As all theſe right lines produce what is called ſtars, his Majeſty amuſes himſelf with *la chaſſe a fuſil.* Taking poſt in the centre of the ſtar, where many of theſe angles meeting, he has great chance for good ſport; the *piqueurs* enter the quarters, and drive out the game, who croſſing the alley, ſeek the oppoſite problem; Gardens.

lem; mean time the King lets fly at them, and knocks them down at pleaſure.

I walked till I was ready to expire, in order to ſee a ſylvan theatre. You know my paſſion for theſe theatres * * * At laſt I reached it; but my diſappointment was great indeed. Never was any thing of its kind ſo ill attempted. From hence we were conducted to another fooliſh affair, a labyrinth; in which is built a kind of ſummer-houſe, in order to overlook it; and when the royal family are to be diverted at *La Venerie*, a ſimple clown is ſent into the labyrinth, who in vain attempts to get out; the turning and winding of the walks, joined to the thickneſs of the hedges, making it almoſt impoſſible he ſhould, whilſt the lookers on are highly amuſed from the balconies.

We were ſtruck (from their ſingularity) with the terminations of many of the viſtas, formed by the great alleys or wood walks, the mountains at a great diſtance

tance covered with ſnow and glittering in the ſun; as alſo with a moſt beautiful wood of poplars, of a wonderful height, and as ſtraight as upright cypreſſes; they call them here (from their manner of growing) *Pines of Pavia*, but they are properly ſpeaking poplars of that country. They grow quite naturally, never having felt the ſheers; yet it is impoſſible that any trees, however pruned and dreſſed, ſhould bear a more exact conical form than theſe do. What is called here *le Boſquet de Charmille* is prodigiouſly admired; it conſiſts of beech and hornbeam, tortured into kinds of arbours, to imitate open galleries, with pillars ſupporting domes. I believe they are brought to as great regularity, as branches of trees admit of; but here Nature is totally baniſhed. You have ſeen ſomething of the ſame kind at Marly, where there is a continuation of what they call, *des Cabinets de verdure* *.

About

* Lalande has the *effronterie* to aſſert theſe gardens to be in the taſte of thoe at Richmond. *Il y a un labyrinthe curieux,*

About a ſmall league from Turin, by the ſide of the road, grows a very large elm-tree, beneath the ſhadow of whoſe ſpreading branches, the late King, when duke of Savoy, held a council with Prince Eugene, the Prince of Anhalt, and the Marquis de Prie, a Piedmonteſe general, on the 5th of September 1706, in which they determined both upon the manner and attack of the French lines, which took place the 7th of the ſame month; in this famous action the French army was entirely routed, Mareſchal Marſin killed, and the ſiege of Turin immediately raiſed.

Notre Dame Convent.

Very near this elm-tree is a little Convent of Capuchins, called of *Notre Dame de Compagna*. I ſat in the carriage, whilſt M—— went into the convent, to ſee the Tomb of Mareſchal Marſin; he is interred under the wall of a little chapel to the left of the choir, without any other

Tomb of Mareſchal Marſin.

eux, un mail, & des vaſte pieces de gazouille, belle ſimplicité champêtre, a peu près comme aux jardins de Richmond pres de Londres. Vol. i. p. 250.

monument

monument than a ſlab of black marble, inſerted into the wall, and neither ornaments, arms, or atchievements; but there is an inſcription in Latin, which does honour to the moderation of the victors, who cauſed it to be placed over his tomb-ſtone.

FERDINANDO DE MARSIN FRANCIÆ MARESCALLO
SUPREMI GALLIO ORDINIS EQUITE TORQUATO
VALENCENARUM GUBERNATORI QUO IN LOQUO
7mi 7bris 1706 INTER SUORUM CLADEM
ET FUGAM VICTORIAM EXERCITUM VITAM AMISIT
ETERNUM IN HOC TUMULO MONUMENTUM.

In this little church there is a picture, repreſenting the above-mentioned council, which was drawn the year after; the tree is extremely like what it is now, and the four warriors are painted under it on horſeback.

Stupenige Palace.

The next moſt conſiderable country houſe (and which his Majeſty is very fond of) is *Stupenige*, a hunting palace, about two leagues from Turin. The avenue that leads to it is finely planted with two rows of very large trees, and it is ſo ſtraight that

one ſees the palace which terminates the viſta the whole way; though I believe I ought to impute this effect rather to its being placed upon an elevation *, which however is ſcarce perceptible till you are cloſe upon the building, when the ground ſuddenly riſes. A coloſſal ſtag, gilt, ſeems as if bounding over the roof; it has an excellent effect, and is finely proportioned, appearing very plainly even from the commencement of the entrance of the avenue. This palace is more habitable and agreeable than *la Venerie*. The front is decorated with pillars of the Ionic order; the wings are built ſemicircular, and are terminated by two ſquare pavilions. Although the plan may admit of criticiſm by very knowing architects, yet its effect is not at all unpleaſing to the eye; at leaſt it has not the bleak look of *la Venerie*. There is no antichamber nor veſtibule; you enter all at once into the great ſaloon, which is in the center of the *corps-de-logis*. The

inſide is ſingularly ſtriking; it has the appearance of a fine theatre, very fit for a maſqued ball; it is decorated and ornamented with paintings in *freſco*. The plan is an oval, round which are four tribunes, ſupported by pilaſters of the Ionic order: it ſeems as if behind theſe tribunes there were galleries of conſiderable extent, with windows at the end; but all this ſeeming is a deception, and the falſe ornaments, which are painted, agree with, and continue the real cornices, frizes, *&c.* in ſuch manner that at firſt ſight one cannot diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe. There is really great merit in this kind of painting, where it is properly employed, as it ſhews the force of the art of perſpective, and that of light and ſhade. The cieling repreſents Diana deſcending in a triumphal car, drawn by two white deer; Aurora precedes her, and wakens her nymphs. The colours are very lively and gay, and although ſome of the figures might have

been lighter, yet there is great vivacity in their attitudes, and various preparations for the chaſe. The aerian perſpective is alſo well obſerved, the ſky appearing very lofty. The cieling of one of the falſe galleries repreſents four flying nymphs ſhooting with bow and arrow. Oppoſite are four other winged nymphs who have taken ſeveral red partridges in a net. This laſt is very well executed, and the ſubject ſucceeds wonderfully well, though repreſented in the cieling.—Theſe *freſco* paintings were the joint work of two brothers, Venetians, named the *Valeriani*; one painted the figures, the other the architecture.

There are four doors, which conduct to as many apartments; eight chimneys; and ſix great windows, three on each ſide; preſenting different viſtas. From one appears the avenue with Turin at the end, from the others are different views, equally extenſive, of the foreſt, ſeen through the garden, and which has a very fine

fine effect. This ſaloon is covered with copper. The cieling of the firſt room of the King's apartment repreſents the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, painted in *freſco*, by Croiſati. The ſubject is well treated; there is a ſtrong expreſſion of grief in one of Iphigenia's attendants, great dignity and reſignation to her fate in the countenance of the princeſs, and the deepeſt affliction in the attitude of Clytemneſtra, who appears at a diſtance endeavouring to ſuſtain herſelf upon the boſom of Agamemnon, unable to ſupport the near approach of the ſacrifice. The figure the leaſt intereſting (though the moſt *a propos* to prevent the impending ſtroke from the uplifted arm of the unfeeling Prieſt) is Diana, who looks as if ſhe did not recollect why ſhe came there, nor for what purpoſe.

In the King's bed-chamber, the cieling is painted by Carlo Vanloo; the ſubject, the repoſe of Diana after the bath: the compoſition is very well; the attitudes and

countenances of the nymphs amiable. But the principal fault is, too ſtrong a reſemblance between the goddeſs and her nymphs: they might be all taken for ſiſters.—In the apartment of the Duke of Savoy are ten pictures, in two colours, by Alberoni; they repreſent morſels of architecture, finely drawn in perſpective. All the apartments are hung with flowered ſattin, very beautiful, and all manufactured at Turin. The King himſelf furniſhes the ſilk, and the manufacturing of it does not ſtand him in more than three livres an ell, as we are credibly informed. There is a gallery in which, for uniformity, are a row of ſham windows, oppoſite the real, all the panes of which are of looking-glaſs; they open and ſerve for doors to *armoires*, or cloſets, furniſhed with ſhelves. We were ſtruck with one of the rooms, the proportions of which pleaſe the eye ſurpriſingly, it meaſures 18 paces long; M—— ſtept it, and ſays it is equal to 18 yards, or thereabout, and

and the width is 9; 16 feet high, not including the cove, which may be 4 more. The walls are painted, very indifferently, by a Piedmonteſe girl.—In the Duke of Chablais' apartment are ſeveral paintings in *cameo*, well done, repreſenting Cupids catching hares, and coupling dogs with garlands of flowers, *&c.*: the ſubject of one of theſe has merit on account of the thought; a Cupid careſſes a fawn, while ſeveral others are endeavouring to keep off the dogs from tormenting it. Theſe are all done by a Turin painter, named *Rapoux*.—Adjoining is a ſmall cabinet of about 16 feet ſquare, the cieling of which is coved with looking-glaſs, and ſo neatly done, that the joinings are not perceptible. By there being a great number of pieces, the company in the cabinet is multiplied and reflected from the ſides of the cove, as you may imagine. Wreaths of flowers are painted on the glaſs, to hide the ſeparations, which ſucceed extremely well. The floors are of the

marble of this country, compoſed of many different morſels, like fineered wood, and have a good effect.——The ſtables are commodious, and large. The windows are above the racks, and have green curtains drawn cloſe over them, which are very ornamental, as well as convenient.——The garden is in as bad a taſte as that at *la Venerie*. At the back front of the palace is a *parterre à l'Angloiſe*, forming ſcrolls, and various flouriſhes filled up with grey ſand and brick-duſt, but no flowers. There is a kind of ill-kept graſs-plat, called here a Boulingrin, with pavilions and *cabinets de verdure* on each ſide, one leading into the other, like thoſe at *la Venerie*. The only agreeable circumſtance attending theſe gardens is, that you ſee into the foreſt through the walks. This foreſt is divided into ridings, but all formal; and here the King and Royal family uſually hunt twice a week.

week. As the weather is very fine, we ſhall ſeize the firſt opportunity of ſeeing the royal chaſe before we quit Turin.

Mont Callier.

Mont Callier, ſituated upon the ſide of a mountain about a league from Stupenige, is an old palace, very large, and capable of being improved, ſo as to be much ſuperior to any of the other country palaces. It was here the late King was ſeized and made priſoner, (and not at Rivoli) about one o'clock after midnight. The palace was ſurrounded by the guards, which was ſo ſuddenly executed, that an officer with four or five ſoldiers mounted up the ſtairs, (having eaſily forced his way through the ſmall guard that attempted to oppoſe his paſſage) into the King's bed-chamber, before the leaſt alarm could be given. The King was in bed with the *Comteſſe de St. Sebaſtienne*. On their entering the room, the King jumped out of bed, and being ſhewn the order for his confinement, made this reflection aloud: *Je n'auroit*

jamais

jamais cru que mon fils eut eu tant d'eſprit. He was immediately conveyed to the *chateau* of Rivoli, and ſoon after brought back again to *Mont Callier*, where he died about ſix or ſeven years after. At the ſame time that he was made priſoner, *Madame de St. Sebaſtienne* was conveyed to a convent, and there ſhut up for life. The room in which the King was ſeized, was his bedchamber at his return, and in the ſame fated room he died. The ſame furniture remains in it, and ſhews how ſimply the apartment of a King was furniſhed in this country a few years paſt. The floor is of brick, the walls white-waſhed, and hung with a few wretched portraits; there is one of a woman, which is handſome, and has wrote on the back *Marcheſe D'Aſtruzzi*; I ſuppoſe it was her name. The chairs are covered with crimſon cut velvet, the window ſhutters plain brown oak. It is a large ſquare room; the bed has been taken away. I cannot but think the paſſing the

remainder

remainder of his days in the very apartment where his wife was torn from him, and he himſelf deprived of his liberty, are circumſtances no way neceſſary to the welfare of the ſtate.

There are no other pictures in this palace beſides old family portraits, which are hung up in the galleries, and look ſo terrific in their uncouth dreſſes and armour, that I ſhould not like to be left alone with them by candle-light. Some old doors ſtill remain, and are odd enough; they are embroidered all over in gold and ſilver, almoſt black at preſent, but rich in quaint devices and mottos. Two or three ſtruck my fancy, as pretty for their day; namely, a tree burning, the motto *Silere et uri.* Over laurel wreaths—*Fortem ſponte ſequor.* One of the moſt delightful proſpects (that imagination can paint) ſhews itſelf from the windows of this palace. You look over a vaſt tract of country finely wooded, with the river Po winding moſt fan-

fantaſtically in the valley, and branching out different ways, gives birth to a beautiful iſland, finely clumped with majeſtic trees; many buildings diſperſed in ſuch manner as they had been placed on purpoſe to ornament, not crowd the ſcene; little hills clothed in vines, the plains in the higheſt cultivation, and the whole bounded by a chain of mountains covered with ſnow.

His preſent Majeſty never viſits *Mont Callier*. The Duke of Savoy who has a very good taſte, is remarkably fond of this place, and is making gardens above the palace on the ſides of the mountain, which when completed will be more agreeable to Nature, and conſequently in a much truer taſte than any of thoſe about Turin.

This letter is already ſuch a packet, that I do not know whether the poſt-maſter may not ſend it to the prime miniſter for inſpection; for there is a ſuſpicion and a police reigns in this town that ſurpaſſes the

genius

genius of *Sartine*. But more of this another time; for the preſent, I will abſolutely not add another word, except to beg you to obſerve, if till now I have not kept my promiſe; and to tell me ſincerely in your next, if I do not grow too circumſtantial and tireſome. Upon the ſlighteſt hint I will mend; meantime, believe me, as always, yours moſt affectionately, &c.

My next letter ſhall poſitively be my laſt from Turin.

LETTER XI.

Turin, October the 24th.

AS our time now draws near for quitting Turin for Genoa, you muſt not expect to hear from me again till after we have reached that city, and I ſeize this firſt opportunity to conclude my obſervations upon the environs of Turin.

Upon the top of a very high mountain, a league and a half from the town, ſtands the

La Superga Church.

the magnificent church called *La Superga*; it was built in conſequence of a vow made by Victor Amadeus, that if victorious, he would erect a church *upon that ſpot*, from which, with Prince Eugene, in the year 1706, during the ſiege of Turin, he had obſerved the order and operations of the enemies troops before the town. Accordingly the French army being defeated, and obliged to raiſe the ſiege, the building of this church was begun in 1715, and it was conſecrated in 1731. The architect made choice of, was Philip Juvara; though it is not ſaid he had included this preference in his vow.

The aſcent to this church is ſo extremely rapid and difficult even now, that it ſeems to have been almoſt impoſſible for human art and addreſs to have brought together the materials here employed *. The front preſents

* The mountain was in ſhape like a ſugar-loaf, and the crown, or upmoſt top, reached as high as the pedeſtals of the pillars,

preſents a fine portico, above which, to a very great height, riſes a dome, crowned by a cupola; on each ſide is a ſteeple, finiſhed up to a point; the architecture of theſe ſteeples might have been better, they are too much ſtarved. The entrance to the church is noble, and the inſide very ſtriking; it is quite round, and richly ornamented with pillars of the Corinthian order, of grey marble, four feet and an half in diameter. The dome is ſuſtained by eight Corinthian pillars of the ſame ſort of marble *, partly ſtraight, and partly twiſted. There is alſo a range

pillars, now above the firſt gallery; the ſummit of the mountain has been cut off, and ſpread out at a very great expence, to form the level on which the church and convent are built, to the extent of about an acre and a half; more than 120 feet perpendicular height of rock and gravel muſt have been moved for this purpoſe.

* Both Cochin and Lalande aſſert theſe pillars to be the colour of Turkey ſtone, namely blue. I have no reaſon to think Lalande ever ſaw this church, but rather that he copies his account of it cloſely from Cochin. Cochin is alſo miſtaken in ſaying, the dome is ſupported by red marble pillars, which on the contrary are grey.

of

of ſhort pillars to ſupport a heavy aukward cornice. Certain red pillars in the dome have a bad effect; they appear as thruſt againſt the windows (but can in no manner contribute to the ſupport of the dome) but theſe were forced upon the architect by the late King, for they were not in the original plan. Theſe pillars had been intended for a pavilion over the gateway of the entrance to the Royal palace in Turin, according to the deſign given in a book entitled, *Le Theatre de Piedmont*; but *Victor* inſiſted upon Juvara's finding a place for them in the *Superga*. He alſo cauſed ſome of them to be placed in the gallery at the Venerie which leads to the chapel. This royal obſtinacy and folly has done an irreparable injury to a very noble ſtructure. Over the great entrance, within ſide, and facing the principal altar, is the following inſcription, in uncommonly large gilt letters:

VIR-

VIRGINIS GENETRICE
VICTORIUS AMADEUS SARDINIÆ REX
BELLO GALLICO VOVIT
ET PULSIS HOSTIBUS FECIT DEDICAVITQUE.

On the inſide of the church, within the great door of entrance, is a white marble ſlab, under which is a little vault, by the architect deſtined for his own burying-place; but he died at Madrid, where he was ſent for by the King of Spain, to plan a very great building, which, however, has not been carried into execution. There are many bas reliefs, which are much better executed than Cochin will own; the ſubjects of thoſe beſt done are by no means flattering to the French. One of the moſt remarkable is a large bas relief, the figures as big as life, repreſenting the battle before Turin; Mareſchal Marſin dead, having a ſhield graſped in his hand; the Prince of Anhault on horſeback, ruſhing through the French lines, ſword in hand (he was the firſt who forced their lines); after him appears the Duke of Savoy, and a little be-

hind him Prince Eugene. In the upper part is ſeen the Virgin Mary in the clouds, with the infant Jeſus in her arms, and St. Amadeus in a ſupplicating poſture, beſeeching her interpoſition and aid for the ſucceſs of his countrymen †. There is merit in many of theſe figures, particularly in Amadeus, whoſe expreſſion and attitude is noble, characteriſtic, and ſtriking. Here is a great profuſion of fine marble, the walls being incruſted with it. Piedmont affords a great variety; one ſort, peculiar to this country, is remarkably beautiful; being veined in ſhades of brown and yellow, like what is commonly called in England Egyptian pebble: this takes an exceeding high poliſh. Moſt of the mouldings and ſmall members of the architecture are of yellow marble, and come from Verona; the red ſort from Perſigi.

† There are two other bas reliefs; one of which repreſents the birth of the Virgin: another is a blaſphemous repreſentation of the Annunciation.

They

They told us the plan of this church was taken from that of St. Agnes at Rome. It has ſeven chapels, including the choir; at the end of which is the great or maſter altar. There is another ſmall chapel, where is conſerved a miraculous image of the Virgin *, which is carried in proceſſion round the church every year, the 8th day of September, followed by the King and all the Royal Family; that day being the anniverſary of the raiſing the ſiege of Turin. In this chapel repoſes the body of Victor Amadeus: he is immured above ground, until the magnificent vault which is preparing ſhall be ready to receive him.

* I ſhould only tire you, was I to recount to you all the miracles this poor old rotten log of an image has worked, nor how many years ſhe had been neglected in a dark corner of a wretched little chapel, which formerly was built on the top of this mountain; nor how often ſhe has removed certain ſtones from one place to another, which had been brought on purpoſe to build her a church, &c. But as it was before this wonderful image that Amadeus made his vow, ſhe is now gilt and painted, dreſſed in a fine gown of gold tiſſue, and adored by all the *devots* at Turin.

On our arrival here we were met by ſome of the Channoines, whoſe convent is at the back of the church. They received us very politely, and invited us into the convent. I was ſurpriſed when I found I had the honour of being permitted to enter into the bed-chamber of one of our kind hoſts, who very obligingly conducted us thither himſelf, after he had ſhewn us the church, &c. and there regaled us with ſome very excellent coffee, which I aſſure you was a moſt comfortable thing of a very cold day, and in ſo nipping and eager an air as that one is pierced withal on the top of this mountain. This prieſt's converſation was very agreeable, free from ſuperſtition, plainly ſhewed he knew the world, and had received a liberal education. The apartments of the Channoines are comfortably furniſhed, without any pretence to ſhow, and are extremely neat and clean. The church is not as yet near being finiſhed within ſide, nor

do

do I think it will be ſoon completed †. I have not mentioned the dome nor cupola, to the top of which I was determined to attain. We mounted 317 ſteps, not including the flight, which is conſiderable, that leads up to the portico. All the riſers are extremely high, not leſs than nine inches. From the firſt gallery, the church below appears to great advantage. The whole of the ſtaircaſe winds round a pillar, and is ſo extremely narrow, that but one perſon can aſcend it at a time: when you have

† Keyſler makes a great miſtake, vol. i. p. 250. where he ſays, "Near the church is a large quadrangular ſtructure, built for the conveniency of the Royal Family, when any of them were diſpoſed to retire for private devotion, and here the King has ſeveral times paſſed ſome weeks in Lent." Now the truth is, that the walls of the above apartment are not roofed, nor are they yet carried up near high enough for that purpoſe; nor has the late King, the preſent, or any of the Royal Family ever retired here for devotion, nor ever lay a night in the convent, or come here at all, excepting on the 8th of September, as I mentioned before. The building of the Superga has already coſt four millions of Piedmonteſe livres, and there is ſtill much remaining to be done. There are niches and pedeſtals not yet occupied, for more than ſixty ſtatues. The cieling alſo over the great altar is not painted, nor organ gilt, &c. &c.

gained the dome, the roof bends; it may be compared to the inſide of an egg-ſhell, ſuppoſing a ſtaircaſe practiſed between the yolk of the egg and the ſhell. In ſhort, there is, as it were, a double dome, the outward being a cover to the inward; and it is between the two domes that the ſtaircaſe is practiſed. Nothing can be more diſagreeable than the going up this ſtaircaſe; it is neceſſary to bend the body, in conformity to the bending of the two roofs. At laſt one arrives at the cupola (which has windows round it, and from whence the height appears prodigious, the church below looking quite ſmall): there is a kind of perpendicular ladder to conduct to the top of the building, where is a ſmall place leaded: at the top of the ladder appear two holes, like the mouths of porridge-pots: paſs through theſe holes you muſt, or not ſee the proſpect; twice I attempted it, and twice drew back, but the third time I ſucceeded, and found myſelf once more

in

in the open air, and the world far beneath me. A proſpect of an amazing extent, beyond what any eye can reach, ſtretched itſelf out on all ſides. When the wind ſets ſo as to diſperſe the clouds from that ſide, Milan appears in view; the rivers Po, Doria, Iſturia, meandering along, form iſlands without number. The variety of tints this proſpect preſents is wonderful; the richeſt green paſturage in the valleys, hills clothed with vines, mountains covered with ſnow, together with Turin and all its environs. The valley towards Suſa is plainly to be diſcerned, and other plains and buildings towards Milan, the names of which I have forgot. The preſent King ſaid, upon viewing Turin from this place, "It is well ſtrangers do not ſee Turin for the firſt time from the top of the Superga, or they would have but a mean opinion of my town †."

It

* This King is always very curious to know what ſtrangers think of Turin, &c. particulary the Engliſh, whom he con-

It is remarkable how very inconſiderable Turin appears, although it cannot be above two Engliſh miles diſtant from this church in a direct line. There is a library in the convent, but we found nothing remarkable in it, except a buſto in wax of the late King [Victor Amadeus] reported to be ſo ſtriking a likeneſs, as to cauſe thoſe to ſtart at the ſight of it, who have known him when alive. It was done by a monk, who had never ſeen him but once; the fleſh is ſo natural, that in a certain point of view you can hardly believe it wax. I did not mention two pictures ſhewn us in the church; they are very indifferent; one is by Ricci, the other by the Chevalier Beaumont. The late King would not permit the road to be made commodious up to the Superga during

ſiders as entitled to a double ſhare of his conſideration: for, was the crown of England hereditary, and the Stuarts allowed that claim, he would follow next after them in the ſucceſſion. From this pretence they here account for his partiality to the Engliſh.

his

his reign. Probably his reaſon was to demonſtrate to thoſe who aſcend it, the trouble and expence of conveying the materials for the building. At preſent it is not too good, nor is it as well as it might be, although much has been done. The ſoil is a ſtiff clay, which makes the aſcending of the mountain very fatiguing and troubleſome.

La Vigne de la Reine Palace.

La Vigne de la Reine is a little palace very near Turin on the other ſide of the Po; it is built on a hill, and formerly belonged to Prince Thomas of Savoy. The proſpect from it is very extenſive. The courſe of the Po is perceivable for three leagues, as is that fine plain that extends itſelf as far as Rivoli. The entrance of the palace is by a double ſtaircaſe; the front between the flights being ornamented with a fountain, niches, and pilaſters of Ruſtic architecture. The great ſaloon is in the center of the building, and divides the apartments; it is decorated with two or-

ders of architecture, one over the other; the firſt is Doric, the ſecond Ionic. The Doric ſuſtains four tribunes; the two largeſt are in relief, and the leſſer two only painted. The deception is ſo very ſtrong, that it is ſcarce poſſible to perſuade one's ſelf they are not real. Some of the cielings are well painted by Danieli; but the ſubjects are ſo odd, that the effect is more ſurpriſing than pleaſing: they repreſent ſtaircaſes, and people going up and down them. Over the doors are pictures of Corado, a diſciple of Solimene; Cochin admires them more than they deſerve. There are a few pretty tables of tortoiſe-ſhell, and ſome ſtools embroidered with knotting by the late Queen. I aſſure you your work ſo far exceeds this; that was you to ſee this embroidery ſo much admired, you would have a good opinion of your own. The apartments are hung, ſome with India taffata, others with painted linen. The gardens lie behind the houſe, and are all laid out in terraces,

one

one above the other, (on account of the acclivity of the mountain) and crowned at top by a little wood, through which is cut very pretty ſerpentine walks. Was I to live at Turin, I ſhould wiſh the King to preſent me with this palace for my villa; it admits of being made too comfortable for the grandeur of royal people.

I think I have mentioned every thing worth ſeeing in Turin and its environs; nothing remains but the Royal Chaſe, which is conducted as follows: At nine o'clock in the morning, the company ſets out from Stupenis; the King, the Duke of Savoy, and the Princes of Piedmont are on horſeback; the Dutcheſs of Savoy, the Princeſſes, and the ladies in waiting, all in poſt-chaiſes with two wheels: their horſes are poſt-horſes, and they have relays in different parts of the foreſt, ready for a change; for as they are frequently obliged to preſs the horſes, they employ thoſe of the poſt, rather than hurt the royal cattle. The chaiſes belong to the

court,

court, and are all alike, rather plain than otherwiſe, but neatly made, and as fit for the purpoſe of hunting as any carriages can be. We hired a poſt-chaiſe, and ordered relays in the foreſt, at the proper ſtations, ſo as not to miſs any of the ſport. The ſetting out of the cavalcade is a fine ſight; the chaiſes of the court precede each other according to *etiquette*. The Dutcheſs of Savoy firſt, the elder Princeſſes next, and ſo on; then come the ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters, *&c.* The livery of the hunt is ſcarlet, richly laced with ſilver. Whoever is well-born, (a gentleman independent of trade, and of ſome profeſſions) what is called here, and in all theſe countries, *nobleſſe*, is permitted to be of the hunt, and, wearing the livery, may breakfaſt with the King at Stupenis. This favour extends alſo to ſtrangers. Gentlemen of any country, properly acknowledged by the ambaſſador or envoy from their nation, may be admitted of the hunt, and are entitled

titled to partake of the royal breakfaſt. There are very fine ridings cut through the foreſt, which is plentifully ſtocked with game. The great number of *piqueurs* [huntſmen] *guards de chaſſes, &c.* with the gay appearance of all the cavalcade, upon a fine day, has, I believe, in appearance, the advantage of any other chaſe. The ſound of the French-horns was ſo often repeated by the echo, and ſo mingled with the cries of the hounds, that at laſt I began to be convinced (for you know I am naturally no huntreſs) that there was really harmony in a pack of hounds, the cries of men, and the winding of horns all at a time. Do you remember this beautiful paſſage in Titus Andronicus ?

" The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
" The ſnake lies rolled in the cheerful ſun,
" The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
" And make a checker'd ſhadow on the ground:
" Under their ſweet ſhade—let us ſit,
" And whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

" Reply-

" Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
" As if a double hunt were heard at once,
" Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe."

At length, after the ſtag had been ſeen here, and been ſeen there, he thought proper to ſwim the Po; ſoon after which he died: but as he made his *exit* at three or four miles diſtance from the Princeſſes and ladies, and as it is abſolutely neceſſary the *curée* * ſhould be performed in their preſence, his dead body was brought on a cart drawn by ſix oxen, for which event the whole court, *&c.* waited above an hour. His approach and arrival was announced by a very fine concert of French-horns; all the chaiſes drawn up together, formed a kind of amphitheatre. The gentlemen of the court and hunt, who are on horſeback, alight, and during the *curée* converſe with, and entertain the ladies; and to give

* The *curée* is the laſt ceremony of embowelling the ſtag, rewarding the hounds, &c. &c.

you

you an inſtance of the great politeneſs the court of Turin ſhews to ſtrangers, the Dutcheſs of Savoy was pleaſed to do me the honour to order the dogs and the ſtag to be brought near our chaiſe, and ſent a gentleman of the chamber (whom ſhe obligingly choſe out from amongſt the others, on account of his ſpeaking a little Engliſh) with a very gracious compliment, and the ſtag's foot.

All the Turineſe are polite; when the Royal Family ſets the example, it ſoon becomes the faſhion in arbitrary governments.

It is time to ſay ſomething of ourſelves, and our manner of living, *&c.* There is no aſſembly at preſent, or open-houſe, but that of *Madame de St. Giles*, who ſees company, and gives cards every evening, and where all ſtrangers, particularly Engliſh properly introduced, are extremely well received. They are ſure to find at her houſe the firſt people of the court, the foreign miniſters,

ſters, and the beſt company at Turin; but were they not to enjoy any of theſe advantages, the lady of the houſe is herſelf a ſufficient motive for deſiring her acquaintance; by her obliging manner ſhe has the happy art of making her houſe perfectly agreeable to every body. That we are in a more agreeable ſociety than many others, at leaſt thoſe who come here for a ſhort time, is very true, but that is owing to a mere accident. The recommendatory letters of the *Cardinal de Choiſſeul* have the ſecret of opening many doors, that are difficult of acceſs to people of much more conſequence than us, who have not been poſſeſſed of the ſame advantages. It is a moſt agreeable circumſtance, that we have reaſon to flatter ourſelves that through our whole tour we ſhall more eaſily attain to a general and particular knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners amongſt the firſt people of the country (although our time is ſo limited) than we could hope to have done, perhaps,

by

by a long reſidence, had we not the advantage of the letters of recommendation with which our friends have furniſhed us.—We go frequently to the opera, which is very good of its kind; the famous Zamperini is its chief ornament. Although ſhe has no voice, or rather no great compaſs, ſhe makes up for that deficiency by an excellent manner; ſhe acts uncommonly well, and has the advantage of a fine perſon. I heard ſome anecdotes of her that will make you laugh. She has, it ſeems, been much admired in England * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The *danſeuſes* and *actrices* come into the boxes between the acts, and very reſpectfully demand permiſſion to kiſs the ladies' hands. They are ſometimes permitted to ſit down, and they endeavour to render themſelves amuſing, by retailing, with a good deal of archneſs, *hiſtoriettes* in regard to their comrades, which are generally more or leſs dictated by private pique or

envy; and do not fail to be ſufficiently epigrammatic in little ſpightful ſallies. Their converſation is conſidered merely as an interlude. None of their own ſex ever enter into their parties; and they are for the greater part reduced to a few old general officers, whoſe gallantry ſeldom quite forſakes them, and who give them their protection, and ſometimes money; the purſe being a point of view theſe nymphs ſeldom loſe ſight of.

Ambaſſadors. All the Ambaſſadors and foreign miniſters entertain well and very frequently at their reſpective houſes, proportionably to their appointments; but the Spaniſh ambaſſador's table ſurpaſſes all the others in quantity and quality, the King of Spain having ordered the *Comte D'Ayguilar* (the preſent ambaſſador from Spain) to exceed in magnificence all the others, without exception; and added, that the additional expence was not to be his concern, let the augmentation be what it might. Conſequently,

ſequently, his table is too much loaded with all the delicacies that can poſſibly be procured. He has a vaſt profuſion of plate, and a much greater number of ſervants than is neceſſary. Their own family conſiſts of the *Comte* and *Comteſſe*, and an only daughter, who will be a prodigious fortune. They have ſhewn us many civilities, and invited us moſt kindly to Madrid. The ambaſſadreſs is in a declining ſtate of health. The French ambaſſador lives very genteelly, quite in the French ſtyle; *Madame de Choiſeul* is not here at preſent; he was ſo kind as to offer us an apartment in his *hotel*, to keep a table for us, and to provide us with one of his own equipages, which we declined, but were not the leſs obliged to him and the Cardinal, to whom we owe the civilities ſhewn us by his couſin: there are other little conveniencies, as the key of his box at the theatre, which I have only to ſend for whenever I pleaſe.

It is not neceſſary to add, as I believe I mentioned to you in one of my former letters, that we have had no reaſon to complain of the E—— E——; he has done every thing that was right to do, and you know that is all we deſire; we had no recommendatory letters to him, for he was not appointed when we left England. The ambaſſadreſs of Vienna, Madame Caff-Miller, has the fineſt diamonds I ever ſaw, and in the greateſt quantity; ſhe (for the ambaſſador is at this time abſent) entertains frequently. All the foreign miniſters, with their wives, repair moſt nights to her *hotel*, where there is high play after ſupper.—The ladies of Turin are in general handſome; they have the whiteſt ſkins I ever ſaw, never wear *rouge*; they dreſs well, and are ſingularly genteel in their undreſſes. If they are gallant, they conduct themſelves with the utmoſt decency; and here inconſtancy is looked upon as the greateſt

greateſt of crimes. Friendſhips of twenty and thirty years are not uncommon; at the ſame time, I do not aſſert there are no coquettes; but the court ſets ſo virtuous an example, that the utmoſt precaution and circumſpection is neceſſary to thoſe who have any thing to conceal; for there are ſpies in almoſt every houſe. In regard to ſtrangers, they ſcarce utter a word that is not told back again; and they ought to be upon their guard how they ſpeak their ſentiments, as it has often happened that, without any intention to injure them, what they have ſaid in certain companies has been miſrepreſented to government: for, unfortunately, ſome people here have learned juſt Engliſh enough to qualify them to make capital miſtakes, when they relate ſomething they have heard an Engliſhman ſay. There are certain licences in converſation that it is impoſſible for a ſtranger to comprehend

Spies.

clearly; even in French, one is not ſure to be perfectly well underſtood, as well for this reaſon, as that the Turineſe in general ſpeak French indifferently, and amongſt themſelves converſe conſtantly in Piedmonteſe; which is ſuch a wretched jargon, that there never has been any book printed in it, nor can it be wrote grammatically. ——It is not true, that the churches are ſanctuaries for robbers and murderers; on the contrary, they are no longer in ſafety there, than whilſt an order is procuring from the Archbiſhop, which order is never refuſed, and then the ſoldiers ſeize them and bring them to juſtice. That the momentary aſylum the churches offer them is not quite diſcouraged, may be accounted for from various conſiderations.

Police. The Police is ſo ſtrict here, as to prevent all riots of any conſequence in the ſtreets; for if three or four perſons only ſeem to converſe together with ardour,

dour, or ſpeak louder than ordinary, the *Guet* draws near, and if they perceive any thing myſterious in their manner, or that they cannot give a very good account of themſelves, they are frequently taken into cuſtody from the ſuſpicion they had occaſioned. The wine houſes are never free from emiſſaries from the Police. Thus, plotting of every kind, whether againſt government or particulars, mutiny, robbing, &c. is in a great meaſure prevented by their vigilance. No diſorderly women are permitted to walk the ſtreets. It is not poſſible any private affairs can paſs in the family of an individual, which do not ſpeedily reach the ears of the King. The *laquais de place* are generally here (as in Paris) in the pay of the Police, and inform them of all they can diſcover in regard to the ſtrangers whom they ſerve. Each *aubergiſte* * makes two returns every night of the ſtrangers lodged

* The hoſt of any public-houſe, inn, tavern, &c.

with them, their names, profeſſions, country, *&c.*; and as far as they can gueſs, or learn from *laquais de place*, couriers, poſtilions, or *voiturins*, where they laſt came from, their buſineſs at Turin, and their future deſtination. One of theſe informing papers is carried to the *Commandant* of the town, the other to the *Lieutenant de police*, by a perſon whoſe buſineſs it is to call for the ſame, nightly, at each *auberge*: by ten of the clock next morning the King has all theſe returns. They are particularly watchful of French travellers.——

Relative to the theatre.

The theatre is under great reſtrictions from the police. Before an opera is to be performed, the King himſelf takes the pains to read it over, and to eraſe every line that can admit of an indecent or double meaning (although I believe the Serious opera is generally thought very decent). This attention is particularly paid to the theatre, on account of the morals of the Royal family. The King never goes to the Comic

opera,

opera, nor permits any of his own family to go thither. The Princeſs of Carignan only frequents that theatre.—Alſo in regard to the dances, as the Italian taſte is more inclined to the groteſque than the ſerious, the *danſeuſes* jump very high, and kick up their heels in a more ſurpriſing than graceful manner; but if their attitudes happen to become unguarded, they have a ſharp reprimand from the police. The *delicate* Zamperini, after her return from England, expreſſed too much licentiouſneſs in her action and manner, for which ſhe had an immediate order from the Dutcheſs of S—y, to quit at once thoſe airs; which *La Signora* inſtantly obeyed.—The black drawers worn by the *danſeuſes* have a very diſguſting appearance. * * * *

State œconomy.

The King is thought to be the beſt œconomiſt in the world. M—— had it from good authority, that he always keeps by him, in his ſtrong box, nine hundred thouſand Piedmonteſe livres. Although the ſum is not

not large, yet there are Princes of much more conſiderable revenues, who, after all the current expences of the year, *&c.* are paid, do not find as much remaining to diſpoſe of at pleaſure †.

There has been no Secretary of State for many years paſt. The poor old Chevalier R—b—i, *Miniſtre pour les affaires etrangeres*, does all the buſineſs of that office, as well as of his own, upon an appointment of about 300 *l. per annum* (Engliſh money); nor has there been any Governor of Turin for ten or twelve years paſt, ſince the deceaſe of the Marquis Tane, who was the laſt; for the preſent Count Tane (who is a very genteel and polite old gentleman) is only *Commandant:* formerly they were ſeparate employments, but now, being combined in one, they are leſs expenſive to government.

† M—— has been aſſured, that the K—g's revenue is not leſs than 30 millions of Piedmonteſe livres.

His M——y keeps in his own hands the great farm, or plantation, of tobacco, near Turin, conſiſting of above five hundred acres, and by which he profits conſiderably; he has alſo very fine farms near and at a diſtance from the town, of which he likewiſe receives the immediate profit.

The cavalry in time of peace are but in part mounted, half of each troop being on foot; and though his eſtabliſhment is for ſeventeen thouſand, he has ſcarce at this time twelve thouſand men in array. This ſaves him a great deal of money. The pay of an Enſign is but 500 livres *per annum*, a Captain 1200. There have been four or five conſiderable employments kept vacant for ſome years paſt, from no other motive (as M—— has been aſſured) than that of œconomy. There ſtill remains of the debt contracted in the late war, 42 millions and a half of Piedmonteſe livres; for which his Majeſty pays annually 2 million and a half intereſt and expences. The conqueſts, Troops.

or

or *Païs conquis* as they are here called, accorded to the K— by a former peace, increaſe his revenue about 2 millions and one quarter, ſo that they yield him nearly ſufficient to pay the intereſt of his debt. Monſ. R—b—i ſays, the debt may be liquidated in time by parſimony, but the above increaſe of revenue will be permanent: he alſo aſſerted, that the K— could arm, and even maintain 50,000 men in time of war; which is doing more in proportion to his revenue, than can any other Prince in Europe. But it is doubtful whether or not the above may be depended on, as M—— has been confidently aſſured, that it would be with the utmoſt difficulty ſo great an army could be maintained for even two campaigns, by his Sardinian Majeſty alone, without the aid of foreign ſubſidies.—The taxes amount to nearly a fifth of the national income; that is, of the value of the lands.

The

The K—'s Table is plentiful, but plain; *rien de trop recherchée*; every article being furniſhed by purveyors ‡, at a moderate rate; which purveyors enjoy ſome privileges, as ſelling the ſurplus of the proviſions brought in for the K—g [but not dreſſed]. What remains from the K—'s table is ſerved to the Lords and Ladies of the Bed-chamber in waiting, and from them down to the Equerries, Pages, *Office*, the military *Guard de corps*, *&c. &c.* I think the whole Royal family eat together, and dine very early. King's Table.

Employments at the court of Turin are eſteemed rather as giving conſideration, and precedence, than for their pecuniary value: the appointment is not ſufficient to ſupport the rank with any tolerable degree of decency. The equerryſhip to the P—ce of C——n, joined to a company of Employments.

‡ Within a certain diſtance round Turin, the game is Royal property; and here it is the purveyors provide for the K—'s table.

grenadiers

grenadiers in one of the regiments of guards, yielded the gentleman who had them but £. 150 Engliſh *per annum.* The Chevalier R—b—i, whom I mentioned before, has ſerved the K— with the utmoſt fidelity full forty years; his honeſty and honour is proved by his neceſſitous circumſtances; for, would you believe it? although quite worn out with age and infirmities, he walks on foot, not being able to afford an equipage.

Politics. The K— does not ſeem to reliſh the marriage now upon the tapis, between his eldeſt grand-daughter and the *Comte de P——ce;* he foreſees, that if it takes place, there will be no farther room for any aggrandizement of the houſe of S—v—y, particularly whilſt the family compact, and the preſent union of the houſes of Auſtria and Bourbon remain in force. Yet, if he does not make the match, where can he extend himſelf; neither on the ſide of Milan, Genoa, nor France. In ſhort, there ſeems little elſe for him to do in good po-

licy,

licy, than to live in peace with the whole world, and reſt ſatisfied with the new additional acquiſitions lately guaranteed to him. A courtier, ſpeaking of the intended marriage, ſaid, If it takes place, the houſe of S——y will have nothing to do in future, but to ſit down quietly *& plantée des choux*: a ſtate of inactivity little ſuited to the enterpriſing ſpirit and moderate poſſeſſions of this family.

R—— houſehold expences.

The D— of S——y is allowed 22,000 livres *per annum* only for pocket-money (for the K— pays the wages and maintenance of all the ſervants, horſes, *&c.* of all the R—l F——y); the greater part of which allowance he lays out in beautifying the gardens of *Mont Callier*.

Jews.

The Jews pay heavy impoſitions for permiſſion to trade; they are obliged to wear a badge to diſtinguiſh them from other people, a bit of yellow ſilk, faſtened to one of their button-holes. Many of them, conſcious of the diſgrace of being thus marked,

pay

pay the K— an annual fine, to be permitted to wear it out of ſight.

Beautifying the town.

No inhabitant can rebuild or repair his houſe at Turin, but according to the great general plan laid down for the improvement of the town; either he muſt conform to the plan, or ſell to thoſe who will. *La rue de Dora Groſſa*, which is ſeen from the palace, being narrow and irregular, the K—, in order to forward his intentions, has exempted the houſes therein from being liable to ſeizure, or ſale for debt. This muſt ſoon anſwer the end propoſed; ſeveral houſes are already begun to be rebuilt. Thus muſt this city daily increaſe in the beauty and proportion of its ſtructures.——By ordinance, it is prohibited to breed or keep ſilk-worms in the town, on account of their ſmell being noxious to health; but great encouragement is given for their increaſe in the country about Turin, where they thrive prodigiouſly. A good mulberry-tree will

Silk-worms.

let

let from three to nine livres *per annum*; ſix is a common price, when in a moderate ſtate of perfection or maturity. The water meadows about Turin are ſo enriched by their manner of dreſſing, that they yield three, and ſometimes four crops a year. No ſubject dares to cut down an elm-tree in Piedmont, without the King's permiſſion; that wood being ſcarce, and neceſſary for the carriages of cannon; and the King takes them for that, and for other purpoſes (they ſay), paying for them but moderately.—The roads are (no doubt) admirable near Turin; but in England they can never be as good as thoſe under deſpotic governments, private property with us being ſacred and valuable by its ſecurity; once give up our liberty, and we ſhall have excellent ſtraight roads; for the monarch may command his highway to be carried through the bed-chamber of any individual, ſhould it happen to impede his intention. Roads.

Contraband. The Contraband is well attended to here. The K—'s own coach is not exempted from being ſearched; who then can object to the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, when his M——y himſelf ſubmits to the examination of the officers of the *Douane?*

No publication is allowed of here that might tend to give inſight into the revenues, government, or policy of this country; this caution excites curioſity, and accounts for their being more inquired into and ſifted, than the affairs of other countries, where there is leſs myſtery. There are now living, at the court of Turin, three men, who are particularly eſteemed for their abilities, but who are already advanced in years; *Comte Chiro*, Grand Chancellor, aged 70; *Chevalier Riberti*, alſo 70; and *Comte Brea*, about 50.

Duelling. Duels are not frequent; but when they happen, they fight with ferocity, and an obſtinacy that ſhocks humanity. The general place of appointment is a little iſland, formed

formed by the Po, juſt within what is called the *Port da Po.* It is but ſix months ſince a duel was fought there between two very conſiderable men of this country; one was left dead, the other died ſoon after of his wounds * * * * *

King's Farms.

Many of the manufactures of Turin are carried on for the King's account, as tobacco, ſalt, bottles, lead, ſhot. All the ſalt comes from Sardinia; every head of a family is obliged to take eight pounds yearly for each individual of his family who has paſſed his 17th year, for each cow or ox two, for every hog four, at four ſols the pound: if he happens to want more, he has it at half that price. The farmers here give their cattle ſalt at certain ſeaſons, which certainly ſucceeds extremely well, it being impoſſible to ſee finer cattle of every kind than in this country. The oxen and cows are almoſt quite white, ſometimes they are

ſhaded with grey and brown in a moſt beautiful manner, and have remarkably pretty faces with pencilled eye-brows.—— There is ſcarce a table at Turin where a ſoup made of veal, ſerved with the *boullie*, is not a conſtant diſh; and frequently veal repeated again at the ſame repaſt, in ſome other manner; for it is a piece of policy here, to cry down the beef as unwholeſome (although as fine as any in London), in order to perſuade the people to conſume the veal, the full-grown oxen being drove to Genoa, where they yield a better price than in the Turin market.—There are ſome ſalt-ſprings in Savoy, of which the K— has the entire profit; he diſpoſes of their whole produce to the Switzers. It is much better than that of Sardinia, which he ſells to his own ſubjects; the other, by being ſold in Switzerland, prevents a contraband trade, and brings their money into his own country; and the ſalt of Sardinia

Salt-ſprings.

ſtands

ſtands him in but one ſol for ten pounds. His bottles are very ill made, particularly brittle, yet they are ſold at eight ſols each. Notwithſtanding all theſe littleneſſes, the peaſants of Piedmont are rich and happy; they pay no *dixiemes*, *vintiemes*, nor *taille*, as in France. They can afford to live plentifully; have cattle in abundance, as well as implements of huſbandry, to carry on their agriculture, and are well-dreſſed in ſilk *les jours de fête*, or holidays. The univerſal ornament of their women is a necklace of five or ſix rows of gold beads, pretty large, with a croſs, and ear-rings of the ſame metal, which generally coſt them from three to ſix hundred livres of Piedmont, and ſometimes more. Every married *païſanne* is decorated with theſe ornaments, more or leſs expenſive, according to their means. Peaſants.

The *Bourgeoiſié* are rich, and very well dreſſed; the *nobleſſe* never appear of Bourgeoiſié.

their ſociety, but are totally ſeparate from them, let them be ever ſo conſiderable in their trade, *&c.* The late King would take nothing from the report of others. but examined all in perſon, from the moſt important tranſactions of his firſt ſubjects, down to the *minutiæ* of the loweſt peaſants who ſupply the markets, in order to be ſatisfied how far juſtice was done by thoſe entruſted with the execution of the laws, and whether he was himſelf impoſed upon by his own purveyors. But the preſent

Nobles. King pays more attention to his Nobles, places much confidence in the reports made him by his Courtiers, and is conſequently leſs popular amongſt the lower claſſes of people than his father. However, he treads in the ſteps of his predeceſſor, in one reſpect, very cloſely. A mortal averſion to what is called by *connoiſſeurs*, *le nud*; as three fine antique ſtatues here bear witneſs, an Adonis, a Satyr, and I think the third a Hercules.

Hercules. The late King, as I mentioned to you before, had ſhewed his ſenſe of decency at the expence of Guido's Venuſes.

Upon the arrival of the poſt, the letters are immediately carried to the miniſters of ſtate, who open, read, and ſend them back to the poſt-office, with permiſſion for their delivery to the foreign miniſters and others according to their addreſſes. Nor does it unfrequently happen that they are detained until certain couriers are diſpatched with letters of importance, which ſometimes occaſions a delay of three or four hours. The expreſs ſent by the miniſter muſt neceſſarily get the ſtart of the earlieſt that can be procured by any ambaſſador or foreign miniſter; particularly as no courier or other perſon can have poſt-horſes without an order from the *commandant*. Certainly theſe may be deemed very *political* meaſures.

Precaution as to the poſt-office.

Inquiſition.

The Inquiſition is under excellent regulation; for the preſent King finding great abuſes had crept into this holy repoſitory, ſuch as the ſeizing and conveying away people upon various trifling pretences, often ſuggeſted by private pique and reſentment; and this holy office having been known to employ its power to *gallante* purpoſes: theſe and the like abuſes have brought this court into ſuch abhorrence with the King and people, that no perſon can now be impriſoned by order of the Inquiſitors, until the matter has been made known to his Majeſty; upon which, one or more of the Privy-counſellors are commiſſioned to examine the priſoner in perſon; which done, they make their report to the King, and the priſoner is never given up to the mercy of the holy office, until the matter has been thoroughly ſifted to the bottom. In the caſe of giving him up, the delinquent muſt have been proved guilty (almoſt to conviction)

viction) of blaſphemy, or ſome other heinous offence againſt Heaven; when even the degree of his puniſhment muſt be ſpecified to his Majeſty. No man muſt ſuffer death in the priſons of the Inquiſition. Thus, ſince the power of the holy fiends has been ſo contracted by the King, and that they have been forbid to meddle in any degree with temporal matters, their dungeons are almoſt tenantleſs; as people are grown too wary in theſe days to expoſe themſelves to the ſnares of Inquiſitors, for any opinions they may entertain in regard to matters of faith.

Breaking upon the wheel.

The puniſhment of breaking upon the wheel is quite new at Turin; it takes place this year, 1770, and never has been practiſed before in this country.

St. Maurice, Order of.

The Order of *St. Maurice* exacts four generations of Nobility on each ſide. By their vow they devote themſelves particularly to the Virgin Mary and the Pope; cannot marry a ſecond wife, nor a widow, without a diſ-

a diſpenſation from the Holy See. They are a charitable community, are rich, and maintain a church and hoſpital in this city.

Monts Ferrat, natural curioſities.

There are mountains near Turin, known by the name of *Monts Ferratts*. That mountain called *Little Mont Ferratt* abounds with petrifactions, cryſtallizations, and other natural curioſities; I have ſeen muſhrooms (ſome very large) petrified, whoſe combs were not the leaſt injured: their ſubſtance is ſparry when broke. Sea-ſhells, ſea-fiſh, *&c.* are found here alſo in great abundance, although full thirty leagues diſtant from the ſea. At about eight leagues from Turin, in the river *Dora*, the peaſants find gold very pure amongſt the ſands, which, when refined, is equal in beauty and value to that of *Sequins;* but they do not find enough in a day to make it worth their while to apply themſelves entirely to this reſearch, as the price of their labour by the day, for cultivating the ground, amounts to more than the value of the quantity of

gold

gold they find. However, I recollect, that in the road to Suſa, we choſe to walk down the mountain, and were met by a drove of mules loaded with ſmall caſks; we aſked the mule-drivers what they contained, who replied, *mineralé*; upon demanding an explanation, they ſaid it was the *mineralé* that contained the gold. I ſuppoſe it was ſand impregnated with the ore; but you can rarely obtain a ſatisfactory anſwer to any queſtion from this ſort of people. A natural brutality, mixed with an unſurmountable conceit, is the conſtant companion of ignorance. Theſe muleteers, whoſe narrow minds and ideas are contracted to the mere conveyance of *mineralé* from the river *Dora*, on the backs of their mules, to Turin, looked upon us as monſters, becauſe we did not comprehend their particular ſenſe of *mineralé*. Men, by being much oppreſſed in deſpotic governments, or by being rendered too poor, may become ſo brutified as to ſeem of as different a ſpecies from many human

creatures,

creatures, as the man-tiger from them. But I forget, we muſt have our trunks packed up, for we go to-morrow, and I have taken leave of every body a day ſooner than I ſhould otherwiſe have done, in order to throw my notes and obſervations upon paper as I could: ſo excuſe the want of order; their conformity to truth, according to the beſt information I could procure, pleads for them. Adieu; the evening promiſes a fine day to-morrow for our journey.

M—— ſends you the incloſed account of the famous battle of the Aſſietta, of which you have heard ſo much, that you may convince * * * * * * *. To you I need only ſay that he is ſatisfied of its authenticity. You will ſee from whom he had his information.

The famous action of the Aſſietta, the defeat of the French army, and death of its commander, the Count of Belleiſle.

A little farther on, upon the Turin ſide of the *Grand Croix*, the mountain called the

the *Aſſietta*, preſents itſelf nearly at the diſtance of about two leagues upon your right, rendered famous by the entire defeat of the French army, invading the Sardinian territories, under the command of the Count de Belleiſle, brother to the Mareſchal of that name, then at the head of the French cabinet. Voltaire in particular, and other writers, having made groſs miſtakes, or wilful miſrepreſentations of this important action, I was glad of an opportunity of procuring an exact detail of it, which I have juſt had from the mouth of an officer now of conſiderable rank, both in the military ſervice and at the court of his Sardinian Majeſty, who then commanded the firſt grenadier company of the Piedmonteſe guards; his relation has been confirmed to me in all its circumſtances by the preſent governor of Turin, who fought at the head of the above regiment upon that day.

The French army commanded by Belleiſle compoſed forty-eight battalions, the army of Piedmont thirteen only, three German regiments included. The Sardinian troops had taken that ground about three weeks before, and raiſed in their front a ſtrong parapet of dry ſtone-wall, whoſe outward face might be about nine feet in height, ſtrengthened behind with earth and faſcines, to a proportionate ſolidity; ſupported with batteries and lined with their infantry. Againſt this work the French army advanced in three columns. The extent of the Piedmonteſe lines was near two leagues; they were obliged to take this compaſs to prevent the enemy from winding round their flanks; a conſiderable extent of front for ſo ſmall a force. Belleiſle's army formed three different attacks at the ſame moment, with their wonted vivacity, to weaken and diſtract the enemy's reſiſtance. The next in command to Belleiſle

opened the action, the ground upon that quarter being equal and practicable, even to the breaſt-work, at the foot of which he fell.

The regiment of Piedmonteſe guards oppoſed to this attack, withheld their fire until the enemy was within twenty-five paces of them. Upon the other two quarters the French troops, obliged to ſtruggle with ſharp and rude acclivities, unprotected by cannon, were puſhed back with a miſerable ſlaughter. No want of ammunition, as has been falſely aſſerted, prevailed in the army of Piedmont; nor was there a ſingle palliſadoe in their camp, nor upon their works; though Voltaire maintains the contrary, who ought to have had better information, declaring that many of the French ſoldiers, grievouſly wounded upon the parapet, were ſeen attempting to tear up the palliſadoes with their teeth. The Count de Belleiſle led on in perſon the ſe-

cond

cond general aſſault, and was faced by the Piedmonteſe guards. Theſe received the enemy as before, with a cloſe and effective fire, followed by vollies of ſtones, which increaſed the miſchief of their ſmall arms; but this was more particularly the caſe at the other two attacks, where the Piedmonteſe rolled down huge fragments of rocks upon their advancing battalions, that had been made faſt with ropes to ſtakes placed within-ſide their parapet-walls, which when tore up, or cut away, let looſe their charge upon the enemy, embarraſſed in dangerous defiles or ſtruggling with difficult aſcents, thereby forcing their ranks back, one upon the other, and throwing the whole into irreparable diſorder. It is not true (as has been aſſerted) that Belleiſle had attempted to mount the parapet; nor was a man of his whole army, one ſingle grenadier excepted, ſeen upon the top of it, and he was inſtantly ſhot dead.

The

The French battalions moved on to the third and fourth attacks without order, courage or diſcipline; tottering and ſtumbling forwards like men ſtunned and blinded, who knew not whither they were going, nor what they were about; freſh regiments preſſed forward to ſupply freſh ſlaughter. Their officers, who were heard to exhort and encourage their advancing, ſuffered prodigiouſly in proportion to their numbers. They had no cannon, no faſcines, ſand-bags, ladders, or other implements neceſſary for ſuch an attempt; a ſtrange and unmilitary overſight. Their firſt attack was made with great noiſe and tumult; hollowing out to the Piedmonteſe, that they ſhould be ſoon within their works; but never made any other than a feeble, diſtracted, and ill-ſupported fire, from the death of Belleiſle (who fell about thirty yards from the parapet, by a ſhot through the breaſt) juſt in that anxious moment whilſt all was in ſuſpenſe. In his pockets were

found plans and diſpoſitions for the aſſault of Exiles and other fortreſſes of his Sardinian Majeſty, drawn by his chief engineer; alſo a letter to his miſtreſs, ſealed and directed, that no time might be loſt in acquainting her of his having entirely defeated the enemy, with great rout and ſlaughter, and obtained a complete victory. His pocket-book contained alſo ſeveral letters from that lady, full of paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection; wherein ſhe adviſes him to *menage* (to take care of) himſelf for the ſake of his brother, his country, and herſelf. She appeared to be a married woman, and of the firſt rank, from the names, circumſtances, and *coteries* mentioned in her letters. This pocket-book, which fell into the hands of the ſoldiery, was applied for by letter from the French miniſtry to the Sardinian court the year following, and was conſequently reſtored.

The Count of St. Sebaſtian, Lieutenant-colonel of the guards of Piedmont, received orders

orders from the Count de B—— (now *Commandant* of the citadel of Turin, then at the head of the Sardinian army, who, from an eminence in the center of his lines, ſaw preparations for the ſecond attack, making by Belleiſle in perſon) to rejoin him inſtantly, leſt his regiment and the troops with him might be cut off, ſhould the French ſucceed in piercing his works at any one of the different attacks: but that gallant officer refuſed to obey, (foreſeeing that his giving way would only re-animate the enemy's hopes, and encourage a perſeverance that might be attended with fatal conſequences to this little army) ſtood his ground like a good ſoldier, gave his orders with temper and preſence of mind, and thereby contributed in a great meaſure to this moſt important victory. This brave man, who riſked at once both life and reputation, by diſobeying the orders of his general, was rewarded with a penſion of 50 *l.* Sterling

per Annum; ſuch is the preſent King's œconomy.

LETTER XII.

Gambetta, October 25th.

HERE are we to lie this night; the reaſon we cannot reach Aſti, and much leſs Aleſſandria, is, that this is the poſt-road (but it has been newly made, in order to avoid a ſteep mountain) and is extremely bad at preſent; being one continued ſlough, like parts of Glouceſterſhire, for twenty miles together, which we have been ploughing through for five hours; ſo that we cannot get to Genoa until after to-morrow. Before we quitted Turin, we got an order from Count Tane for the *cambiatura*, which it ſeems can convey us no further than Aleſſandria; it is dear enough, though a third cheaper than the poſt; coſts us by

by ordinance eleven Piedmonteſe livres for five miles; that is, nine livres for four horſes, and a livre a-piece for the poſtilions; but it is cuſtomary to give them ſomething more. From Aleſſandria forward, the expence of poſting is ten livres, and thirty ſols a-piece to each poſtilion for one poſt. I have not mentioned the courier's *bidet*, as that, as uſual, is charged over and above. This has been a tireſome day's journey, affording no ſort of entertainment. Good-night. Our inn is as wretched as the obſcurity of the place beſpeaks.

LETTER XIII.

Novi, October 26th.

AFTER almoſt as dull a day's journey as yeſterday, we have ſafely reached Novi, and are ſtill thirty-two miles from Genoa. We have been obliged to come by croſs-roads, the great road being rendered impaſſable by the heavy falls of rain for

ſome days paſt. From Gambetta to Aleſſandri we drove through a deep ſand the whole way; but from this laſt place hither, the road has been tolerably good. As to the face of the country, I have nothing at all to ſay in its favour.

Aleſſandria.

Aleſſandria is a large ſtraggling town, and ſeems thinly inhabited. We paſſed by one houſe, the architecture of which is in a very good taſte. There is alſo a theatre, but not worth ſeeing; nor does this town afford any thing to gratify the curioſity of a traveller. It is ſituated on the river Tanaro. The country from thence to this place is thickly covered with vines, (corn growing between) which are not cultivated and dreſſed with the ſame care as in Burgundy, the Orleanois, and moſt parts of France.

River Labor-mia. Bark.

We croſſed the river called *Labor-mia* in a bark, or rather upon a raft; for it is not neceſſary to get out of the carriage. The poſtilions drive over planks, till they have

have got the carriage on the raft, do not give themſelves the trouble to get off their horſes, and when arrived at the other ſide, they drive out again in the ſame manner. I forgot to tell you, that we purchaſed at Turin a four-wheeled carriage, ſtout, and fit for our journey, with ſeveral conveniencies belonging to it, for travelling.

This town [*Novi*] is pretty conſiderable, the outſides of ſome of the houſes, which have been painted, ſeem, by what remains, to have been tolerably executed. The inn is not very bad. Curtains to beds is a luxury unknown in this country, and our hoſt aſſures us we ſhall find none at Genoa. I in vain attempted to perſuade him to nail up ſomething by way of a curtain; but, unfortunately, he had a reſpect for the bed which he deſtined us, that nothing could prevail upon him to forego. A great coat of arms adorning the head-board, and which ſhewed it had be- Novi.

longed to ſome *familia nobili*, ſeemed to be the cauſe of his veneration. However, as ſoon as he had left the room, I endeavoured to turn the high and projecting parts, the coronets and ſupporters, to ſome uſe; for the weather is very ſharp, and there blows a cold wind. You would have laughed, had you ſeen my curtains, compoſed of neck-handkerchiefs and pelices. However, this contrivance was better than no curtains. Adieu, till to-morrow evening, when I hope we ſhall have reached Genoa.

LETTER XIV.

Genoa, October 27th.

WE are ſafely arrived, and lodged at the poſt-houſe, the beſt inn at Genoa, and very near the famous church of the *Annnociata*. This day's journey has been fatiguing enough, although we got here by dinner-time, and did not quit Novi till about nine o'clock. Our road has lain entirely

entirely amongſt mountains. Moſt of them under cloſe cultivation, particularly about Gavi, a ſtrong fortreſs of the Genoeſe, from whence there is a very fine proſpect. The road lies under it, and the deſcent is extremely rapid; the town ſtands below the fortreſs. In the bottom appears a torrent called Lemo; we paſſed through the village now called Voltagio, which was the ancient capital of a people of Liguria, known formerly by the appellation of Veituria. This place is twenty miles from Genoa, and ſix from the Buchetta; namely, from the ſummit of the Appenine. The road over the Appenine and the deſcent is all paved. This great mountain affords nothing entertaining or beautiful. The pavement is exceedingly rough, in many places very rapid, and the appearance of the mountain on all ſides dreary and bleak. Having paſſed the Buchetta, we came to a village called

Gavi.

Voltagio.

Campomarone.

called Campomarone, from the great quantities of Spaniſh cheſnut-trees which abound here. It is ſituated eight miles from Genoa, and affords a tolerable inn, called *Della Roſa*. Here the houſes are all covered with ſlate, and the tables made of the ſame material, called *lavagna*, of which there is a great quarry about twenty-five miles diſtant from Genoa.

Polceverra.

About three miles from Genoa you are obliged to traverſe a kind of valley, which is in reality the bed of a river called *Polceverra*. This bed is a moſt diſagreeable morſel to contend with; water finds its way here and there, in many different channels, which form narrow rivers, neceſſary to be croſſed frequently: there is no fixed road, the river changing its courſe continually; and when the waters are out, travellers are obliged to wait for three or four days, till they are ſufficiently retired. The whole ſurface is covered unequally with looſe ſtones and pebbles, and the jolts

and

and ſhocks were ſo violent that I expected the carriage or wheels to break. However, we got acroſs ſafely, and without the leaſt accident. There are ſeveral veſtiges of bridges, the arches ſtanding, ſome entire, others partly in ruins, where they have in vain endeavoured to make the road more convenient; but the violence and ſudden ſwellings of this river, have rendered all their labour hitherto ineffectual. This valley is ſkirted on the right and left by many beautiful country-houſes, and terminated, as it were, at one end, by a great bridge, called *Cornigliano*, compoſed of nine arches, and is of ſufficient extent to reſiſt the overflowings of the river. It appears well in proſpect. Farther on, the ſea and the palace *Durazzo* are clearly diſcernible; but the poſt-road does not paſs over the bridge; it turns to the left, and leads to Genoa by the magnificent ſuburb of *St. Pietro d'Arena* *.

Cornigliano bridge.

Genoa.

* The poſt-maſters obliged us to take ſix horſes for our carriage, when we had reached half-way from Novi to Genoa, for the remainder of the journey.

You may ſuppoſe, I have ſeen nothing as yet of Genoa, but from the windows of the inn. The town ſeems much alive, and thickly peopled, without noiſe or riot. The women's dreſs is fine, but ſingular, I mean the *Bourgeoiſe*, for I have ſeen no noble ladies paſs by: their heads are wrapped up in a piece of printed cotton, which looks like a counterpane; reaches down to their waſtes, and rolling it round them, they fold their arms over the ends, bringing it ſo cloſe together before, that ſcarce any part of their faces can be ſeen. They have ſtrait-bodied gowns with very long trains of rich ſattins, damaſks, *&c.* theſe they do not give themſelves the trouble to hold out of the dirt; ſo their tails ſweep up all the ordure of the ſtreets. This cuſtom is, I preſume, a pretence to *magnificence*. They generally wear long aprons of fine muſlin trimmed with lace. The poorer ſort of women and *païſannes* are wretchedly clothed; they wear a petticoat of woollen, or ſtriped linen, with a

corſet;

corſet; their heads are quite naked, the hair of the *chignion* rolled round and round at the top of the back of the head, and ſeveral pewter bodkins, as long as ſkewers, ſtuck through it by way of ornament. Our hoſt kindly advertiſes me, that the poſt is going out. You ſee I do not neglect to ſeize every opportunity of writing. Adieu. You ſhall hear from me again, as ſoon as I can collect ſufficient materials to form (I hope) a more entertaining letter. I remain, as always, *&c.*

P. S. We have had no trouble with the cuſtom-houſe officers; for a ſmall conſideration they cheerfully let us paſs without any difficulty, on M—'s aſſuring them we had nothing ſeizable. Our name has been ſent to the Doge. This cuſtom is what all ſtrangers muſt comply with.

LETTER XV.

Genoa, Nov. 5th, 1770.

I Have been confined to my bed two days, with a rheumatic pain in my cheek, and a bad cold; M—— has had a blood-ſhot eye, which has been extremely troubleſome to him; but at preſent we are both pretty well recovered. I ſo dreaded being confined by illneſs, and conſequently detained here longer than agreeable to us, that I determined to apply an outward remedy to my cheek of ſpirit of guaiacum, and to take it inwardly at the ſame time; that by giving the rheumatiſm no quarter, I hope to have routed the enemy ſo that he ſhall not be able to rally again. For this purpoſe, I ſent to an apothecary for the above drug: when it was brought me, it appeared ſo unlike, in colour and conſiſtency, to the guaiacum I had ſeen in England, that I feared he had made ſome miſtake; ſo I ſent for him: he came preſently

preſently after; I was in bed, and my curtains drawn, and M—— had him into the room. Upon ſeeing a handkerchief tied over his eye, he concluded him the patient who had ſent for guaiacum; and as I ſuppoſe he had been already informed by the ſervants that we had queſtioned the quality of his drug, he with great vehemence, and violent action, cried out, on entering the room, *Buono, buono pergli occhi, biſogna frottare frottare.* Finding M—— did not inſtantly comply with his preſcription, he changed his note from *frottare* to *avalare.* I laughed ſo much in my bed, that I could not ſpeak; as for M—— he was too much charmed with the apothecary's error to attempt undeceiving him for ſome moments; at laſt he aſked him gravely, whether it was equally efficacious for a rheumatic pain, as for a blood-ſhot eye. He readily aſſented; and had we added any other malady, he would, no doubt, have perſiſted in the ſame remedy. In

ſhort,

ſhort, with him, ſpirit of guaiacum was the *Grand elixir.* But his wretchedneſs and poverty, or avarice, was ſuch, that all his ardour proceeded from the fear of his not diſpoſing of his drug, as he demanded 24 ſols for a ſmall phial half full. This man, in appearance, was the counterpart of Shakeſpear's apothecary; and had he been of Mantua, I ſhould have concluded him a lineal deſcendant of '*that caitiff wretch, whoſe tattered weeds and overwhelming brows*, &c.' However, upon inquiry, finding his drug to be really ſome preparation of guaiacum, I ſpread it over my cheek, and in half an hour it gave me eaſe; but it was ſo ſtrong, that had it been applied to the eyes, I ſuppoſe M—— would never have ſeen more. He is perfectly recovered by uſing plantain-water and tutty.

There is ſomething very ſhocking in being ſerved entirely by men, till cuſtom and neceſſity reconciles you in ſome meaſure

ſure to it. There are no females to be ſeen in an Italian inn. Our expences here are a ſequin a head *per* day *; for this they give us three or four diſhes, conſiſting of a ſoup, the fowl that has been boiled in it, with or without rice, very indifferent indeed; a fry of liver and brains, or ſome ſuch thing; theſe are our ſtanding diſhes; beſides which, they vary from one day to another, pigeons *a la crapodine*, and ſometimes ragoued in oil; partridges in *fricando*, and with cabbage, *&c.*; but their conſtant uſe of oil (which is ſeldom good) even ſometimes in their ſoups, is extremely diſguſting to us. We may have roaſt

Inn expences.

* The *valet de chambre*, who is our courier, about ſix livres *per* day; *laquais de louage*, 40 ſols each, and they find themſelves. As the wine of the inn is not good, we have any ſort we chooſe, by the flaſk, from the noble families of Doria, Balbis, Spinola, Durazzo, Grimaldi, *&c. &c.*; for theſe nobles do not eſteem themſelves at all debaſed by vending a flaſk of wine, or a halfpenny worth of oil and vinegar, and all ſorts of liquors by the glaſs. This is what one may call *trading in a great ſtyle*. There is nothing a noble Genoeſe would not ſell; yet they fancy themſelves much ſuperior in rank to what is called the mercantile part of Genoa.

meat if we chooſe it; but their manner of roaſting is thus, after oiling the meat with a feather, they ſuſpend it over a charcoal fire, until it is become ſo dry and brittle as to admit of pulveriſation. Fiſh is rarely to be had, except upon *les jours maigre*, when the galley ſlaves, chained two and two together, cry it about the ſtreets; it generally conſiſts of oyſters, ſhrimps, ſmall flounders, and ſprats. I have had theſe poor creatures called up to the door, in order to buy from them myſelf, not from a motive of gluttony, but that our hoſt might not make a hard bargain with them. They wear a kind of waiſtcoat and trowſers of flannel; their heads are bare, as are their legs and feet. I intend to go on board the galleys before we quit Genoa, when I ſhall be able to give you a more exact deſcription of them. The great ſcarcity of fiſh is not owing to a want of abundance in the gulph, but to a tax upon this article when expoſed for ſale in the markets, which raiſes the price

price to the buyer above that of butchers meat, although that is ſold at twelve ſols the pound; the Genoeſe do not eat much meat. The poorer ſort eſpecially live almoſt entirely upon cheſnuts ‡ and macaroni. Bread is excellent here, but very dear †; the corn with which it is made comes from Sicily. The air is ſo much warmer at this place than at Turin, that we cannot bear a fire in our apartment. Here are great plenty of flowers, which are ſold extremely cheap, and come out of the gardens in the environs of Genoa. Theſe *bouquets* are compoſed of roſes, carnations, china-pinks, Catalonian jeſſamin, violets;

‡ The cheſnuts that Campo Maroni afford are excellent, and have not that cloying ſweetneſs of thoſe in England. Water melons are in great plenty, and grapes; but theſe are not as yet quite ripe. Here are alſo green peas of a very good kind; the brocoli would be excellent, if the Italians knew how to dreſs it.

† Fourteen bakers work night and day the year round. The price of rolls of the ſize of thoſe called French rolls at Bath, are dearer by a halfpenny than in that town.

the green of lavender-cotton, dittany of Crete, and a very aromatic ſweet-ſcented roſemary; lavender in great plenty, and knotted marjoram of an exquiſite ſmell.

I incloſe you the copies of our letters to the families of Spinola, Balbis, and Durazzo, from the ambaſſadreſs of Spain, and France; both theſe families are (unluckily) at Novi. This circumſtance will, however, leave us at liberty to quit the town when we have ſeen every thing worth notice. Madama Balbis and Madama Durazzo have the character of being uncommonly polite to ſtrangers; the former has diſtinguiſhed many Engliſh by her obliging prejudices to that nation; the latter is ſuppoſed to be rather partial to the French.

Genoa Streets.

We are juſt returned from a walk about the town. The Strada Nuova, and Strada Balbi, are the wideſt and beſt ſtreets. The

Palaces.

architecture of the palaces that adorn them

is admirable, and would appear to much greater advantage was the area wider. This circumſtance muſt always be regretted by the lovers of architecture, as it is impoſſible for a ſpectator to place himſelf in ſuch a manner as to ſee the fronts in a proper point of view: the houſes are alſo extremely high. Although there is a profuſion of marble in this country, many of the palaces are painted upon the outſide with repreſentations of ruſtic baſes, columns, entablatures, frizes, *&c.* which ought to have been executed in marble. Where this painting is well preſerved, it deceives at a little diſtance, by a truth in the perſpective. The colours chiefly made uſe of, are not as well choſen as I think they might have been; for inſtance, that of Grimaldi is almoſt black; of Durazzo, yellow and white; others, ſhades of green and a dirty brick-duſt red. The marble ornaments of moſt of the door-caſes are magnificent, and in a great ſtyle of architecture. The famous

St. Siro Church.

church of St. Siro is lined throughout with marble; this is the old cathedral, remarkable for the councils held here, and the plots formed for revolutions, many of which have taken place according to the hiſtory of this city. It now belongs to the convent of the Theatins. This church is ſo ornamented and gilt, as to appear loaded, and encumbered, one decoration hiding another. The cieling is painted by Carloni, but indifferently, the colouring too yellow. In a chapel is a Nativity, by Cambiagi; this picture has but a ſmall degree of merit.—Returning home in the duſk of the evening, we paſſed by a church; perceiving it illuminated, we entered; there we found a very conſiderable audience, and a fine band of muſick. The altar was richly decked; fifty-four large wax tapers, in candleſticks of ſilver about four feet high, were placed pyramidically at its ſides, and it was covered with relicks, *chefs* of ſaints, gar-

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lands of flowers, a magnificent ſun, angels, *&c.* in ſilver. The appearance altogether was rather theatrical than religious; the muſic good, and the ſymphonies ſo lively, that they ſeemed to me to announce the entry of the *ballet*. I could think of nothing but dancing; and had I not been ſure I was in a church, I ſhould have believed myſelf at the overture of an opera: nor by the countenances and manners of the congregation, could you ſuppoſe they were aſſiſting at a religious ceremony. However, ſuperſtition is not wanting; the people who enter the church, both male and female, drop down at once upon their knees, bow their heads profoundly, then ſeize the holy-water bruſh, and ſprinkle and croſs themſelves with great ardour, ſtriking their breaſts at the ſame time. I plainly perceived, that the fair Genoeſe knew how to unite gallantry with devotion; and that many of thoſe ladies, who had been the moſt preciſe in

croſſing and ſprinkling, had been no leſs juſt to the hour of aſſignation. There is more love in an Italian church than in a French theatre. Many handſome women aſſiſted at this ſpiritual concert, but they do not owe their beauty entirely to Nature; their complexions are for the moſt part brown; and have generally fine black eyes, whoſe fire they augment by *rouge* (but not laid on in the French ſtyle); the Genoeſe endeavour to imitate Nature. They turn to good account the great veils they wrap their heads in, as they can *orgner* with more privacy, by their artful manner of half-concealing their faces. Some noble ladies were there; they wore a black gauze hood pulled down ſo as to cover their faces, but not conceal them.—I obſerved a few pictures in this church, but the lamps that were burning before them ſmoked ſo much, that I could not ſee whether they were good or bad.—The ſituation of this town is fine; it forms a great amphitheatre,

atre, ſcooped out as it were down to the ſea. Excepting the ſtreets I mentioned, all the others are extremely narrow*: I ſhould alſo except the *Piazza del Annonciata*, which is tolerably large, where the coaches aſſemble and wait; alſo the *Porto St. Thomaſo*, before the palace of P. Doria, is conſiderable enough. The houſes are flat roofed, and have either a low parapet round the top of the wall, or a baluſtrade, on which are placed flower-pots, containing myrtles, Catalonia jeſſamine, and other odoriferous green-houſe plants, which live out all the winter in this mild climate: alſo, I obſerved ſeveral annuals and perennials, as coxcombs, tricolors, cardinals, female balſamines, ſtocks, and wall-flowers ſtill in perfection, with the addition of ſome fine carnations. There are light arbours, or what the French call

* Narrow ſo as that, from the upper ſtories of the houſes, two perſons leaning out of the oppoſite windows might ſhake hands acroſs.

Berceaus

Berceaus of *Treliſſe*, painted and fixed on theſe flat roofs, over which they trail woodbine, jeſſamine, gourd, *&c.* to protect them from the heat of the ſun, and the women in fine weather paſs moſt of their time on the tops of their houſes, I mean the *ſimple Bourgeoiſe;* for the noble ladies have magnificent terraſſes that communicate with their apartments, and which are ſhaded in the moſt convenient manner, with ſilk awnings, and alleys formed of orange and lemon-trees, in tubs.—We have deſtined to-morrow for ſeeing palaces and pictures. I ſhall leave the cuſtoms and manners of the Genoeſe to my laſt letter from this place, in order to be as full as I can upon thoſe ſubjects. We never let paſs an opportunity of procuring information from thoſe we converſe with, in order to compare and judge of the truth by their differing or agreeing, upon the ſame matter, *&c.* Here are arrived two Engliſh gentlemen of our acquaint-

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ance * * * * * This has been a very agreeable circumſtance to us.

LETTER XVI.

November the 6th.

WE have viſited two palaces only; the days being ſhort, and the ſky overcaſt, it was not poſſible to ſee more pictures than theſe contain, namely, that of Giacomo Balbi, and the other (ſituated in the ſame ſtreet that bears their name) Marcellino Maria Balbi. In both are a great many paintings worthy the attention of the curious; but there are ſome few in the firſt, which I think Cochin ſays more of than they merit. One is a St. Sebaſtian, large as Nature, by Vandyke; it wants life, is flat, and, I think, altogether, one of the worſt pictures I have ſeen by the hand of this great maſter.—Another, repreſenting a poſſeſſed woman, two old men, and a child; but it is ſo very black, that I think I could

Giacomo Balbi Palace.

Marcellino Maria Balbi palace.

Vandyke.

I could ſafely defy a *connoiſſeur* to ſhew me its merit.—A Reſurrection, by Tintoretto. The aſcending figure very heavy, and poorly attempted.—A wretched little picture, (in my opinion) ſaid by Cochin to be *une Eſquiſſe finie de Rubens*, and much commended by him.—In the firſt ſaloon is a large picture, by Lucca Giordano, repreſenting Diogenes ſeeking a man. There are two incomparable faces in the group that compoſes this piece, and a dog, who, putting himſelf in a poſture of defence between his maſter and Diogenes, ſhews his teeth to the latter.—A Magdalen, by Andrea del Sarto, as they pretend; but I was ſo ſtupid as to miſtake it for a family portrait.—Two family portraits, by Vandyke, large as life, of a ſenator of Genoa and his wife; they are very good, but reſemble each other ſo ſtrongly, that I was on the point of crowning one *ſottiſe* with another, by aſking the *Conceirge* whether they were not brother and ſiſter.—Two large landſcapes,

Tintoretto.

Lucca Giordano.

Andrea del Sarto.

Vandyke.

ſcapes, by Rubens. He has placed the point of view ſo high, as to diſcover a greater extent of proſpect than can generally be ſeen in Nature. One means to repreſent a flat country; in the other, is a rainbow, which by its weight, and want of glow in the colouring, falls very ſhort of its brilliant original.—A picture of Dives and Lazarus, ſaid to be by Jacopo Baſſano.—A Cardinal in converſation with Luther and Calvin; a very fine picture; the keeping admirable, and the perſonages wonderfully natural. It appears to be the production of Gulio Romano; but the *Conceirge* attributes it to Sebaſtien del Piambo. There is a fly ſo well painted on this picture, that ſtrangers always attempt to bruſh it off, although it is uncommonly large, and placed in the moſt conſpicuous part of the picture.—The portrait of a Nun, very beautiful; (I think) by Capucino.—Two little pictures, by Brughel, on copper, repreſenting Adam and Eve. They pleaſed

Rubens.

Jacopo Baſſano.

Gulio Romano.

Sebaſtien Piambo.

Capucino.

Brughel.

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me much more than they did Cochin; their nice proportions, the dignity and manly expreſſion in the face and limbs of Adam; the delicacy, ſoftneſs, and beautiful ſimplicity, blended with the innocence which our firſt mother here expreſſes, (for probably the moment the painter choſe was prior to her acquaintance with the devil) renders the character of this picture ſo amiable, that you may look at it a conſiderable time, nor find its merit diminiſh by the moſt rigid examination. Cochin ſays, theſe pictures are highly finiſhed; but cold, and of a colouring void of freſhneſs: in all which criticiſm, the height of finiſhing excepted, he appears to be totally miſtaken.

Luc. Giordano.

—A very large picture, by Luc. Giordano. The colouring is fine, the drawing falſe in many of the figures. By the horror and agitation, with diſtortions, ſtrongly expreſſed in the female figures, confuſed among the Roman ſoldiers, the picture ſtruck me, at firſt, as repreſenting the Murder of the Innocents;

Innocents; but, upon a nearer examination, I perceived it to be the Rape of the Sabines. There are two of theſe Sabines whoſe figures are ſtrikingly well executed: one, whom a ſoldier is lifting up from the ground with great violence; her fright, diſordered hair, dreſs, and countenance are ſo expreſſive, that I could have fancied I heard her ſcreams: another, whoſe back is turned to the ſpectators, loſes no expreſſion by not ſhewing her face; her diſtreſs is to be read in the countenance of the ſoldier, who is forcing her away, and who diſcovers more feelings of compaſſion upon the occaſion than any of the others.—Oppoſite to this piece is one by the ſame hand; the ſubject, Perſeus conquering his enemies, by turning towards them the Meduſa's head, fixed in his ſhield: they transform into marble at that horrible aſpect; and the painter has very ingeniouſly tinted theſe warriors, ſo as to repreſent the gradual metamorphoſe, from great ſtiffneſs of muſcles

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to abſolute hard marble, the carnation of the fleſh declining through the degrees of paleneſs to tranſparent whiteneſs, with a variety in the effect that is admirable; ſuch as, one man attempting to fly, having caught a glance of the Fury's face, his features and part of his body are already hardened into marble, whilſt his legs are endeavouring in vain to aid him to eſcape the impending petrifying power. Another, aiming a ſtroke of a ſabre at the ſhield, has juſt time to ſhew in his countenance, his horror and amazement at the coldneſs and impotency of his whitening arm.—Another, by the ſame author; the ſubject, Jezebel devoured by dogs. This picture may not be inferior to the other two; but the hiſtory it repreſents is ſo horrible, that although I am perfectly convinced one might, by conſidering it, have diſcovered great merit, yet, after a curſory view, I could not bring myſelf to dwell upon the repreſentation of a cataſtrophe attended

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with ſo many diſguſting circumſtances. There is a man on horſeback in this picture, no doubt jehu, who by his paleneſs, and the expreſſion of his features, looking on at this frightful piece of juſtice, ſeems to be as much ſhocked as an indifferent ſpectator could be ſuppoſed to be.——A St. John Baptiſt, by Guercino; a good picture.—A Holy Family, of Rubens, with a cradle. The Virgin is homely; the other figures are very well. I think Cochin ſays more of it than it deſerves, although he does not think it by Rubens, but rather a beautiful copy by a ſkilful painter.—Venus and Cupid, by Paris Bordone. (Cochin attributes it to Tiziano.) The Venus appears to be very old in this picture, a circumſtance ſo inconſiſtent with every idea attached to this goddeſs, that it nearly deſtroys by its abſurdity its pretenſions to merit.—A Beggar, who holds a book, and is laughing immoderately, by Eſpagnioletto. Admirably natural, and very comic; although it wants an

Guercino.

Rubens.

Paris Bordone.

Eſpagnioletto.

explanation, and ſeems to have been painted on ſome particular occaſion.—A large picture; very indifferent. By the obſcurity of the ſubject, it ſeems allegorical; a woman attended by her maids. —A Hero, a Fury, a Tiger, *&c.* This piece of confuſion is by Luc Giordano. A picture which ſtruck my fancy, as being very good, though not mentioned by any of the travellers whom I have read; it repreſents a beautiful woman, preparing to ſtab a ſleeping warrior; but a Cupid ſuſpends the aſſaſſination, by ſeizing her arm. There is great correctneſs of deſign, particularly in the Cupid and the woman; the latter is finely draped in white, and full of grace. The colouring has much of Guido's, a light olive and white, ſhaded to grey. Here are ſome other pictures which I omit, not being ſufficiently intereſting to require particular notice.

Luc Giordano.

The

The Palace of *Marcheſe* Franceſco Maria Balbi is one of the fineſt in Genoa; it conſiſts of two noble apartments on the ſecond floor; under which are open galleries: pillars of the Doric order encompaſs theſe galleries, and ſerve to ſupport the above apartments. This architecture has a fine effect.—The firſt pictures that ſtrike you on entering the apartment, are a Family-portrait, finely executed by Vandyke, and a large piece by Capacino, the ſubject Joſeph explaining the dreams of Pharaoh's butler and baker. This is a great and capital picture; Joſeph's figure, attitude, and face are truly expreſſive of his character; in the latter, the features, without being ſo regular as to form perfect beauty, convey the idea of vaſt ſuperiority of genius above his fellow-ſufferers, as well as magnanimity and greatneſs of mind, which ſtrongly diſtinguiſh him from his unhappy companions. The butler, who is liſtening with eagerneſs to Joſeph, does

Palace Balbi.

Vandyke.

Capacino.

not neglect to give a proper degree of attention to a baſket of grapes, the juice of which he is preſſing out with his hands. This ſubject is treated in a manner that makes it very intereſting; the inſide of the priſon, and the *inſignia* proper to ſuch a place, have not been neglected, the colouring is agreeable.—The cieling, painted by Valerio Caſtelli, is a miſerable performance: was I the owner of this palace, I would have it white-waſhed over.—In the firſt ſaloon, a Market, by Giacopo Baſſano, not as well as other pictures I have ſeen of this maſter. A large picture by Tiziano; ſubject, the Adoration of the Magi. The perſonages finely done, their colouring worthy of the author; but it is to be lamented, that he underſtood nothing of trees, landſcape, or perſpective; a moſt ſurpriſing chaos occupying the back-ground. A Baccanale by Sarzano: a ſingular idea, but tolerably well executed. Andromeda chained to the rock, by Guercio da Cento: but

Valerio Caſtelli.

Giacopo Baſſano.

Tiziano.

Sarzano.

Guercio da Cento.

but indifferent. A feaſt given by ſhepherds to Tamar; not much better. Suſanna tempted by the Elders, by Lucio Maſſari: the old gentlemen perfectly in character, and as much variety in their perſons and attitudes as the uniformity of their wiſhes admits of. As for the fair Suſanna, ſhe is rather too robuſt to be beautiful, and ſufficiently Coloſſal to have amply defended herſelf againſt the aſſaults of her aged admirers.—In the ſecond ſaloon, the Portrait of a Lady, by Vandyke: the face is good, the hands and drapery but indifferent. St. Franceſco d'Aſſiſi, by Annibal Caracci: an excellent picture; the Saint is penetrated with the moſt lively devotion. A St. Jerome with Angels, by Agoſtino Caracci: not equal to the former. A Danae, by Paris Bordone: this picture poſſeſſes no great merit. A Bambino and Madona: there is much ſoftneſs and roundneſs in the picture; but it is more amiable than great: the ſampler and

Lucio Maſſari.

Vandyke.

Annibal Caracci.

Agoſtino Caracci.

Paris Bordone.

balls of worſted on a table, are well imitated. St. Catherine and two Prieſts, mentioned in the catalogue as *Opera Belliſſima del Tiziano.* I believe he would be much mortified, did he know this picture was imputed to him. Our Saviour in the Garden, attributed (as falſely) to Michael Angelo Buonarroti. A Nativity, by Luca d'Olando: the Virgin is red haired, pale complexioned, and homely. In a baſket near her, is a cuſhion and bobbins, with ſome lace begun, and a pair of pattins near. A Venus with two Cupids, marked in the catalogue, *Opera Rara di Annibale Caracci.* I believe rare enough; for he certainly was not capable of producing upon canvas ſuch a coarſe, vulgar wench, with a couple of ſturdy brats. A Flagellation, by Tiziano: this is ſo blackened by time or accident, that it is difficult to diſcern how very fine it has been; by the little that remains you may ſtill judge of its ſuperior merit. A Portrait of a young girl,

Luca d'Olando.

Tiziano.

girl, by Annibal Caracci: this is a perfect repreſentation of the moſt beautiful nature. Two Ovals, which are placed to great diſadvantage in the angles between the windows and doors; they are heads, one of a man, the other of a woman; the latter in particular is extremely good. They are by Gulio Ceſare Proccacino.—In the third ſaloon, a large picture; the ſubject the Converſion of St. Paul. The repreſentation of ſo extraordinary a miracle has given the painter full ſcope for the diſplay of his utmoſt abilities. St. Paul is fallen to the ground, with both his hands he partly covers his face, and expreſſes more, if poſſible, than had his whole face appeared; at leaſt, the imagination ſupplies the reſt better (perhaps) than could have done the pencil of the famous Michael Angelo de Caravaggio; although he is ſuperlatively great in his figure of the Centurion, whoſe amazement is excited by different motives from that of St. Paul; as the ſtarting of the horſe, the

Annibal Caracci.

Gulio Ceſare Proccacino.

Michael Angelo da Caravaggio.

fall of the Saint, and the loudneſs of the thunder; for his countenance plainly indicates a total unconſciouſneſs of the heavenly viſion. A blaſphemous repreſentation of God the Father; this diſgraces the whole picture. Beſides the abſurdity of the manner of ſupporting this impious repreſentation (which the attempt to repreſent is abſolutely forbid) the perſpective, or keeping is totally wanting. However, the light is finely thrown, and the heavenly brightneſs oppoſes and ſurpaſſes that of the day; ſo that the *clare obſcure* is expreſſed as it were by two different lights, the former being tranſcendently more glorious than the latter. A St. Joſeph and Infant Jeſus,

Capucino. by Capucino: the child is but poorly done.

Vandyke. An Ecce Huomo, by Vandyke: a very fine picture. A Blackmoor in the background ſtrikes you with horror; the painter having aſſembled together in this countenance all the cruelty, malice, and envy that can be expreſſed in a black face, accompa-

nied

nied with a hideous grin. A *Madona* and a ſleeping *Bambino* on her lap; a garland of flowers encloſes the figures: the child is well drawn, his ſleep natural, and attitude unaffected; by Giovanni Roſa. St. John in the Deſert: a tolerable picture; by Guido Reni. A beautiful Magdalen repentant and contrite, but not forſaken by the Graces; the author Annibal Caracci. A Virgin, with her infant ſon ſtanding on her lap; trying to catch at a pomegranate ſhe holds out of his reach. He is the handſomeſt child you can form any idea of; good ſenſe, the utmoſt ſweetneſs and good-nature are blended with a ſtrong expreſſion of impatience to attain the fruit. The colour, drawing, *&c.* are capital. By Vandyke. St. Jerome in the Deſert, by Titian; the Saint very well, but the Deſert deteſtable. A ſmall oval picture, repreſenting a Madona and Bambino aſleep on her lap; a fine carnation ſpread over the ſleeping infant; his head and arms hanging down

Giovanni Roſa.

Guido Reni.

Annibal Caracci.

Vandyke.

Titian.

liſtleſs, the mouth a little open, and a moſt profound ſleep, are all well-imitated: by Camillo Procaccino. There are more pictures in this ſaloon, but I will not trouble you with them; they do not appear to have as much merit as thoſe I have named.—In the fourth ſaloon, a large picture; the ſubject is a group repreſenting the Virgin, the infant Jeſus, the three wives of Rubens, ſeveral Saints and Angels; alſo a man armed in a coat of mail. This laſt figure is admirably done, but does not ſeem to have any buſineſs in this picture, any more than Rubens's wives, who are all vulgar and ugly. This piece, as you may ſuppoſe, is by Rubens. A very good picture of St. Jerome reading, by Guido Reni. There are other pictures in this fourth ſaloon, but I do not mention them, for the reaſons I gave before, in regard to the former.—In the gallery, the wife and ſon of Vandyke. One of the moſt perfect productions of this admirable painter; the

Camillo Procaccino.

Rubens.

Guido Reni.

the child in particular is inimitable. A Nativity; the Virgin-mother moſt beautiful; the child is natural to perfection; he ſhrinks, and turns himſelf from the cold air towards the boſom of the Virgin, as if to ſeek for ſhelter from the ſituation a new-born infant muſt neceſſarily feel himſelf expoſed to, added to the inclemencies of the weather, without any other protection than that of a ruined ſtable, or bed than a heap of ſtraw upon which he is laid. This ſcene is ſtrongly repreſented by the energetic pencil of the great Corregio. Vandyke's portrait, by himſelf; a duplicate of what I have ſeen before at Turin. A Portrait, ſaid to be by Holbens; but I doubt it. A handſome-faced Lucretia; but her hands lame, and very ill done indeed; although the dagger is half-buried in her breaſt, yet it fits the wound ſo nicely, that no blood, nor any mark of being wounded appears: this is by Titian. A Magdalen tranſported into Hea-

Corregio.

Vandyke.

Holbens.

Titian.

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ven by Angels; her face fine, and foreſhortened with great judgment in the drawing; her long yellow hair exceedingly well done, and as much grace as a figure can expreſs thus conveyed by other figures. This picture is by Guido Rheni. A Temptation of St. Anthony, by Brughel; this painter has here exhibited a wonderful company, all calculated to teaſe and torment poor St. Anthony, who is more frightened than tempted; being ſurrounded with flying monſters vomiting flames, devils and dwarfs riding upon winged fiſhes, wanton women with ſcaly tails like mermaids, and a thouſand ſuch fancies of diſtempered brains, that you would think he had been raving in a fever when he compoſed this piece. There are, I believe, half a dozen more pictures in this gallery than I have mentioned; but as they do not appear to have any great ſhare of merit, I ſhall not trouble you with an account of them. Adieu. I fear to miſs a poſt, ſo I ſhall only

Guido Rheni.

Brughel.

only add, that theſe palaces want new-furniſhing and freſh gilding; both have been fine, but are at preſent exceedingly out of repair.—The floors all paved with brick, and ill painted; too many doors in every room; and, upon the whole, moſt uncomfortable dwelling-houſes; but it ſeems the Balbis do not inhabit their fine apartments, except when they have a *converſatione*, or aſſembly; for in general they live as high as their houſes admit of, and occupy a few rooms, very much inferior in ſize, cleanlineſs, and furniture to thoſe ſhewn to ſtrangers. I have no more time than to aſſure you how much I am, *&c.*

LETTER XVII.

Genoa, November 9th.

I HAVE had the good fortune to receive another packet of letters from Turin, which our banker T—— has forwarded to us. I am overjoyed to find, amongſt the many agreeable things they contain, that you are perfectly ſatisfied with me, and very much flattered that you give my catalogue of pictures, roads, *&c.* the preference to thoſe of * * * * * * * * *, *&c. &c.* but as I am conſcious of the partiality of both you and M——, I ought to fear flattering myſelf on my own diſcernment. All I can honeſtly aſſert is, that I ſpeak the truth to the beſt of my judgment, and am far from preſuming my opinion in works of taſte to be what you ſuppoſe. Thoſe pictures particularly that are univerſally admired, and conſidered

ſidered as Chef d'Oeuvres, I may poſſibly do injuſtice to by my deſcriptions; but as I know you had rather have any deſcription that can convey ſome idea of a picture, than have the epithet very fine, very good, *&c.* repeated without end; ſo you muſt not be ſurpriſed at the length of my letters, which I fear will increaſe, even to tediouſneſs, when we ſhall have reached Rome and Naples. But not to anticipate, by augmenting the preſent more than is neceſſary, I ſhall proceed to inform you, as briefly as I can, of the contents of the palaces of Durazzo, Pallavicine, Doria, *&c.* as alſo ſomething of the churches.

Palace of Philip Durazzo.

An Abigail and David: too much blackened in the ſhaded parts, and become ſo pale in the light, as to be almoſt void of merit. A Picture, the ſubject of which is, *Render to Cæſar that which belongs to Cæſar*, *&c.* as fine for colouring as can be wiſhed. But I do not think this ſubject is very proper to be repreſented in a picture; it is not

ſufficiently

ſufficiently marked for a painter to know well what expreſſion and character to give to each figure of the group. David giving the letter containing the order for Uriah's death: This, Guercino has made more of than he has of the former; the moſt ignorant in the art of painting cannot avoid perceiving the merits of this picture; particularly in the perſon of David, to whom this act of tyranny appears by no means familiar; ſo that he ſeems to wiſh to revoke the order, which at the ſame time his paſſions compel him to perſiſt in. It is aſtoniſhing how a painter could, in repreſenting one moment of time, convey to the mind of the ſpectator ſuch a crowd of ideas. Guercino's colouring, in general, is not, in my opinion, very agreeable; there is too much purple and lilak, or a light red purple and white, in almoſt all his pictures. The woman taken in Adultery, by Julio Ceſare Procaccino: the colouring is too red and flaring, and the woman not handſome.

Guercino.

Julio Ceſare Procaccino.

handſome. A ſmall picture of the Martyrdom of St. Stephen: this is a fine morſel for deſign, character, colouring, *&c.* by Caracci. An excellent copy of a famous Magdalene by Titian. Portia ſwallowing live coals; another copy from Guido. Hagar, her Child, and an Angel: this picture is very intereſting; the diſtreſs of Hagar is worked up to the higheſt pitch; the child is in the agonies of death; the foreſt wild, and the reſt of the country parched and dry. The whole picture taken together is well compoſed; by Carlo Cignani. A beautiful ſleeping Child, by Guido. Two philoſophers, Democritus and Heraclitus, by Eſpagnolette: there is a life and a force in the manner of this maſter, that was he a poet, inſtead of a painter, we ſhould ſay, his works inſpire more horror than terror and pity. Two or three pictures of children by Vandyke, as natural as poſſible; and a very fine picture of a

Caracci.

Copy of Titian.

Another from Guido.

Carlo Cignani.

Eſpagnolette.

Vandyke.

ſleeping Venus and a Satyr; its only fault is being too red.

Palace of Marcellino Durazzo. Luc Giordano.

In the palace of Marcellino Durazzo are three capital pictures, by Luc Giordano: the ſubject of the firſt is Seneca in the Bath. Although this picture is highly eſteemed here, yet I think that in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Marlborough much ſuperior to it; for in this the character of Seneca has the baſeneſs of that of a ſlave, though his diſciples poſſeſs all the dignity of virtue which ſhould not leſs appear to belong to their maſter. In the picture at Blenheim, Seneca's character is finely ſuſtained, and the colour, I think, is more mellow. The ſecond repreſents Olindus and Sophronia faſtened to a pile of wood; Clorinda appearing, ſtops the executioner. The moment the painter has choſen is from theſe two lines of Taſſo:

Sono ambo ſtretti al palo ſteſſo, e volto
E il tergo al tergo, il volto aſcoſo al volto.

The figure of Sophronia is graceful and charming; her lover is tolerable; but Clorinda has not had juſtice done her: the colouring is rather too yellow, but the light thrown with great judgment. The third is Phineus overcome by the view of Meduſa's head: this head and the figure of Perſeus fall very ſhort of the excellence that might be expected from Luc Giordano. The next capital picture is by Paul Veroneſe; the ſubject the anointing of our Saviour's feet in the houſe of the Phariſee. This picture is greatly admired by *Connoiſſeurs*; nevertheleſs I do not like the Magdalene, one of the principal figures, and the moſt eſteemed; her attitude appears unnatural, the drawing is falſe, and fails in the keeping; her character that of a common ſtreet-walker. Paul Veroneſe had forgot the ſeven devils were caſt out of her long before ſhe performed this act of devotion. However, to ſee this picture, ſo as to do it juſtice, it muſt be contemplated in a large

Paul Veroneſe.

looking-glaſs, placed ſo as to ſhew its merits to the greateſt advantage. As to the carnation of the fleſh, and the beauty of the ſtuffs, Paul is almoſt without a competitor. A fragment of a picture, repreſenting the crucifixion. More than one half has been conſumed by fire; what remains is in the greateſt manner, and cannot be too much admired: this is by Tintoretto. A very large picture by Rubens; the ſubject, Juno ſitting in all majeſty, having commanded the eyes of Argus to be placed in her peacocks tails; her maid of honour, Miſs Iris, is picking them out of Argus's head with a bodkin, and preſents them to little Cupids, who are all buſy in ſticking them into the tails of the peacocks. The trunk of Argus, but juſt beheaded, is too well done to bear contemplation; the veins of the neck ſtill ſpouting blood, is very ſhocking: the unfeeling characters of Juno and Iris, though well done in themſelves, are diſguſting, from the inhumanity

Tintoretto.
Rubens.

of their occupations; and, upon the whole, this picture is very disagreeable, upon account of the subject; the drapery being admirable, the grouping fine, and the colouring perfect. A picture representing a High Priest; it is a fine morsel, by Rembrandt. A Holy Family, with St. Elizabeth and St. John: the head of the Virgin, for grace, drawing, and colouring, is admirable. St. Elizabeth is as fine an old woman as can be imagined, and the infant Jesus as perfect in every respect as the most beautiful child can be; *les graces enfantine*, that the French admire so much, *Andrea del Sarto* has hit off in the luckiest manner. This piece is worthy the admiration of the curious. A Saint Catherine reading; she is quite alive, and exceedingly handsome; by Carlo Dolci. A portrait of a woman, finely painted, on paper, by Vandyke.—In one of the oratories, a beautiful Madona, by Sasso Ferrato. Another St. Catherine, Queen

Rembrandt.

Andrea del Sarto.

Carlo Dolci.

Vandyke.

Sasso Ferrato.

Carlo Dolci. Caſtiglione.

of Sweden, by Carlo Dolci. Six pictures of Caſtiglione, greatly eſteemed; that which repreſents a Bacchanal is the beſt. There are ſeveral more pictures worthy of notice in this palace; but I ſpare you, for I feel you wiſh I had done; however, if hereafter you ſhould be curious about the reſt, I can ſhew you a pocket-book in which they are all entered: at preſent I ſhall add

Anne Boleyn.

but one more, an original portrait of Anne Boleyn. This picture (as the *Conceirge* told us) was preſented to the maſter of the houſe by a young Engliſh nobleman, who ſent it from England as a return for ſome civilities he had received during his reſidence at Genoa; but he had *forgot his name*. This portrait is very handſome, and is dreſſed in the faſhion of the day, which is curious; a green hat, of an oval form, becomes her wonderfully. I am ſtrongly inclined to believe it an original by the attitude, which is natural to a fault; ſhe wants grace, but is full of good humour.

The

The painter has failed in the hands; the author of this picture is not mentioned in the catalogue.—A baſſo relievo, in Carara marble, repreſenting an infant Jeſus aſleep upon a heap of ſtraw. This is by Parodi, and is tolerably well done. There are four ſtatues, by the ſame, after the manner of Bernini; and two others by Baratta di Carara: not void of merit.—One entire piece of ſculpture; the ſubject, the Rape of Proſerpine; the fleſh is not deſtitute of the appearance of flexibility, but the attitudes are extraordinary. This block of marble is ſo perfect, that if ſtruck with the finger it ſounds like a bell; it is alſo of a beautiful whiteneſs. The ſculptor's name, Schiafino of Genoa; he worked after the models of the Chevalier Ruſconi, his maſter.—But the only very valuable piece of antique ſculpture, is a buſto of Vitellius; it is admirable, and ſo natural, that one inſtinctively touches the face to try if it will not yield. It has acquired

Statues.

Parodi.

Baratta di Carara.

Schiafino of Genoa.

by time, or by having lain in water, certain ſmall punctures on the ſurface, no ſtatuary would have ventured to have attempted with the chiſſel, which have an extraordinary good effect.——Can you hear of more pictures? Here then are thoſe of the palace of Pallavicini, with which I ſhall conclude this letter; for happily for you, there is a law-ſuit in the family * of the preſent poſſeſſor of the paintings contained in the *Palazzo Brignoletti*; ſo they are taken down and locked up, until the cauſe ſhall be decided. My next letter will be amply provided for, by the churches, the villas, the halls for the greater and leſſer councils, *&c.*

Palace of Pallavicini.

The beſt paintings in the palace of Pallavicini †, are a ſmall Magdalen ſitting;

* The pictures are (probably) to be divided with the Princeſs of Monaco; and the preſent poſſeſſor fears to let them be ſeen, leſt ſome value ſhould be put upon them, and come to the ears of the Princeſs. Miconi's collection of ſhells is alſo in this palace; but cannot be ſhewn to ſtrangers at preſent for the ſame reaſon.

† Here are ſome ornaments, cornices, *&c.* of admirable ſtucco, ſmooth as ivory.

on

on her lap is placed a ſkull, over which ſhe is weeping; her tears fall upon the ſkull, and rolling round the indentures of the head, at length loſe themſelves in the ſockets of the eyes, although ſhe endeavours with her beautiful locks to wipe them away from her cheeks. Her face is angelic; the drawing, colouring, and finiſhing admirable. This precious morſel is upon copper; but unfortunately the author is condemned to oblivion, for there is no catalogue; and even Cochin has not mentioned this picture. Its pendant is certainly by the ſame hand, although not equal to the Magdalen. It is a Holy Family, but ſingular of compoſition; St. Joſeph is liſtening to an angel, who ſeems narrating ſomewhat that ſurpriſes him; his emotion is finely expreſſed; the Virgin reading with ſuch attention that ſhe does not ſeem ſenſible to the preſence of her divine gueſt; the infant Jeſus ſleeps upon the ground.—A large picture of Venus

nus and Adonis juſt dead; Venus is fainted away; in her countenance paleneſs and horror, are blended with great ſweetneſs; a Cupid having filled a ſhell with water, is endeavouring upon tiptoe to throw it on her face. This is the fineſt and moſt natural figure of a child that can be ſeen. Adonis, beautiful in death, is wonderfully well executed in every reſpect; one hand is open, and a dog who is howling by his maſter, has his fore-paw on the palm of Adonis. This circumſtance, which may be trifling to read, has a moſt pathetic effect in the picture; but I know you will feel it, ſo I ſhould not have called it trifling. This picture is ſuppoſed to be by Vandyke.—Another very large piece, and which is well done. On the fore-ground is a young man, whoſe ſurpriſe, fear, and conſternation, are mingled in his face; he is finely contraſted by a venerable figure who appears perfectly calm on the occaſion. This picture, it

Vandyke.

ſeems,

ſeems, repreſents a Miracle, performed in Genoa a great while ſince; namely, a young man being thrown from his horſe, St. Peter appeared to him, and cut off one of the legs of the horſe, and as quickly joined it on again, in ſuch a manner that there was no viſible difference between the leg that had been ſevered and the others. This is the moment the painter has taken for the ſubject of his piece.—A picture of Diana and Acteon, with her nymphs; it appears to be by Albani. Several of the nymphs finely done, their heads in particular extraordinarily graceful; but the landſcape is poorly drawn.—A Holy Family, and St. Jerome, by Titian; a very fine picture. And a morſel by Baſſano, which does not, in reſpect of colouring, reſemble the other performances I have ſeen of this maſter; it is very grey, but has his manner, his eaſe, and his richneſs of pencil. In this palace are ſome prophets

and

and ſome portraits that are good *. Adieu. We ſhall leave Genoa in a few days.

* You have heard often of the magnificent furniture of theſe palaces; it is very true that the rooms are for the moſt part hung with velvet and damaſk, and the chairs covered with the ſame; but you muſt take into the account that theſe materials are manufactured at Genoa, and that India paper is more expenſive in England than damaſk here; alſo, theſe palaces are ſeldom new furniſhed, from twenty to fifty years they leave the ſame hangings up; ſo that, upon the whole, this apparent finery proves very good œconomy. And when the velvet chair-covers begin to wear, they take them off, and having cut out leaves and flowers of any old fragments of ſattin they have by them, ſew it over the worn out places, and with a gimp as thick as a whip-cord work round the edges of the flowers, or pattern; this has even a better effect than the velvet-covers had at firſt. Thus they repair the old furniture at a very ſlight expence.

LETTER XVIII.

November 11th.

WOULD you believe it? the poſt books are ſo wrong, that the road they mention from hence to Florence (we have diſcovered) is only practicable for mules; for no carriage can paſs it. Thus ſhall we be obliged to meaſure back our ſteps as far as Novi, and from thence to Tortona, *&c.*; for, as to a ſea voyage from hence to Leghorn (although many ſtrangers, and even Engliſh have frequently made it), it is not abſolutely without danger. A ſouth-weſt wind may cauſe ſome difficulties; the accommodations on board the boats are wretched; in ſhort, we have no idea of this manner of reaching Florence by Leghorn. By the road we are determined to take, we ſhall paſs through Parma and Piacenza to Bologna; from all which places you may be ſure I ſhall write; for this is

the

the laſt letter you will receive from Genoa, as we propoſe quitting this town in a day or two, having ſeen every thing worthy and unworthy of the curioſity of ſtrangers. Churches, ſenate-houſe, I ſhould have ſaid the halls of the Great and Leſſer Councils; galley-ſlaves, inquiſition, miſcellaneous anecdotes of aſſaſſinations, penances, theatre, charities, villas, *&c.* ſtill remain to fill this letter; ſo you muſt expect a large packet, though I ſhall endeavour to be as conciſe as poſſible, conſiſtent with the accuracy you require of me.

Jeſuits Church.

The Jeſuits Church is built in a very ſingular manner. A range of domes, one after the other, on each ſide of the middle iſle, give this church too much the air of a theatre. The paintings in *freſco* are well done; the principal pictures are, an Aſſumption of the Virgin, conſiſting of twenty-ſix figures; this is an admirable performance; the ſhades are brown and ſtrong, and the oppoſition of *chiar oſcuro* finely preſerved.

preſerved. It is by Guido.——Over the great altar, is a fine picture, by Rubens, repreſenting the Circumciſion; the figures are judiciouſly grouped, the whole of great character, and the colouring good. Another ſtill better, by this maſter, of a Jeſuit exorciſing a Demoniac; this piece is in a great ſtyle and manner; the lights and ſhades finely diſtributed, and the ſtuffs rich and glowing.—In the cathedral, but one good picture, which appears to be by Tiziano; the ſubject, the Adoration of the Magi. The Virgin-mother and little Chriſt are of the moſt perfect beauty.—In the church of Carignano, a good picture of St. Francis receiving the *Stigmates*, by Guercino.—The Martyrdom of St. Baſil is finely compoſed, and the whole is in a great manner, although by Carlo Maratti; from whoſe time may be dated the decline of the art of painting in Italy.

Guido.

Rubens.

Tiziano.

Guercino.

Carlo Maratti.

In the Church of the *Annonciata*, over the door of entrance, is a Laſt Supper, by

Annonciata Church.

Julio

Julio Cefare Procaccino.

Julio Ceſare Procaccino; we muſt regret its being ſo much blackened, and otherwiſe ſpoiled, as it has been a very fine picture. The painting in the cupola is not contemptible.——In the Sacriſty are four

Sarzano.

pictures, by Sarzano; and two others by

Giocino Gioretto.

one Giocino Gioretto. That which repreſents Eſau ſelling his birth-right, is the beſt: there is great ſpirit and force in the figures. This church is (to my taſte) the fineſt in Genoa. On entering, the ſolemnity and majeſty which ought to accompany every temple is wonderfully ſtriking,

> Where through the long drawn iſle
> And fretted vault, the pealing anthem, *&c.*

As our inn (the Poſt-houſe) is very near this church, we have oftener viſited it, than we might otherwiſe have done. Here is a profuſion of marble, the luſtre of which dazzles the ſight; and certain twiſted columns of a very rare ſpecies, reſembling

the

the fineſt clouded agate, and Egyptian pebbles aſſembled together in large maſſes; the mouldings, frizes, *&c.* all gilt; the pillars that ſupport the roof are marble, fluted, and finely veined with red; the ſteps up to the altar, the balluſtrades, *&c.* are all of marble, white as ſnow. Proſtrate on theſe ſteps, we ſaw a very old man, poorly dreſſed, who licked them with his tongue, deſcribing croſſes, from one end to the other of the ſteps; this he repeated every day at the ſame hour. I was curious to know why this man perſevered in ſo ſingular and diſguſting a penance; upon inquiry, I learnt from our *Ciceroni*, that during his youth he had been employed in the tobacco manufactory; that he had been remarkably debauched; and that his profeſſion of faith was, to fear nothing here or hereafter. That, to the *Ciceroni*'s own knowledge, he had committed more than twelve aſſaſſinations; the motive for the greateſt number of theſe murders had been his moſt violent choler, and an inſatiable

thirſt of revenge. He grew very rich, quitted his buſineſs, married, and had three or four children; one of his ſons was killed a few years ago on the ſteps of this church, by a barber who bore him malice. This murderer now keeps a ſhop in the neighbourhood, which the *Ciceroni* ſhewed me. To avoid falling into the hands of juſtice, he concealed himſelf on board an Engliſh or Dutch ſhip for a ſhort time; after which he re-appeared and continued his buſineſs. This is no uncommon plan at Genoa; *un colpo di coltello* is ſeen in much the ſame light here, as the bruiſes and contuſions acquired by the athletic diſciples of the renowned Slack and Nailer in England. But to return to the old ſinner; having lived in riot and debauchery until he had waſted all his ſubſtance, his vices forſaking him, and the weakneſs and infirmities of old age having alſo deprived him of his courage, he began to doubt whether he might not have made a miſtake, and determined

to

to take a bond of Fate, by making a bargain with Heaven, (in caſe there ſhould happen to be any power to call him to account) although the conditions might be hard; for this purpoſe he ſent for a prieſt, a confeſſor, who recommended to him the above humiliation of licking, with ſome ſcore of *Avés* and *Paters* by way of *douceur*; theſe he has duly paid Heaven every day for theſe ten years paſt. He alſo has the miſfortune to depend upon one of his ſons for a ſlender ſubſiſtence, which is ſeaſoned with reproaches and curſes for his tedious exiſtence in this world. This wretched old man has attained the great age of eighty-four, and may poſſibly arrive at that of an hundred, for he does not look near ſo old as he really is. I could not reſiſt an impulſe to rally our *Ciceroni* (who had put on a face of edification) with hoping he might be entitled to a ſeat in an arbour in Paradiſe, if when he ſhould become old, he carefully cleaned the marble ſteps in the ſame man-

ner; but he replied, that any thing might be purchaſed at too dear a rate; and that no prieſt, or any other perſon, ſhould perſuade him to ſubmit to ſuch humiliation and mortification.—I believe I have not mentioned the church of St. Luca; it is painted by Piola (the father); the manner reſembles Pietro da Cortona and Rubens; but there are abſurdities in the drawing, and falſeneſs in the colouring. In one of the chapels is a picture by Benedetto di Caſtilione; the heads are beautiful and highly finiſhed; the drapery is elegant and light, without being meagre; the animals and baſket are natural, but the whole is too red. I think I have not omitted any church worth mentioning, though I am not inſenſible to your want of patience on the ſubject; for I remember your fatigue at Paris two ſucceſſive mornings, that we went church-hunting, and that at our return you had formed ſuch a medley in your head of what we had ſeen, that I could

St. Luca Church.

Benedetto di Caſtilione.

could ſcarcely prevail upon you to give your opinion upon any of them, or even repeat your viſit. Let others diſpoſe of their charities as they may, I am ſure you will never build a church. However, as there are many more ſtill to be ſeen in Italy, endeavour, if you can, to conſider them rather in the light of collections of paintings, of ſculpture, *&c.* Put prieſts and monks, with their croaking of maſſes, out of your head, and the ſeparating theſe ideas which you have (I ſuppoſe) connected cloſely together, may enable you to read with leſs wearineſs, what you will frequently have accounts of from theſe regions of ſuperſtition and prieſtcraft.

Agreeable to the order I propoſed obſerving in the beginning of this letter, I now proceed to give you ſome account of the Doge's palace, or of the *Seigneurie*, as it is here called. It is vaſt, but by no means beautiful. The firſt objects that are ſtriking, after entering the court, are two

Doge's Palace.

marble ſtatues placed upon the ſtair-caſe, larger than the life; they repreſent the Dorias; they have Roman cuiraſſes, and on the pedeſtal of the firſt is the following fine inſcription :

ANDREA DORIA QUOD REMPUBLICAM DIUTIUS OPPRESSAM PRISTINAM IN LIBERTATEM VINDICAVERIT, PATRI PROINDE PATRIÆ APPELLATO SENATUS JANUENSIS IMMORTALIS MEMOR BENEFICII VIVENTI POSUIT.

Upon the pedeſtal of the ſecond is engraved,

JO. ANDRÆ DORIA PATRIÆ LIBERTATIS CONSERVATORI.

S. C. P.

Theſe ſtatues are good blocks of marble, ſpoiled by the chiſſel of an ignorant ſculptor.

Franceſchini.

The firſt great *Salle* is that of the council; it is painted in *freſco*, by Franceſchini, and

and repreſents the battle of Piſa; The ſcaling of the walls of Jeruſalem by the Genoeſe; The Moors drove out of Spain; and, A Doge granting freedom to a King of Arragon and his family. Theſe paintings are very indifferent. In the middle of the ceiling, the city of Genoa is repreſented in an allegorical manner, treading upon Fortune, *&c. &c.*; the perſpective is tolerable, but the painting cold.—— Seven ſtatues of marble are placed in niches, which have been erected in honour of certain patriots and benefactors of this city; but they are poorly executed.—The ſecond *Salle* is that of the little council, or where the privy-council is held. One end is elevated in the manner of a platform, or tribunal; in the center of which is the chair deſtined for the Doge, having oppoſite to it a kind of writing-table; on each ſide of the Doge is a chair for a ſenator. The ſides have ſeats for ten more ſenators.

When a *noble* has any matter to propoſe, a little chair is placed for him on the ſame platform. This *Salle* is decorated with three very large pictures, by Solimene. One is partly hid by the canopy placed over the Doge's chair; the ſubject, the Landing of Chriſtopher Columbus in America, and the ſetting up of the croſs. It does not appear finiſhed, and the tranſition of the ſhading is almoſt as ſudden as from black to white. The other end of the *Salle* repreſents the Proceſſion of the aſhes of St. John the Baptiſt entering Genoa in triumph. There is much confuſion in the grouping of the figures, and the *coloris* has the ſame fault with the firſt. On the ceiling is painted the *Maſſacre* of the children of the Juſtiniani family (who were ſovereigns of the iſland of Cyprus) by the command of the Emperor Solyman; it is almoſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh the figures ſufficiently to judge of their merits or faults; the *oſcuro*

Solimene.

is

is ſo black, and there is ſo much of it, that you cannot diſtinguiſh the diſtribution of the different objects; however, Cochin ſays much in its commendation. The cornice, frize, and the whole of the architecture, is not only falſe, but ridiculous. There are figures painted in both the *Salles* by Pa- Parodi.
rodi; they are what the French call in *Griſaille*, and have but a ſmall ſhare of merit in my opinion. So much for the Senate-houſe.

The Arſenal contains nothing very cu- Arſenal.
rious. Over the door of entrance appears one of thoſe naval prows of iron, by the Romans called *Roſtrums;* it is thin, much worn, and fractured in ſeveral places; being hollow within, and projecting about eighteen inches, its termination ſeems to repreſent, in a rude manner, a wild boar's head; the following inſcription is placed under:

VETUSTIORIS

VETUSTIORIS HOC ÆVI ROMANI ROSTRUM IN EXPURGANDO PORTU ANNO MDXCVII ERECTUM UNICUM HUCUSQ. VISUM, EXIMIÆ MAJORUM IN RE NAUTICA GLORIÆ DICAVERE CONCIVES.

The following palaces we could not ſee; Brignolette, Caregha, Andrea Doria, and S. Pietro: the furniture, pictures, *&c.* of the two former are all taken down, and the property diſputed between the two families, occaſioned by a recent marriage; the married parties are at law for a part, or the whole of the moveables. The two latter are abſolutely refuſed to ſtrangers, for what reaſon I could not diſcover. I believe I have already mentioned to you in a former letter, the reaſons why we could not ſee the Brigniolette; but if I have, you will excuſe this repetition, as I always write amidſt hurry, and interruptions.

Before

Before I mention the villas or country-palaces, the bridge of *Carignan* and the *Albergo di Poveri* merit attention. This bridge conducts you to the church of Carignan. The arches are of a ſtupendous height, 240 Genoeſe palms, and 30 broad [a palm here conſiſts of eight inches]. It unites a mountain to the town: and is ſaid to have been conſtructed at the expence of a citizen, a deſcendant of one of the founders of the church, in order to render the frequenting this church more convenient to his houſehold. The *Albergo* is a building of great extent, and does honour to the Genoeſe; ſerving at once for charitable uſes, as well as for a houſe of correction. One wing is appropriated to the females, the other to the males: that for the females is divided amongſt illegitimate females, legitimate orphans, and thoſe children, who having loſt either father or mother, are by ſuch a misfortune deprived of the care, education

Albergo.

education, and maintainance they might otherwiſe have been entitled to: alſo the *donne banditte*, or diſorderly women, and citizens wives and daughters of irregular lives, who have been previouſly condemned for their conduct by the court of the holy inquiſition. Their confinement or enlargement, after a limited time, is proportioned to their reformation, of which the inquiſitor general is to judge. The ward of legitimate females conſiſts at preſent of 450; who are taught embroidery, knitting, and plain-work; are well clothed and fed, and often marry into rich burghers families; the tradeſmen frequently ſeeking wives from amongſt them; they being allowed to marry when application is made to the *Dame* of the *Miſericordiæ*, who is always one of the firſt of the *Nobleſſe*, and who honours theſe girls with her care and protection. In the ſame manner there is a *Chevalier*, who does not think himſelf diſhonoured by

taking

taking the like charge in regard to the males. Theſe protectors * are preſent at the marriage-ceremony; nor are the girls refuſed to return home to their relations or friends, when proper application is made for them. The men, the legitimate and illegitimate children, the *donne banditte*, (who are quite ſeparate from the reſt) poor old infirm people paſt their labour, and who are here maintained during the remainder of their days, occupy three wings of this building; the fourth is for ſtrangers and the ſervants of the Hoſpital. Poor people who cannot afford themſelves lodging-places, having previouſly proved to the council their neceſſitous circumſtances, obtain beds, and are always offered a bowl of ſoup and a pound and half of bread before they depart in the morning. All ſtrangers of every country, and poor travellers, are al-

* This gentleman and lady are at the head of a council of five perſons, who are choſen from amongſt the *Nobleſſe*, and are appointed to decide upon the deſerts of the ſubjects.

lowed

lowed to lodge and eat as mentioned above. A prieſt ſeated, with a *religieuſe* on either hand, remain the whole day in a kind of public hall, where they receive all propoſals and complaints, and adjuſt accounts and differences, of which they make returns to the *Dame*, the *Chevalier*, and the council of five. The boys, who are about five hundred at preſent, are taught all ſorts of handicrafts, and if they have no friends or relations to protect them, when fit to earn their bread, are ſet up in different trades, at the charge of the fund, which is very conſiderable; many of the citizens having bequeathed great ſums to this hoſpital *. The chapel is built in the form of a croſs; the altar

* The ſtatues of the principal benefactors decorate this hoſpital. Thoſe who have given all their wealth are repreſented ſitting; others ſtanding, and ſome only in buſto, according as they have bequeathed, to the amount of an hundred thouſand livres, or more than twenty-five thouſand livres Genoeſe. This diſtinction of ſculpture is intended to encourage an emulation amongſt the rich citizens. But all tues are very indifferent performances.

placed

placed in the middle. Here is a *baſſo relievo* by Michael Angelo, which is a *chef d'œuvre*. It repreſents a dead Chriſt and the Virgin, in the uſual attitude of that ſubject, diſtinguiſhed in Italy by the name of a *Pieta*. We were ſo ſtruck with the tranſcendent perfection of this piece of ſculpture, that we contemplated it in ſilence for near half an hour, before we could find words to expatiate upon its amazing excellence. It is ſcarce credible, that a mere mortal ſhould arrive at ſuch a height of perfection in this art, without the aid of ſome ſuperior order of beings. In ſhort, was I to attempt to ſpeak of it as it deſerves, the idea you would form muſt fall ſo ſhort of the original, that I will not do it the injuſtice to endeavour at a deſcription. And where were thy eyes, O deceived Laland! This Frenchman ſpeaks thus, vol. i. p. 490, "*La Chapelle de l'Albergo eſt jolie ; on y voit un bas relief de Michael Ange ; c'eſt la tête d'un Vierge* Michael Angelo.

qui voit Jeſus Chriſt mort, et ſur le maitre autel une belle aſſomption en marbre, du Puget. Sa tête a quelque choſe de divin."

" *A ce noble couroux*
" *Je reconnois mon ſang.*"

Here is a virgin aſcending to heaven as a *dame d'atour* would aſcend the great ſtaircaſe at Verſailles. What flouncing and plaiting of drapery, what plunging and fluttering; but it is no matter, a Frenchman guided the chiſſel. *Sa tête a quelque choſe de divin.* If ſhe had had but a *chinion à la du Barrie*, a *toupet bien friſée, et des boucles mignionnes en maron*, Laland would have been in ecſtaſy.

There are others beſide this hoſpital, where the ſick are ſaid to be equally attended to; but I have been very exact, and even tedious in regard to the *Albergo*; as we inquired particularly, and went there ourſelves to have ocular demonſtration of what we had heard.

heard. But before I quit the topic of charity, I think it but juſt to mention one private family who are worthy members indeed of any republic, let their profeſſion of faith be what it will. The *Cambeaces*, of which there are now five families, were originally ſprung from trade, being merchants; about an hundred years ſince they were ennobled. They give every day a bowl of ſoup and a pound of bread to each the poor who preſent themſelves at their gate; if it ſo happen, that at any time there is not ſufficient of ſoup for all, the grown perſons receive four ſols each, and the children two. The number of poor is generally from three to five hundred: they are for the moſt part ſtrangers, French, Piedmonteſe, Lombards, and Milaneſe; for there are not many natives of the republic in ſuch neceſſitous circumſtances as to want bread. They give, once a-year, to poor women who apply for it, a ſmock, and a *corſet* and petticoat; to the

men, a ſhirt, a great coat with a hood to it, a pair of breeches and ſhoes. At the end of the year, thoſe who preſent themſelves in the cloaths that had been given them, are immediately new-clad; but others who ſhew no remains of the late bounty, have their conduct ſtrictly ſcrutiniſed; as ſome unworthy objects have been known to abuſe the goodneſs of this family, by pretending to be in diſtreſſed circumſtances, and have vilely diſpoſed of the charitable donations they had received. However, all poſſible caution is uſed to prevent impoſition, as a certificate of the *curée* of the pariſh is generally required, in order to aſcertain the truth in regard to their poverty, *&c.* One of the brothers, late a very conſiderable banker, I think at Venice, bequeathed, at his death, an income for ever to this charity, equal to that proportion of his fortune which he had annually devoted to it. I forgot to mention that a little of the ſoup out of the

great

great boiler is always carried to one of the family to taſte, before it is diſtributed to the poor, leſt by the want of attention, or neglect of ſervants, it ſhould not be good. We both had alſo the curioſity to taſte it, and found it very good peaſe-ſoup. This charity is thought by ſome people to augment the number of poor; poſſibly it may; but ſurely this family *ought not to loſe their reward.* It is remarkable that the great expence which they are at, has by no means diminiſhed their circumſtances; as they have, for more than a *century* paſt, been increaſing in riches.

As the quay where the galleys lie is not far from our inn, I have been to ſee them; we had no ſooner reached it, than we met a whole poſſé of gallerians extremely drunk and good-humoured. It ſeems it was St. Martin's-day, and a high feſtival amongſt the galley-ſlaves. They all with one voice cried out to us, in very Galleys and ſlaves.

bad Italian, to this effect: Illuſtrious perſonages, give a little money to poor Chriſtians, who have entirely abandoned Mahomet, and have taken to the worthy cauſe of Chriſtianity. We complied with the requeſt, to get rid of their clamour, when having but juſt paſſed them, I ſtarted at a moſt ſtrange and ſudden noiſe, which was immediately followed by burſts of applauſe and laughter; I turned to ſee what had happened, when, lo! one of the good Chriſtians having tumbled into a porridge-pot, lay extended on the pavement, invoking all Mahomet's Paradiſe to his ſuccour. Having reached a large galley, we went on board by the means of planks inſtantly put out from it for that purpoſe. They received us moſt hoſpitably, and ſeated us on a kind of elevated deck at one end, which is protected from the ſun. In a few moments appeared a ſmall band of muſicians, chained two and two; for the polite arts are not

unknown

unknown on board the galleys; ſo great a variety of people, of every rank and condition in life, are there (unhappily) to be found. Their muſic was by no means bad, but the wretched appearance of the muſicians ſhocked me at firſt, particularly their poor legs, which were naked, almoſt black, and, of ſome, the fleſh had partly grown over their fetters. Whilſt theſe were playing, others brought us biſcuits and coffee. Not having much ſtomach for muſic or refreſhments, I expreſſed my wiſh to walk along the galley, in order to ſhorten a viſit, the ſtrange appearance of our hoſts rendered irkſome to me. I thought I ſhould never have reached the end; the ſlaves chained to the oars imploring us to liſten to the detail of their calamitous ſituation, and to give them money. The galleys are really of a very great length, though I allow my uneaſineſs helped to lengthen this. The Turkiſh priſoners on board of them are computed at about 350

at preſent. There are ſeldom any women taken; when that happens, they are preſented to the noble Genoeſe ladies, who employ them in the moſt menial departments of their houſeholds. In time of war each galley carries about 400 men, eighteen pieces of nine pounders, and two of ſixteen; each piece of cannon is ſerved by ſix men, two of which are Turks, two of the condemned Genoeſe, and the other two of thoſe who have ſold themſelves to the republic. In time of peace, and in the ſummer (the only ſeaſon they can put out to ſea), each galley carries 200 men only; they have thirty livres *per* month wages, and all maintenance. A tax raiſed, of eight ſols the head, is levied upon each Genoeſe, for the permiſſion to eat butter, eggs, and cream in Lent; which money is appropriated to defray the expences of the galleys. Alſo each Noble pays from fifty to an hundred livres for himſelf and family, for the enjoyment of the above privilege; which,

upon

upon calculation, amounts to about 20,000 livres annually. This ſum goes alſo to the ſupport of their galleys. Beſides Turks who have been taken priſoners, and thoſe Genoeſe condemned for their crimes, for a limited time, or for life, there are a third ſort who ſell themſelves; amongſt whom are Italians of other ſtates, Piedmonteſe, and even French, who offer themſelves to ſale for two years certain, for ſixty livres; but many of them have been known to have continued ſlaves for the reſt of their lives. Thoſe who behave well, live much more comfortably than their fellows; and there is always a conſiderable diſtinction made between theſe voluntary bondmen and their companions; they, for inſtance, are allowed to have little ſhops, or ſheds, on the quay, and make matts, knit ſtockings, ſell pedlary-goods, and ſome keep little coffee-houſes, or *lemonadiers*. Theſe are all chained to their ſhops; but the chains being pretty long, they can walk about in them, and even backward

and forward before their doors. Others (according to their conduct) are permitted to go all over the town chained in couples, (which I mentioned in a former letter) and hawk about fiſh, matts, *&c.* but there is always a kind of governor, or maſter, who watches their motions. Sometimes it has happened that theſe poor creatures, coupled together, quarrel, frequently from as trifling a cauſe as one's wiſhing to go one way, and the other a different way; theſe diſputes have riſen to ſuch a height, that the conſequences might have terminated at once their ſlavery and their lives, had they not been timely ſeparated. On the other hand, friendſhips have commenced from the ſimilitude of their common miſfortunes; ſo that the greateſt harmony ſubſiſts amongſt ſome of them. There is one man who has been chained to his little ſhop on the quay, where he has vended coffee and *liqueurs* for eighteen years paſt; and by his induſtry acquired upwards of forty thouſand livres: he offered ten thou-

ſand

ſand to Prince D. for the purchaſe of his liberty, but the Prince demanded twenty, and the gallerian thought that even freedom might be bought too dear; therefore he is ſtill a ſlave, bare-footed, his head ſhaved, and wears a looſe ſhort *redingotte* of coarſe cloth lined with a kind of ſhag; nor ſeems to indulge himſelf with any convenience or comfort of life, more than his comrades, though ſo much richer. However, to prevent Prince D. and the other magiſtrates from profiting by his death, he has entered into partnerſhip with a younger ſlave whom he has made his heir.

Upon the whole, I own the idea I had acquired in England, of the wretched ſituation of a galley-ſlave, was exaggerated, perhaps by my own imagination's forming a picture much too ſtrong from what I had read or heard. To thoſe gallerians who were originally poor and hard-labouring people, the being a galley-ſlave is in ſome reſpects ſcarcely to be deemed a misfortune; a

very

very little induſtry, added to a tolerable conduct, in a ſhort time procures them a competency; the loſs of their liberty is to them but comparative; the confinement of a chain of ten yards long, or the inconſiderable Genoeſe ſtate, where the government called a Republic is as deſpotic as a Monarchy. The ſtate frequently permits the galley-ſlaves to work at any building, &c. private or public; they have ten ſols *per* day for their labour, beſides a ſmall monthly allowance of tobacco from the Republic.

The principal diſtinction between the converts and the Turks ſeems to be the not working and the not getting drunk; the firſt, (no doubt) in right of their faith, claim a title to inebriate themſelves upon the bounty of the *devots*.

The family of Angelo Merio bequeathed an annual rent to maintain a fifth galley, which does not ſubſiſt; nor are the two cannon caſt annually, as mentioned by Lalande.

Lalande. Both theſe bounties ſink into the private purſes of the guardians of the bequeſts. I think I forgot to mention that the famous collection of ſhells called the *miconys*, [ſee Addiſon] is no longer ſhewn to ſtrangers. I believe I have given you as ſuccinct an account of the galleys as you can reaſonably expect, ſo ſhall change the ſubject for that of the Inquiſition.

This holy court, or rather human ſlaughter-houſe, has not the ſame degree of power here, as in Spain and Portugal. It affects neither the rich nor the great. The ſweets of confiſcation are no longer within its reach; nor that influence which it gives them over the private tranſactions of noble families, and over the perſons of the females of the firſt rank, as in Spain. (When we meet I have ſome curious anecdotes to impart to you upon this ſubject, which I had from the A—— of S——, but I cannot hazard the retailing this converſation in a letter.) Notwithſtanding they are not en-

Inquiſition.

dued with the plenitude of power they wiſh for, yet they contrive to keep themſelves employed from time to time; and are ſeldom without ſome ſubject upon whom to exerciſe their holy zeal. Lalande ſays but little of the Inquiſition, but that little is by no means *preciſe*. I ſuppoſe he was in a great fright: his words are, [ſee vol. viii. p. 502.] "*Elle n'eſt point ſevere*; les priſons du ſaint office ne renferment actuellement qu'un medecin, nommé Riva, dont la folie etoit de prêcher l'atheiſme, et qui depuis 25 ans n'a jamais voulu ſe retracter, pour ſortir de priſon." Thus he repreſents this anecdote; the fact is, that a phyſician of the name of Riva was releaſed from the priſons of the Inquiſition, after a confinement of 25 years. It does not appear he had been accuſed of preaching at all, conſequently not of preaching atheiſm. He is a native of Genoa, and univerſally allowed to have been a man of very great parts and learning. We have made all the

inquiry

inquiry poſſible in regard tohis principles and opinions, and the whole of the information we can obtain (and that from rigid Papiſts) is, that he explained texts of Scripture with a freedom that diſpleaſed the Inquiſitors. And his preſent aſylum at Geneva, whither he is retired, is a preſumptive proof of his inclination to the proteſtant religion, rather than to atheiſm. There is now living in this city a man * * * * *; he was in the priſons of the Inquiſition three years; his crime was polygamy; having married a wife in France, he choſe to encumber himſelf with another at Genoa. *(Chaqu'un à ſon gout)* this man did not deny the fact alleged againſt him; but the Holy Fathers, notwithſtanding, frequently put him to two of thoſe horrible tortures mentioned by Limborch; namely, the forcing the tongue out of the mouth to a great length by a kind of pincers: and the preſſing the fingers together, ſo as to produce exquiſite pain, by the means of a

ſcrew * contrived to produce this effect. Beſides this, one of the good Dominicans would often, for amuſement, have the back of this wretched creature ſtripped, and the man tied down with his face to the ground, whilſt the good father, with his own hands, beat him with a ſtick for half an hour at a time †. During this man's confinement, there was alſo a female priſoner detained for the very ſame crime; but as ſhe poſſeſſed ſome *agrémens*, her *puniſhments* were of another nature. A man who aſſumed the habit of a Capuchin Monk in Corſica for ſome years, adminiſtered the ſacrament there, and performed other church offices peculiar to prieſts, had his head ſcalped in the Inquiſition in the year 1762, his thumb and fore-finger flea'd; and after having experi-

* See Limborch's Hiſtory of the Inquiſition, *&c.* under the article Tortures.

† This poor man told theſe circumſtances, under a promiſe of ſecrecy to the perſon from whom we had them, and who did not eſteem it a breach of truſt, as we were ſtrangers.

enced

enced all the various "ſecrets of the priſon-houſe," in a courſe of twenty months, was ſent to the galleys for life. It is not poſſible to aſcertain how many priſoners there are at any time in the Inquiſition, or how long they have been there, &c. thoſe whom they have power over are firſt ſent to the common priſons of the city, from whence they are conveyed ſuddenly and privately to the priſon of the holy court; their removal is ſo well concealed, that their families and friends ſend them proviſions daily to the common priſon, long after they have been removed to that of the Inquiſition.

The power of the Inquiſitors is eſteemed by the Genoeſe a mere bugbear; judge then what it muſt be in other countries where they are inveſted with all the plenitude of ſway the Dominicans deſire. Can we ever ſufficiently acknowledge the being born in a country, and under a government, where this bloody tribunal is unknown, and from

whence

whence Popery, with all her train of miſchiefs, has been totally baniſhed?

I believe you will not object to quitting the Galleys and the Inquiſition for another ſubject. We were laſt night at the play (for at preſent there is no opera); the theatre is rather large than ſmall, but not beautiful, either as to architecture or painting. All the boxes below ſtairs are ſhut in with *jalouſies*, except when the owners chooſe to ſhew themſelves to the audience; at which time they light them up with wax candles, and the *jalouſies* are removed. I think the play we ſaw meant to be a tragedy, as Harlequin kills ſeveral people on the ſtage; but it cannot be eſteemed an epic poem; for, to the beſt of my knowledge, there was neither beginning, middle, nor end. This piece of confuſion began at ſeven o'clock, and laſted till eleven. Several piſtols were fired to rouſe the attention of the audience. There were magicians, devils, conſtables, fine ladies, robbers,

Theatre.

robbers, princes, ambaſſadors, and troops of wooden horſes. The audience talked louder than the actors. The ladies turn their backs to the ſtage, which has an impertinent, ill-bred appearance. There was dancing, and no reſpite between the acts. It ſeemed to me, the actors might have continued killing each other, till not a man remained alive to ſpeak the epilogue; but I ſuppoſe the piece ended from their being, through fatigue, diſabled to proceed, or the play might have laſted till now.

We have paſſed a couple of fine days moſt agreeably, in ſeeing the villa-palaces and gardens, tho' they diſappointed our expectations in many reſpects; for were the poſſeſſors Engliſh, neatneſs, order, propriety, and conſiſtency would unite their aid to dreſs Nature. Inſtead of which, we find water, trees, and ground, as if arranged by the Holy Tribunal. The firſt confined in ill-ſhapen baſons, or ſpirted out of leaden pipes, without any kind of meaning, or end

Villa-palaces.

propoſed, but that of procuring an ill-natured amuſement for the company and gardener, by ſpoiling the clothes, and wetting ſuch people as ſervants, *&c.* who dare not ſhew any reſentment. The trees are cut, clipped, and tortured into fans, bells inverted, umbrellas, *&c.* and the ground torn up to make a ſort of hanging-gardens and parterres *a l'Angloiſe.* However, there is one garden which has eſcaped the general fate; it belongs to a Doria who uſually reſides at Rome (I think his additional name is Pamfili). Theſe gardens are, more properly ſpeaking, orchards of orange and lemon trees, as large as old apple trees, and are loaded with fruit whoſe branches bend beneath their golden burden. There is a ſort of cottage ſituated upon the ſummit of a riſing ground, and emboſomed in a thicket of the above trees, where ſtrangers are permitted to dine. The people who belong to its owner provided us a dinner, conſiſting chiefly of fiſh and fruit, with tolerable wine,

wine, at no very immoderate price. The garden ſlopes ſuddenly downto the road; at the end is an iron palliſade painted green, and immediately on the other ſide of the road you have the ſea, which appears to the greateſt advantage, there being no ſurf. The ſun was ſetting, and ſhone with ſuch refulgent beams upon the orange-trees, pomegranates, and myrtle in bloſſom, that I could have fancied myſelf in the garden of the Heſperides; nothing was wanting to augment the deception, except the dragon, whoſe preſence I would rather ſupply by the force of imagination.

Behind the villa is a riſing ground, well planted with ilex, or ever-green oak; it is ill kept, and much neglected, but admits of being made extremely beautiful. The pipes and conveyances of water, to produce *jets d'eau*, *&c.* have coſt a great deal of money, and are ſeldom in order. There is near this foreſt of ilexes a pretence to a piece of water, with a wretched morſel of rock-work in the midſt, diſtinguiſhed by

the appellation of *un Iſole*. This piece of machinery is lined with pipes, a man concealed from ſight ſoon convinces the too curious viſiter that there may ſtill remain a *Ligurian* in the territory of Genoa; for after he has taken the trouble to aſcend a painful kind of ſteep wood-walk, and ſeated himſelf under the protecting ſhade of ſome of theſe venerable ilexes, unſuſpicious of the treacherous entertainment the man of iſland has prepared for him; he all on a ſudden, the ilexes, from every branch, pour down an abundant ſhower, the bank he ſits on anſwers the deſcending rains with repeated efforts, till a general engagement of ſquirts concludes the amuſement.—In a ſmall incloſure of this wood, we perceived a wild boar, ſow and pigs, who, ramping on the wall, expected bread from us, they having been in ſome meaſure tamed. We could not ſee the villa; the ſervants ſaid it was in ſo bad a condition within, that they could not poſſibly ſhew

it,

it, aſſuring us there was neither picture, ſtatue, nor any thing worth looking at.

As to the other villas, thoſe of Durazza, Spinola, and another whoſe owner's name I forget, their plans are ſo well calculated for the great heats, that they are at preſent bleak, raw, and windy; no fires, no window or bed curtains; the rooms all waſhed with water colour (painted in *freſco*); the floors bricked. The outſides of theſe palaces are the moſt beautiful part, ſeen at a proper diſtance; the marble gliſtening in the ſea, and the architecture (frequently) ſtrikingly noble in the elevations, give a great idea of the wealth and noble manners of the modern Genoeſe. But, alas! where is that conſiſtency the want of which you and I uſed to complain of in the Luxembourg, the Louvre, Verſailles, *&c*; it is not to be found at Genoa. We are agreed, that we have ſeen a ſufficient number of villas, to entitle us to truſt to our imaginations for the beauties of thoſe we have not ſeen.

I pass this evening at home by the side of a great wood fire, for it rains hard, and the sea-breeze is very cold. On looking here and there over this letter, I find I

Armory.

have omitted to make mention of the Armory. The greatest curiosity it contains is,

Women's armour.

in my opinion, certain armour which some heroines made use of, in a Crusade to the Holy Land, in the year 1301, and the Pontificate of Boniface VIII. In the archives, are said, to be deposited three letters of his Holiness's concerning these Genoese ladies. This armour is nicely contrived for women, yet there are some ridiculous peculiarities belonging to it. Amongst other singular warlike matters, a wooden cannon, and a sword with a pistol in it, seemed to me the most extraordinary.

Emerald Vase.

The famous Emerald Vase, supposed such by many travellers, the Genoese themselves do not pretend to be any thing more than a composition, which for a considerable time had imposed upon the vulgar,

but was, at preſent, become too groſs a deception to elude even their eyes, though expoſed to view through the medium of ſuperſtition and bigotry.

Doges, their appearance.

Do you wiſh to form an idea of what ſort of animal a Doge is? He conſiſts in appearance of ſhades of crimſon; his robes are crimſon velvet, ſtockings, ſhoes, &c. all red; a ſquare cap on his head, which is alſo of a crimſon colour, with a tuft of flame-coloured ſilk in the middle. We met him on foot, his chair following, and with only two attendants, one of which talked to him; there was nothing fierce nor terrific in his face. If you are curious to know about the electing of Doges, how many there have been, and who, and how numerous have been the illuſtrious perſons Genoa has produced, I refer you to Lalande; who will give you ample ſatisfaction in regard to theſe particulars, and ſhall content myſelf with mentioning only two illuſtrious men, Chriſtopher Columbus, and Andrea

Doria; I leave you to moralize upon the different genius of these two plants from the same soil.—As I dare say you will not give yourself the trouble to read Lalande's remarks on the manufactures of Genoa, I inform you in as few words as possible, that the reputation this superb city has acquired for the beauty of her velvets and damasks is not unmerited. If Candide was to see them, he might venture to pronounce them the best of all possible velvets; yet I like those of Lyons better for men's clothes. Their artificial flowers are admirable. I think their gold filagree perfect, and executed in an exceeding good taste; I have purchased some of the best of their productions in this workmanship. You know how great an admirer I am of the purity and other qualities of this metal, though no votary of Plutus. Harlequin and I agree well enough in opinion (see *L'embarras des richesses*). Their territory produces scarcely any thing; yet they have plenty of whatever they

Manufactures.

can

can want from all quarters of the world. I cannot omit mentioning to you one ſingular branch of Genoeſe commerce; for ſuch it is, ſince thereby the ſtate is a gainer; this is dried muſhrooms, of which they export ſuch quantities that it is computed Spain alone returns them yearly for this article the ſum of fifty thouſand livres. We were curious to taſte them, and our hoſt had the complaiſance to ſend to our table an ample diſh of theſe funguſes, well ſoaked and ſtewed in oil. This *buona roba*, as he ſtyled it, was too much for me; however, I determined to taſte it, which was all I could do. The Republic will never be a gainer by me in this branch of trade, though ſelf-compelled to render them both principal and intereſt.

I ſhould not omit mentioning that the ramparts extending all round the port, form a moſt agreeable walk, commencing at the convent called St. Antonio's, and ending at the *Fanal*, or Light-houſe. The height of this tower is 364 Genoeſe palms. Ramparts. Light-houſe.

From

From the rampart you ſees all the ſuburb and the heights above the *bourg Biſagno*, which *bourg* conſiſts of a great number of houſes, palaces, and gardens, and they being upon very unequal ground, produce a ſingular, though beautiful effect. From hence is ſeen alſo the hill d'Albaro, and all the forts for the defence of the town.

Biſagno bourg.

M—— is gone out, he has left his *portefeuille* behind, and I have ſeized the opportunity of copying ſome of its contents. You may be ſure I ſhall give you a moſt faithful copy, nor preſume to add or diminiſh. Addiſon inſinuates, page 7, that the people of Genoa appear poor; on the contrary, they ſeem rich and induſtrious: the ſtate indeed is poor, though its particulars are rich. The public charities of the individuals of Genoa ſurpaſs perhaps thoſe of any other country in Europe of its extent and revenue, witneſs the vaſt number of churches and convents founded and endowed by particular citizens, the great hoſpital by voluntary contribution, the Albergo, the Port

Bounties of individuals.

Frene,

Frene, the houſe for three hundred girls by one ſubject, the church and bridge of Carignan by another, a foundation for the maintenance of two hundred and forty nuns of the order of St. Thereſa by the Brignoli family, who are obliged to attend the Foundling Hoſpital and the Albergo. Marcellinus Durazzo's little college for twelve poor boys of noble parentage: this building joins on to his own palace: they are found in every thing at his ſole expence, and have proper maſters to qualify them for different profeſſions according to their ſeveral abilities and inclinations. The Genoeſe nobility are great œconomiſts; and may be worth generally from 1200 *l. per annum*, to 3, 4, and 5000 pounds Sterling; though few of them have a revenue equal to the latter, excepting the families of Durazzo and Doria. They very ſeldom give entertainments, or even have their friends to eat with them. I had it from good authority, that few of the Genoeſe nobility ſpend more in the ordinary expences of their houſehold than one thouſand

Nobility œconomiſts.

ſand pounds Sterling *per annum*: thus muſt they be always rich while they reſtrain their wants within ſuch reaſonable bounds. They have an œconomical manner of lodging the whole family in one palace; for example, in that of Durazzo, the three ſons with their wives, children, ſervants, *&c.* together with the father's family, all occupy different apartments under the ſame roof. As the nobles always wear black, their dreſs is not expenſive to them. They are not much addicted to play, nor to field-ſports, nor are there many coaches kept here. The preſent families inhabit the palaces as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers left them; and until the velvet and damaſk will no longer ſtick together, they have no notion of new furniſhing. The anceſtors of the nobles enriched themſelves chiefly by commerce. They in general love the French, and hate the Piedmonteſe; a very few of the principal families ſeem attached to the Engliſh, but the greater number diſlike them. The people pretend a

partial

partiality to that nation; perhaps they have their views; as but few of them are diſintereſted. If the Genoeſe (at leaſt the nobles) were to chooſe a maſter, they would undoubtedly prefer France. I believe it was in the fifteenth century that they offered themſelves to that crown, and cauſed money to be ſtruck with the arms of France on one ſide, and thoſe of the republic on the other; what a happy conjunction! But this coin is no longer to be procured. I heard that Lord Fortroſe is poſſeſſed of one piece nearly of the value of twenty ſols.

Addiſon aſſerts their only antiquity to be a Roman roſtrum; though there is beſides a moſt valuable Roman inſcription *, and an antique

Valuable Roman inſcription.

* EXEMPLVM ÆNEÆ TABVLÆ GENVÆ.

Q. Mutius, L. F. Rufus de controverſieis inter Genuateis, et Veiturios in re preſente cognouerunt: et coram inter eos controuerſias copoſciuerunt; et qua lege agrum poſſiderent, et qua fineis fierent, dixerunt: eos fineis facere, terminoſque ſtatui iouſerunt: ubi ea facta eſſent Romam coram venire iuſerunt. Rome coram ſententiam ex ſenati conſulto dixerunt Eidib. Decemb. L. Cecilio, L. F. Cos. qua ager priuatus gaſtelli Veiturorum eſt, quem agrum eos vendere heredemque ſequi licet, is ager vectigal nej fiat. Langatium fineis

Buſt of Vitellius, &c.

antique buſt of Vitellius, worth its weight in gold, in the *palazzo* of Durazzo. He did not take

fineis agri priuati ab riuo infimo qui oritur ab fontej in Manicello ad flouium Edem : ibi terminus ſtat. Inde flouio fuſo vorſum in flouium Lemurina. Inde flouio Lemuri ſurſum uſque ad riuom Gomberane. Inde riuo Gomberanea ſurſum vſque ad convalem ceptiemam, ibi termini duo ſtant circum viam poſtumiam. Ex eis terminis recta regione in riuo Vindupate. Ex riuo Vindupate in flouium Neuiageam. Inde dorſum flouio Neuiagea in flouium Procoberam. Inde flouio Procobera deorſum uſque ad riuum Vinetaſcam infumum : ibei terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum riuo recto Vineſaſca : ibei terminus ſtat ideſt, propter viam poſtumiam. Inde alter trans viam poſtumiam terminus ſtat. Ex eo termino quei ſtat trans viam poſtumiam recta reggione in fontem in Manicetum. Inde deorſum rivo quei oritur ab fonte in manicello ad terminum quei ſtat ad flouium Edem agri publici quod Langenſes poſident : hiſce finis videntur eſſe, vbi confluent Edus et Procobera ; ibei terminus ſtat. Inde Ede flouio ſurſouorſum in montem Lemurino infumo : ibei terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum vorſum iugo recto monte Lemurino : ibei terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum iugo recto Lemurino : ibei terminus ſtat in monte Procequo. Inde ſurſum iugo rectoin montem Lemurinum ſummum ibei terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum iugo recto in Caſtelum qui vocitatuſt Alianus, ibei terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum iuogo recto in montem Louentionem ; ibei terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum iugo recto in montem Appeninum, quei vocatur Boplo ; ibei terminus ſtat. Inde Appeninum iugo recto in montem Tutedonem ; ibei terminus ſtat. Inde deorſum iugo recto in flouium Voraglaſcam montem Berigienam infumo ; ibei terminus eſt. Inde ſurſum iugo recto in montem Prenicum ; ibi terminus ſtat. Inde deorſum iugo recto in flouium Tutelaſcam ; ibi terminus ſtat. Inde ſurſum iugo recto Bluſtiemelo in montem Claxelum ; ibi terminus ſtat. Inde deorſum in fontem Lebriemetum ; ibi terminus ſtat. Inde

recto

take notice of the piece of cannon at the arſenal, which is ſuppoſed to be one of the earlieſt

recto riuo Eniſeca in flouium Procoberam; ibi terminus ſtat. Inde deorſum in flouium Procoberam ubei confluont floui Edus, et Procobera; ibei terminus ſtat. Quem agrum poplicum indicamus eſſe: eum agrum Caſtelanos, Langenſes, Veiturios poſidere fruique videtur oportere: pro eo agro vectigal Langenſes Veituris in poplicum Genuam dent in annos ſingulos VIC. N. CCCC. Sei Langenſes eam pequniam non dabunt neque ſatisfacient arbitratu Genuatium, quod per Genuenſes mora non fiat quo ſetius eam pequniam accipiant, tum quod in eo agro natum erit frumenti partem vicenſumam vini partem ſeſtam Langenſes in poplicum Genuam dare debento in annos ſingulos. Quei intra eos fineis agrum poſedit, Genuas, aut Viturius, quei eorum poſedit K. Sextil. L. Caicilio. Q. Mutio Coſ. eos ita poſidere colereque liceat, eus quei poſidebunt vectigal Langenſibus proportione dent: itant ceteri Langenſes quei eorum in eo agro agrum poſidebunt fruenturque. Preterea in eo agro ni quis poſideto niſi de maiore parte Langenſium Veiturium ſententia: dum ne alium intromittat niſi Genuatem aut Victurium colendi cauſa. Quei eorum de maiore parte Langenſium Veiturium ſententia ita non peribit: is eum agrum nei habeto neiue fruimino. Quei ager compaſcuos erit: in eo agro quominus pecuaſcere Genuates Veiturioſque liceat, itant ei in cetero agro Genuati compaſcuo ne quis prohibeto quominus ex eo agro ligna materiamque ſumant vtanturque. Vectigal anni primi K. Ianuaris ſecundis veturij Langenſes in poplicum Genuam dare debento. Quod ante K. Ianuaris primas Langenſes fructi ſunt eruntque vectigal inuitei dare nei debento. Prata que fuerunt proxima feniſicei L. Cecilio Q. Muutio Cos. in agro poplico quem Viturie Langenſes poſident: et quem Odiates, et quem Dectunines et quem Cauaturines et quem Mentonines poſident: ea prata inuitis Langenſibus et Odiatibus, et Dectuninibus et Cauaturines,

earlieſt invention. The chamber for the powder and ball is of bronze for about fifteen inches; from thence to the mouth it is lined with the ſame metal about a quarter of an inch thick, caſed in wood, painted on the outſide, and forming exactly the appearance of a twelve pounder: I pierced the wood with a ſpear which I found in the arſenal, to prove it. This curious cannon, as alſo the Roman inſcription, have paſſed unnoticed by Keyſler and Lalande. I think Addiſon makes a ſtriking miſtake where he ſays, "It would be wiſe and political in the Genoeſe to prevent their ſubjects from purchaſing and holding lands in foreign do-

rines, et Mentunines quem quiſque eorum agrum poſidebit inuiteis eis nei quis ſicet: neiue paſcat: neiue fruatur. Sei Langenſes aut Odiates aut Dectunines aut Cauaturines aut Mentonines manent in eo agro alia prata immitere, defendere, ſicare, id vti facere liceat, dum ne ampliorem modum pratorum habeant quam proxima eſtate habuerunt, fructique ſunt Viturie. Quei controuerſias Genuenſium ob iniourias iudicati aut damnati ſunt, ſei quis in vinculeis ob eas res eſt; eos omneis ſoluei mittei liberarique Genuenſes videtur oportere ante eidus ſextilis primas. Si quei de ea re iniquam videbitur eſſe, ad nos adeant primo quoque die. Et omnibus controverſeis bono publ. L. Leg. Moco. Mericanio Meticoni. F. Plancus Peliani Pelioni F.

minions."

minions." *Vid.* p. 9. However high ſuch eſtates may be taxed, none of that taxation goes out of the Genoeſe republic; and whatever comes in from the *païs etrangeres* is certainly ſo much clear gain to this little ſtate. How ſhould a ſmall ſtrip of country, in itſelf wretched and barren, with but indifferent harbours, and a bigotted fanatical people find in their own miſerable territory, that wealth and proſperity ſo viſible in every quarter of this great city, did they not manure this farm with the produce of others.

Their poſſeſſions out of the territory of Genoa are (I have it from the beſt authorities) nearly equal to the whole income of that ſtate; and all is ſpent in the town. As to their being the more likely to give themſelves up to Spain or Naples by reaſon of ſuch tenures, that is unnatural: weak in themſelves, and unwarlike, they cannotreſiſt any one power; but their ſafety has hitherto depended, and muſt always depend upon the intereſt others have, in their

continuing a free ſtate: their acquiſition would too much increaſe the conſequence and influence of any neighbouring power. Beſides, what bribe can Spain, Naples, or even France offer to the Genoeſe nobility as an equivalent for their liberty? Can they out of their own houſes, ſee any thing deſirable in the palaces of Kings? Rich in their frugality, in the poſſeſſion of honours, of power, and conſideration, can a noble Genoeſe envy the prime miniſter or favourite of any crowned head in Europe?

They import corn from Naples, Sicily, and take no inconſiderable quantity from Lombardy.

The mole of Genoa is much expoſed to a bombardment: five or ſix ſhips of the line could ſail full into the harbour, notwithſtanding the croſs wall and the baſtions, which might probably have no very conſiderable effect upon them. It is believed, that had Ad——l M—— been ſerious in 1746, the town muſt have been laid in aſhes; but perhaps his orders were to the contrary,

as he permitted proviſions and reinforcements of troops to paſs into the harbour unmoleſted. The only ſhell from his fleet that came near the town fell upon a rock, which I ſaw, not far from the bridge of Carignan, and does not appear to have been thrown to do execution. For a political criticiſm upon this ſubject quite in the ſpirit of a Frenchman, *vid.* Lalande, vol. viii. p. 467.

The Republic had ſix galleys in Addiſon's time; they have now four only, which are mounted by levying a tax on each perſon for permiſſion to eat butter, eggs, and cream in Lent." Thus far I have copied; I think I have already mentioned this tax in my letter: I am turning over the *portfeuille* to find ſome more particulars that I have not already taken notice of, to prevent repetitions.

Here follows ſomething of the police, *&c.* The *Sbirri* at Genoa are pretty much like our conſtables; they are alſo the executors of all arreſts, the collectors of taxes, and guards of the ports. They are abhorred by

the people, protected ſtrongly by the Great, and what is called here the Prince, by which is meant the government. The officers of juſtice appear in as infamous a light as the *boureaus* in France. They always marry amongſt each other; the meaneſt wretch of Genoa would deem it a diſgrace to marry the daughter or ſiſter of a *Sbirri*; of courſe a *Sbirri* never marries any woman but the daughter or ſiſter of another *Sbirri*, as no other woman will accept of him. They can have no ſociety but with thoſe of their own fraternity; as it is ignominious for their neighbours to aſſociate with them. It frequently happens that the females of theſe *Sbirri* are remarkably handſome; their beauty procures them the particular attention and protection of the Nobles; ſcarcely one of whom has not a favourite miſtreſs amongſt them. Theſe men run great riſks in the execution of their office; there are at leaſt ten or twelve of them killed every year by the populace, in the execution of their duty.

Sixty

Sixty livres is the allowance for each arreſt. At the approach of night they walk the ſtreets in ſmall bands or parties, in order to prevent aſſaſſinations, which are not uncommon here. It is abſolutely againſt the law for any perſon to carry a *ſtilletto* concealed about him; therefore when the *Sbirri* meet with a ſuſpicious perſon, they ſurround him immediately, ſtroke him down the ſides and hips, to diſcover whether or not he has a *ſtilletto* about him. If they find one, he is hurried away to priſon, and there detained for ſix months; for a firſt offence, in caſe the offender bears a good character in the town, he is fined in the ſum of ſixty livres, coſts and expences; when not intitled to this favour, he is either ſent to the galleys for life, or for a conſiderable term of years. Notwithſtanding this ordinance of government, there is not a Genoeſe who does not poſſeſs a *ſtilletto*, and contrive, at all hazards, to carry it about him. This deadly inſtrument makes its way at one

ſtroke, through the ribs, the ſpine of the back, or the ſhoulder-blade; ſo well is the ſteel tempered. The moſt dreadful accidents frequently happen in the ſtreets; for on receiving the ſlighteſt provocation, the *ſtillettos* make their appearance; they aſſail each other with great ferocity, and no unconcerned ſpectator ever interpoſes, fearing a momentary reſentment of either combatants may prove fatal to him; and even though one ſhould fall, yet nobody preſent ever thinks of purſuing or ſtopping the murderer: *a culpa di coltello* is looked upon here, as a black eye or a bloody noſe in England. Another reaſon why the ſpectators of a fray do not interpoſe is, that the family of the guilty perſon are implacable towards an informer; and never fail to requite his officiouſneſs, ſooner or later, with a *colpo di coltello*. The manner in which the guilty aſſaſſin ſecures himſelf is by going immediately on board a foreign veſſel in the harbour, where he remains in ſafety till the accident is forgot; but in

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caſe of proſecution, and the procurement of an order for ſeizing him, then a year or two of abſence, with five or ſix hundred livres properly applied, rarely fails of inſuring his pardon and permiſſion to return in ſafety. If the wound is but ſlight, the aſſaſſin never thinks even of going on ſhipboard, but walks off to the neareſt church, where, in the portico, or on the ſteps, he is in ſafety; but if the wound proves mortal, the church no longer offers him an aſylum. The churches are alſo very convenient for all pilferers, who are there in ſecurity from the *Sbirri*; but in the caſe of highway-robbers, houſe-breakers, and aſſaſſins, an order is procured by the Doge from the Archbiſhop, who never refuſes it, authoriſing the civil power to act by theſe refugees as they ſee proper. Theſe obſervations of M—— bring to my mind the only time I have ſeen the *Sbirri* in employment. The ſteps of the *Annunciata* are covered by vagabonds, ſturdy boys, and wenches;

theſe ſally out at night to pick pockets, at which handicraft they are dextrous enough, and in the day-time ſell their ſtolen goods to Jew-pedlars who paſs by. The other day a lubberly boy, about ſixteen years old, was ſo ſilly as to confide in a young damſel his ſweetheart, who was no other than a common ſtreet-walker. She brought her knitting and kept him company all day on the ſteps, excepting when ſhe left him to fetch him victuals; at night they ſtrolled about the ſtreets together, filching what they could lay their hands on; this laſted a few days, and I conſtantly obſerved them from my window, till at laſt the *Sbirri* prevailed upon the damſel to perſuade him there was no danger in venturing abroad a little by day-light. He was prevailed upon, but had not got twenty paces from the church before a ſmall party of ſailors in appearance ſurrounded him, and took him away with them; theſe ſailors were in fact *Sbirri*, who

who thus diſguiſed themſelves to entap this young culprit, and conducted him immediately on board a galley. The *Sbirri* are to be paid ſixty livres for the two years he is to remain on board, his crime not being ſufficiently great to demand more ſeverity. Our *Ciceroni* mentioned a remarkable anecdote in relation to our hoſt, as follows: that when young, he was exceedingly addicted to all ſorts of debauchery, and in a fit of choler ſtabbed a man to death; he ſheltered himſelf in his father's houſe, not doubting to find an aſylum more ſecure and more agreeable than he could expect at Cadiz, had he ſailed thither, as his countrymen do in like circumſtances; but, to his great diſappointment, his father gave him up to juſtice, with the reſerve of ſparing his life, and conſenting to a ten years impriſonment. This was granted. The time being almoſt expired, and his mother perceiving her laſt hour approaching, requeſted to ſee her ſon before ſhe ſhould expire; her requeſt was complied with, and he

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is ſaid to have profited much by her dying admonitions. However, this report is not clear of contradiction; but as far as our knowledge of him reaches, we muſt allow him to have behaved honeſtly enough. At firſt I was obliged to diſpute his prices, as they appeared exorbitant, he abated ſomething in conſequence; but had I known what I now know, I ſhould not have ventured to have put him in a paſſion, I aſſure you. It is ſingular, that the wretched old penitent, who I have already mentioned to you (the ſtep-licker), is couſin-german to this our hoſt.

The Republic ſeems, upon the whole, to be more ſevere towards thieves than murderers; perhaps they conſider the loſs of goods as a greater inconvenience to ſociety than the loſs of lives. This is ſomething like the ſtate-œconomy of France; the greater the number who die in conſequence of the preſent dearth you mention, the more bread will remain for the living. It is remarkable, that for theſe four months paſt

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the Genoeſe have maintained ſo pacific a diſpoſition, that no body has died of a *colpo di coltello*; may this breathing-time have a long continuance!

France is much indebted to the Genoeſe, but they will not eaſily be perſuaded to give her farther credit, after the late reduction in 1770.

The Prince of Condé, upon his own account, is at this time negociating a loan here, for two millions of livres at four and a half *per cent.* payable half-yearly, and likely to ſucceed. He ſecures them by a mortgage upon *Chantilli*. The Genoeſe ſend their money into England, Holland, France, Spain, Germany, *&c.* not having opportunities of employing it in their own confined territory.

Keyſler ſays, p. 128, that the number of ſervants are limited at Genoa. This is true in ſome reſpects; a Noble is not allowed to appear with more than two chairmen, one *valet de chambre*, and one footman. His wife may have the ſame allowance,

ance, with an additional footman. His ſteward, butler, cook, and their rabble of underlings, do not come within this ſumptuary law. In ſhort, no one Genoeſe has a ſervant the leſs for this law, and few, if any, can afford to keep the number permitted them.

Almoſt every article of life comes within the *gabelle* at Genoa: corn, wine, oil, coffee, ſalt, butcher's meat, *&c.* all pay exorbitantly; each ox which comes from Piedmont pays 150 Piedmonteſe livres *entrée*, though worth, in the whole, no more than 300 or 320; and this is paid upon entering the territories of the Republic. All maſters of wine-houſes muſt take their wine from the Prince, as alſo their bread and oil, under ſevere fines, impriſonments, and even the galleys. The *gabelle* of Coffee pays 150,000 livres *per* year for the excluſive permiſſion. A thing almoſt incredible, unleſs it is conſidered that no publican nor coffee-houſe can ſell a diſh of coffee that is not procured from the only houſe where it is made

made in great caldrons, containing ſeveral gallons each, out of which they ſend it by pints and quarts; but each individual (publicans as above excepted) may manufacture it for himſelf. All fiſh is taxed by the magiſtrate to one third of its value, the moment of its appearance in the market.

The Nobility of Genoa have no immunities as to receiving proviſions of any ſort duty-free, as in France, *&c.* whence many of them paſs much of their time at their country-palaces. They remain out of town the months of Auguſt, *&c.* to December. Keyſler aſſerts, p. 129. that the new Nobility have a particular walk on the left ſide of the exchange, and the old on the right. The fact is, the old Nobility have a room in a houſe about fifty yards from the exchange, where they only ſit in the ſummer, and where the new nobility cannot enter, who can only have their chairs placed in front of the exchange. There is no diſtinct walk for them within the exchange or bank, as Keyſler mentions.

The College of Jeſuits contains at preſent about forty members, and one half of that number are compoſed of noble Genoeſe, which ſeems an abundant ſecurity for the continuance of this ſociety. They educate about four hundred children, but none of the firſt nobility, except two families, have at this time Jeſuit preceptors.

The Genoeſe, from their commerce with other nations, are very quick of apprehenſion, gueſſing at what you would ſay, however ill you may expreſs yourſelf. Nor do they think a ſtranger ridiculous for not ſpeaking their language fluently, much leſs conclude him a fool, as the French do; raſhly confounding words and ideas, and ſuppoſing the want or miſapplication of the former to proceed from a defect or confuſion in the latter. In dealing with a Genoeſe, the bargain is ſoon concluded; for they ſeldom aſk more than they mean to take, and are a people of few words.

Here muſt quit the *portefeuille* * * * but have ſtill ſomething more to ſay before

I leave Genoa. Having as yet taken no notice of their natural hiſtory, before I begin upon this new ſubject, I muſt not omit to mention their chairs, and the reverberating lamps for lighting the ſtreets. The chairs are extremely well made; they are lined with velvet, and finely varniſhed on the outſide. The common hackney-chairs are perfectly neat and clean, and the chairmen as good as thoſe in London. Their reverberating lamps hang in the middle of the ſtreets, and by means of a high poliſh within, and the ſuſpenſion of the box that contains the oil in a particular manner, the light proceeding from them is not only extremely brilliant, but ſeems perpetually increaſing or augmenting its rays from within. They have altogether a beautiful effect.

Lighting the ſtreets, chairs, &c.

Marble is very well ſculptured at Genoa. The fineſt marbles found in this country are the alabaſter of Seſtri, the red and green of Polcevera, and the white marble of Carara.

Marbles.

The

Lavagna, and other natural productions.

The ſlate called lavagna is extremely common here; it is brought from a very large quarry about twenty-five miles from Genoa; and put to a variety of uſes, as tables, ſhelves, *&c.* cold and diſagreeable both to the touch and view; rooms are paved with it, but it never appears clean. I obſerved as we deſcended the *buchetta*, where the ground had been cut away for the road, ſeveral ſtrata, chiefly conſiſting of various ſorts of ſchiſtus, intermixed with quartz, here and there rocks of marble veined with red, and a great deal of ſlate-like ſubſtance of a browniſh caſt, with ſhining ſilvery particles; and at about ſix miles from Genoa, on that ſide called *St. Pietro D'Arena*, a black magnetic ſand, which is found in plenty after ſtorms on the ſea-beach.

I have the pleaſure to acquaint you, that you have, in theſe long letters, ſuch particulars as appeared to me moſt worthy of notice in this Republic. We are about to leave Genoa immediately. I

ſhall

ſhall write to you from *Piacenza* (Plaiſance). My letter is ſuch a volume, that I am obliged to diſpoſe of it in parts, under three or four covers. I have not the leaſt intention to make an apology to *you* for its tediouſneſs. On the contrary, I think you ſhould be very much obliged to me for the fatigue I have had (though perhaps to little purpoſe) writing ſo fully and circumſtantially in obedience to your commands; for I aſſure you I have lived here in a very hurrying manner. News is juſt brought us of an Engliſh ſhallop being arrived in the port; but ſhe is too far off as yet to know who ſhe brings. No paſſengers on board; but is a felucca arrived with two Engliſh from Antibes. Mr. M—— and his governor. Adieu. From, *&c.*

M—— has wrote to his banker at Florence, to ſend all letters addreſſed to us to Bologna, as we ſhall make ſome little ſtay there; and you may judge how impatient we both are to hear from you.

LETTER XIX.

Plaiſance, (Piacenza) Nov. 16th, 1770.

AFTER a moſt diſagreeable journey, here are we at Piacenza. We left Genoa the 14th after dinner, and lay at Novi. Novi, where we were very ill ſerved; the evening was raw and cold, and the chimneys ſmoked to ſuch a degree, that the effect to me was a violent cold and ſore throat. Our beds were wretched, the apartment extremely dirty; and our ſupper conſiſted of three diſhes of what they call roaſt-meat, that is, lumps of meat fried in ſtinking oil, with ſome wretched *hors d'oeuvres* of ſallads, hard eggs and chopped anchovies, all anointed with the ſame oil. After paſſing a ſleepleſs night, we chearfully quitted Novi at about eight o'clock yeſterday morning. The day was fine and bright, which was extremely lucky; for had it rained, we ſhould have ſuffered much more than we did from the badneſs of the road. From Novi to Tortona and from thence

thence to Voghera, is one continued ſlough of quaking clay and marle, through which we waded, the carriage ſinking into the mud up to the naves of the fore-wheels. At Voghera they gave us bad poſt-horſes. We had all the difficulty imaginable to make half the poſt with them; probably they had never been in harneſs before. The poſtilions, who are a cruel race in every country, did not ſpare the perſuaſive eloquence of the whip, to make theſe beaſts go forward; which they determined not to do, if to be avoided: ſometimes they plunged in the ſlough, then run furiouſly for a little way, kicking on all ſides, and floundering; to increaſe their ungovernable diſpoſition, there was a wild colt amongſt them, which I ſuppoſe the poſtmaſter at Voghera choſe we ſhould have the honour of breaking in. We were at laſt obliged to get out and halt at a wretched public-houſe in the road, which our courier hinted to us had a bad reputation for ſafety. However, we perceived nothing that had

Voghera

any appearance of that nature. Here we waited above half an hour, our poſtilions aſſuring us they every moment expected ſome very good poſt-horſes, who were returning to Voghera, that they could anſwer for. Our patience at length being exhauſted, we entered our carriage, and with great difficulty got on one mile further to a ſmall village: after waiting there above an hour, three poſt-horſes only arrived; which were the excellent beaſts our poſtilions had promiſed us; ſo we were at laſt obliged to mix ſome of the ſteadieſt of our wild beaſts with theſe new arrivals. During the hour we waited at this village, M—— inquired whether there was not a governor or commandant in the neighbourhood; they told him there was a commandant who lived not a great way from the village; M—— immediately walked to him, and finding him at home, demanded redreſs for the treatment he had received from the poſtmaſter at Voghera, for not having fulfilled his engagement as to the furniſhing

furniſhing him with proper and able horſes, and alſo the having been the occaſion of a great loſs of time and much fatigue, *&c.* The commandant behaved with great politeneſs and civility, but informed him he had no power over the poſtmaſter at Voghera; aſſuring him, however, that he would write to the governor of that town, and have the poſtmaſter puniſhed. (This part of the country belongs to the King of Sardinia). In ſhort, it appeared that the power of the commandant was bounded to the care of the cuſtoms. Finding there was no redreſs to be had, we once more ſet forward, and with much difficulty arrived at a wretched place called Bron, where we were obliged to lie, though no more than four poſts from Piacenza. Upon our arrival at Bron, M—— expected to find there a *Podeſta*, (which Perſonage in Italy, I think, anſwers to the judicial officer called *Monſieur le Magiſtra*, you muſt remember in *Anette* and *Lubin*, and who I believe is the torment of every *bourg* in France) Bron.

to whom he might apply for juſtice againſt our rogues of poſtilions, who had the conſcience to charge us to the utmoſt that could be expected, had we been perfectly well uſed, and demanded moſt unreaſonably for their trouble, as if they had merited a double reward for their inſolence, lazineſs, and the time they had made us loſe. The *podeſta*, who it ſeems has been formerly a ſergeant, could not be found; we were then neceſſitated to comply with the *tariffa*, or regulation of the poſts *, ſuppoſing the agreement to be kept up to, but not a farthing extraordinary to the poſtilions for their trouble. Bron, is the boundary between the dominions of the King of Sardinia and thoſe of the Infant Duke of Parma. This morning we paſſed the river Serivia, the water being low, it was not in the leaſt dangerous. The river is by no means beautiful; great part of its bed lies bare, and a

Serivia river.

* The poſts in the Genoeſe territories and the King of Sardinia's are very dear; without reckoning any other expences on the road, the bare poſting for thirty miles coſts five guineas.

vaſt

vaſt number of ſmall ſtreams (which compoſe the river) branch out various ways, ſo that the effect produced is extremely diſagreeable; heaps of ſtone, like rubbiſh, lie ſcattered about unequally, and the whole appears a deſert waſte, without trees, graſs, or even the ſmalleſt verdure upon its banks. Our inn is bad, our eatables worſe; a diſh of fiſh which had been dreſſed *au bleu* ſome time ago, to prevent ſtinking, but which had not ſucceeded, was ſerved in a ſauce of fetid oil burnt; a ſmall lump of coarſe veal ſauced in the ſame manner, by way of *fricando*; a pigeon which had very much the air of a crow, and by its flying attitude in the diſh, led me to think that by ſome accident it had been ſhot when flying over the kitchen, and falling down the chimney into the fire, *cuoco* had induſtriouſly raked it out of the aſhes, finding it well ſinged, and ſerved it up to the *forreſtieri*. This morning upon calling for our bill, we found the hoſt thought

himſelf a *gallant uomo* *, in not charging more than ſeventeen French livres for our ſupper, and that of M——'s *valet de chambre*; for we do not conſiſt of more than three upon the road. In a letter I wrote you from Turin, which chiefly contained domeſtic affairs, I ought to have told you I had determined to ſuffer the lighter inconvenience of two; preferring that of being without a woman-ſervant on the road, to the being troubled with a chamber-maid to convey from one place to another, ſubject to her ill-humour and impertinence, and, may be, to not a few reproaches, for having perſuaded her (though at a very great expence) to quit her dear country and friends. You recollect my *Pariſian, &c.* therefore I reſolved to take a maid in every town we mean to paſs any time in, and to diſcharge her at the moment of our depar-

* A phraſe that means an honourable, juſt, and honeſt man.

ture.

ture. Hitherto it has ſucceeded to my wiſhes; and I aſſure you I can dreſs myſelf for my journey leſs awkwardly, and almoſt as ſoon, as when I had a maid with me. But I muſt return to our hoſt. I diſputed his bill, but could only get three livres ten ſols ſtruck off. The firſt poſt we made this morning was almoſt the whole way through corn-fields and vineyards, the road being impaſſable: it was one continued ſwallow. We were very ſorry to do ſo much miſchief to the corn-fields and vines, but the poſtilions did not ſeem to have the leaſt conſideration; they acted as the poſtmaſter at Bron had ordered them, and I think broke down and ſpoiled more fences and vines than was neceſſary. We paſſed another river to-day, the famous Trebia; it was neither dangerous nor deep. The weather is very diſagreeable here: all this day we have travelled through a thick fog, but juſt clear enough to find our way. When we reached the town, its appearance was by no means inviting, nor did it improve

The Trebia river.

Piacenza.

prove upon a nearer acquaintance. We drove through a conſiderable part of it, in order to reach the inn, the beſt here (ſign of St. Mark). The town ſeems like an aſſemblage of wretched villages. The houſes look like barns, bleak, and ready to fall to ruin; the windows few, narrow, and barred, and the doors as large as thoſe of barns in England. I cannot imagine how this town acquired the appellation of *Piacenza*; for it is the moſt unpleaſant, raw, foggy, naſty place imaginable. We do not intend to remain here longer than to-morrow, having fixed our little journey to Parma for Monday: therefore adieu; for I muſt go ſee what is remarkable at Piacenza, which I ſhall impart to you moſt faithfully. I have juſt concluded the bargain with our hoſt for our dinners and ſuppers whilſt we ſtay: he demanded forty pauls a-head for each repaſt, beſides our fires; but I have worn him down to twenty-four. What an odious country, where if one do not make the agreement

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beforehand, you are at the mercy of the inn-keeper, who charges unconſcionably; and if you complain to a magiſtrate, inſtead of redreſs, you will probably be benefited in future by following the advice the man of law will laviſh upon you, and all *gratis*; "Never to truſt an inn-keeper again, but to make your bargain beforehand."

Equeſtrian ſtatues.

We have been to ſee the famous Equeſtrian ſtatues of bronze, placed in the market-place, fronting the town-houſe; they repreſent two Dukes of the Farneſe family. Alexander Farneſe, third Duke of Plaiſance; and the other, Ranutio, his ſon, who ſucceeded his father. Theſe ſtatues were erected at public expence, and are the work of one John Bologna (this artiſt was born at Douay in Flanders, and was the ſcholar of Michael Angelo). Although the French beſtow the moſt extravagant praiſes on all the ſtatues of this maſter, and are in raptures when they ſpeak of Henry the Fourth's on *Pont-neuf* at Paris, that which is far

from being void of faults; nor are theſe, I aſſure you. Lalande, like the reſt of his countrymen, commends them much more than they deſerve. There are ſome ſtriking faults in the anatomy of both; the horſes bellies are too big, they ſeem like mares in foal; that of Henry IV. is liable to the ſame objection: there is too great a diſtance between the eyes and ears of each; (this is ſo apparent, that it muſt ſtrike the eyes of a common farrier): conſequently the eyes are moſt unnaturally near the noſtrils. They have an abundance of tail and main, particularly Alexander's horſe, the beſt of the two, more than any living horſes ever had; the near leg of Ranutio's, which ſeems as if he was about to put it to the ground, appears lame and hurt by the fearful manner it ſeems to deſcend; yet the attitudes of the horſes altogether are good. The Dukes are clothed in Greek drapery; a kind of mantle hangs over their ſhoulders, which flows gracefully behind, as if agitated by the wind.

The

The whole of the drapery is treated in a large manner; perhaps it is too airy and fluttering, if that be a fault. Their perſons are ſhort, and their muſcles too ſtrongly marked. The pedeſtals are ridiculouſly ſmall, and the genii, or children that decorate them, though in a good taſte, are too much twiſted and twined: thoſe at the baſe are in a cold manner, and detached more than neceſſary from the pedeſtal. The bas reliefs do not appear to have been the work of the ſame maſter; there is a hardneſs in the deſign, and, by a very bad contrivance of the artiſt, the groups in front are quite ſeparated from thoſe which form the ground; and being ſculptured flat and thin, leave a void between them and the others; this offends the eye when viewed from one ſide, and alſo produces too dark a ſhadow on the bas relief. There is a Latin inſcription on each pedeſtal: M—— tranſlates them thus for me; one, that of Alexander, imports, That he had conquered the Flemings, and had ſpread the

renown

renown of Piacenza to the remoteſt quarters of the world, &c. therefore the town, to ſhew their gratitude, erected this monument to its invincible ſovereign. The other pedeſtal reports Ranutio to be the guardian of juſtice, the friend of equity, the eſtabliſher of tranquillity, the inventor and encourager of foreign artiſts, an increaſer of population, and an embelliſher of his country, &c.

To-morrow we devote to ſeeing the churches, pictures, &c.

We have juſt dined, and to give you an idea of what our hoſt calls an excellent dinner, I preſent you with a bill of fare; (for I am ſure you like to know what we eat, as well as what we ſee, that you may ſeem to live and accompany us in all our actions); a ſoup compoſed of bad butter, water, and a ſmall quantity of whole rice; ſome boiled lettuce, ſauſages ſeaſoned with carraway-ſeeds and currants, a lean pigeon boiled, and a freſh-killed hen roaſted in the frying-pan. As we have dined extremely

late,

late, I have ordered grapes and Parmeſan-cheeſe for ſupper; not chooſing to have a ſecond edition of the ſame fare, at leaſt not before to-morrow. Would you believe that the *Piacenzas* who have the cheeſe of the Parmeſan and of Lodi (and of a better kind than what is brought to England) give the preference to the cheeſe of Gruyere, which you and I deteſt for its fetid odour, *&c.*

The weather here is raw and cold, with the accompaniment of a rainy fog. Wood is extremely dear, ſo our kind hoſt dines the *voiturins*, poſtilions, and ſuch ſort of poor people, in an open ſhed like a Dutch barn. Hearing a great noiſe, like quarrelling, under the window, I inquired what the matter was, when it appeared that a poor *voiturin* called for two faſcines of wood, at a paul each (the ſame we pay) to make a fire, and a gill of wine inſtead of ſupper, chooſing rather to be warmed than filled.

Sunday evening.

Cathedral. After paſſing a very bad night in wretched beds, we ſet out this morning to ſee the Cathedral,

Cathedral, *&c.* This church, called here *il duomo*, is an old one in a bad Gothic taſte. There is a picture over the altar, by Camillo Procaccino, brother to the Giulio Cæſare Procaccino, who painted the famous *Cena* in the church of the *Annunciata* at Genoa; though brothers by nature, they are not ſo by art; for Camillo is not equal to Giulio, yet were they both taught in the ſchool of the *Carrachis*. The *Chanoine* who ſhewed us the pictures, ſaid, the ſubject of this was the Virgin ſick in bed. On each ſide of the ſanctuary is a picture; the ſubject of that on the left, is the carrying her body to interment; in that to the right are ſeveral perſons buſily employed gathering up linen, and other relicks that had touched her body. Theſe two are by Louigi Carracci. As to the firſt, that by Camillo Procaccino is in bad conſervation: thoſe on each ſide of it bear the diſtinguiſhing marks of a great maſter. The figures appear Coloſſal, the picture being placed too low: they are executed in a great manner for the deſign and the

Camillo Proccacino.

Louigi Carracci.

folds of the drapery, but one muſt paſs over the want of preciſion in the colouring, and certain neglects in the proportions, keeping, &c. Over theſe pictures, and by way of frize, are two more (wide) ones, by Luigi Carracci; each repreſents a Prophet extremely foreſhortened, and ſo ſpread out that they are quite extravagant; like one's face ſeen in a ſpoon the broad way. The centrical part of the vaulted roof over theſe pictures is painted in freſco by the ſame hand, and repreſents an aſſemblage of angels, foreſhortened on a blue ground, intended, as I ſuppoſe, for the ſky. The cupola is painted in freſco by Guercino in compartments forming various pictures; eight in the center repreſent prophets and angels; under theſe, as in a frize, more angels; lower ſtill are ſybils, and ſome ſubjects taken from the New Teſtament. The out-lines of all theſe figures are too ſtrong and hard, the colouring ſo forcible, and the ſhadows ſo diſtinct, that they retain no ſoftneſs at all. The colouring upon the whole is too much

Guercino.

of a lead-colour: the flying figures appear heavy. In a chapel to the left of the Nef is a picture by Lanfranco *; the ſubject a Hermit holding a Death's-head, and a glory of little angels above him; the drapery is tolerable; the hands natural; the colour clear and good; and the angels heads particularly well drawn. A Picture, the author unknown, repreſenting a St. Alexis dead, a biſhop reading a letter, the Saint's wife deploring his death on her knees, leaning on his coffin, his mother wringing her hands, and his old father ſeems tranſfixed by the violence of his grief and affliction. The *Chanoine* told us the piece was taken from the real hiſtory of this Saint: that he was born at Rome, and married there; but having a ſudden call to a religious, auſtere, and chaſte life, the very day of his marriage, he quitted his wife and family, and ſet out upon a pilgri-

* Lanfranco was born in this town; he was a page in the family of Scotti (a noble houſe of Piacenza), and has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the art of painting. Two of his pictures are remarkably famous; the ſubject of one of them is the Rape of Helen; of the other, the ſacking of Troy.

mage;

mage; after wandering about ſeventeen years, during which time he ſuffered all ſorts of mortifications and hardſhips, he returned home almoſt naked, and in extreme poverty, to his father's houſe; where, not making himſelf known, the ſervants ſuffered him to take ſhelter upon a ſtaircaſe; there an illneſs ſeizing him, (the effect of the hardſhips he had undergone) ſoon terminated his wretched life. When dead, a letter was found in his hand, which no force could wreſt from him, till, at the approach of a holy biſhop, the hand opened ſpontaneouſly, and I need not add the letter was read. This is the moment the painter has taken; the letter was to inform his family who he was, *&c.* The *Chanoine* perceiving by his countenance what paſſed in M——'s mind, fetched an old book from a ſhelf juſt by, intitled the Lives of the Saints, and turned to that of St. Alexis, which agreed, as far as he read it, with the above relation. After ſuch a proof, who can doubt? This picture has great merit; the Saint appears evi-

dently to have died from extreme want and ſickneſs. It has the ſtrength and expreſſion of Eſpagniolette. In the ſame church is an old Monument to the memory of Philippus Sega Bonon, Cardinal of Piacenza, with a Latin inſcription, in which is noticed his having left an annual fund for ſome yearly offices to be performed for the repoſe of himſelf and his wife. [The *Chanoine* ſuppoſed he was a widower when he entered into holy orders.] There is another monument raiſed to the memory of one Barmus, Biſhop of Piacenza, who died 1731, aged 82; his Latin inſcription imports that he had been biſhop of that town forty-four years; during which time he had never quarrelled, either with the Holy See or with his Prince. His nephew cauſed this monument to be, *&c.* to perpetuate his memory.

Church of St. Agoſtino. Vignola.

The Church of St. Agoſtino, the Architecture by Vignola, decorated with a Doric order. There are five nefs; double arches ſuſtained by columns, ſeparated by arcades, and as many ſmall cupolas

or

or domes as arcades in the ſide-iſles. It is a beautiful building. The convent belonging to this church conſiſts of two large courts built round. In the late war the King of Sardinia turned theſe fathers out of their convent, and converted the church, and building round one of the courts, into an hoſpital for his troops, and the other ſquare into a magazine for forage; but twenty-five Monks at preſent inhabit this vaſt building, though it would afford ample accommodations for four hundred. They are extremely rich, and are reputed to live in luxury. Being at dinner while we were viewing their church, M—— offered a conſiderable bribe to our conductor, to let us have a peep at them through a door or window privately; but he could not be prevailed upon.

In the Sacriſty is a Crucifixion on Mount Calvary, ſculptured in wood: compoſed of about an hundred and twenty figures; ſome old, ſome young, ſome on foot, ſome on horſeback. It is the work of a German, Sculpture curious.

about two hundred years ſince. The two crucified thieves have a prieſt ſtanding by each of their croſſes. It is ſurpriſingly well carved. Great variety of character and expreſſion in the figures, both the near and thoſe in the perſpective of Mount Calvary. They ſay it conſiſts of only three pieces of wood, and though we carefully examined it as far as its height allowed, we could not perceive any joining.

Church Madona de la Campagna. Pictures. Parmugianino.

The Church called *La Madona de la Campagna* is remarkable for its painting. In a ſmall chapel near the entrance is a picture by Parmegianino; it is not in good conſervation, yet what remains perfect is very fine. The ſubject is a Saint who lays his hands upon the books of the Old and New Teſtament. The drawing is in a great ſtyle; but the colours are faint, and too much inclining to a general red tint. In the ſame church are about twenty ſmall pictures by Pordenone, the ſubjects taken from the New Teſtament, but not extraordinarily well done. The freſco-painting, of which there is a great quantity in this church,

Pordenone.

church, is attributed to Paul Veroneſe, tho' without ſufficient merit in my opinion to be the production of this maſter. Paul Veroneſe.

In the Church of St. Jean ſtrangers are ſhewn two ſtatues of children who adorn the tomb of Lucretia, daughter to Philip Alziati, a noble Genoeſe. They pretend at Piacenza that theſe ſtatues are examples of perfection in ſculpture; we thought them indifferent and ill compoſed, particularly the legs, which bear no true proportion to the hips *. Lalande is miſtaken, in ſaying it was from this church the King of Poland had the Raphael; for it was from that of St. Sextus that it was purchaſed for him, in the year 1754, for twelve thouſand ſequins; which money the good Benedictins appropriated to the paying off ſome debts, and buying lands, to the in- St. Jean church. Statues.

* We obſerved a wooden crucifix faſtened to the pulpit, in ſuch a manner as that the preacher might turn it about at pleaſure on all ſides; a practice much in uſe amongſt all the preaching Monks in Italy; but in general they take them from their boſoms, and holding them up to the eyes of the audience, exhort them, &c. to their duty.

Copy of a Raphael.

creaſe of their revenue. The copy, though very well done, draws thither but few ſtrangers; ſo they loſe many perquiſites now, the original had procured them whilſt in their poſſeſſion; but they ſhould be content with having made ſo ſubſtantial an exchange. It repreſents a Virgin with an Infant Jeſus in her arms; at her feet, on one ſide, is a Saint kneeling; on the other ſide the like, with a *chappe* and a *thiarre* at his feet. Lower down, and at the edge of the picture, are two angels. The Virgin's attitude is ſimple and noble, finely draped, as are the other figures; the air of the heads is admirable, and the faces fine. His hands, who appears to be a Pope, are remarkably well done; his face has all the appearance of being a portrait. The Infant Jeſus and the Angels want thoſe graces that belong to beautiful children. The clouds are grey, clear, ſoft, and light, exactly like real clouds in a fine ſummer's day. The ground behind the Virgin is too white, which prevents her figure from appearing

as

as detached from the picture as ſhe would otherwiſe do.

The Ducal Palace, deſigned by Vignola, but not above half completed, is of brick. The modern part (and that not finiſhed) was built by Margaret of Auſtria: it appears as intended to form a ſquare; the architecture is ſimple, and in a good ſtile: the grand apartment on the *rez de chauſſee* conſiſts of five rooms *en ſuite*, including a bed-chamber: this apartment is decorated with ingenuity, and in a fine taſte. Children modelled in ſtucco embelliſh the alcove in the bed-chamber, and are deſervedly and univerſally admired, the work of Algardi. The ornaments of the apartment on the firſt floor are ſo crowded as to appear heavy; but the brilliancy of the gilding is remarkable: it was gilt with the gold of ſequins, which is eſteemed the pureſt by the Italians. It has never been touched, refreſhed, nor cleaned, except common duſting, ſince the time of Margaret of Auſtria, yet appears as freſh as if finiſhed

Ducal Palace. Vignola.

Algardi.

niſhed but yeſterday, though this palace ſtands in a damp ſituation, is almoſt conſtantly enveloped with a fog which riſes from the Po, and has not been inhabited ſince the year 1737, except for about ſix weeks, by the King of Sardinia, in the late war, when he obliged the inhabitants of the town to furniſh it for him. All its original furniture, with a large collection of pictures, were tranſported by order of the Infant Don Carlos to Naples in 1737, when he quitted Parma and Placentia to take poſſeſſion of that kingdom.

Theatre. The theatre is built on to the palace, is well conſtructed and convenient; but there are no other edifices, either public or private, excepting thoſe I have mentioned, worthy the notice of a traveller. Much good company is ſaid to reſide here during the ſummer ſeaſon, and a vaſt number of coaches are kept in this town. The great

Corſo. ſtreet is their *corſo*, where they take the air in the evenings; here is alſo a *caſino*, where the *nobleſſe* aſſemble to converſe and to play.

Keyſler

Keyſler aſſerts that Placentia contains twenty-eight thouſand inhabitants; Lalande ſays ten thouſand only.—Here are forty convents; therefore allowing but fifty perſons to a convent, including the ſervants, ſweepers, *&c.* *&c.* they will amount to two thouſand, which taken from ten, leaves eight thouſand, ſo that if Lalande's calculation of its preſent population be accurate, one fifth of its inhabitants are of or belonging to the church. But great muſt have been the depopulation of this city in forty years, between Keyſler's day and Lalande's calculation in 1768.

Number of inhabitants.

Convents.

The town is ill built, ſeems thinly peopled, and M—— ſays is incapable of maintaining any ſiege, (the direct contrary to what Lalande has aſſerted, p. 426,) and that a great part of it neither now has, nor ever had, any fortification, that is to ſay, from the back of the palace and its garden to the Po.

Fortification.

As to the climate, it has all the appearance of being very diſagreeable. They themſelves

Climate.

themſelves own, that from the latter end of Autumn to the commencement of Summer, they are full one half of the day involved in a cloſe fog which riſes from the Po.

Battle of Trebia.

The ſpot on which the battle of Trebia was fought by Hannibal is about three leagues from hence; I do not mean the very identical ſpot, for that cannot be aſcertained. M—— would have poſtponed our departure in order to have viſited this ground, but he was aſſured there are no kind of veſtiges remaining that might tend to elucidate the Roman Hiſtorians; and it is remarkable that no remains of antiquity exiſt in that neighbourhood, nor has there ever been found, either in digging or ploughing the ground, antique weapon, offenſive or defenſive, appertaining to Rome or Carthage, though many Engliſh have at different times offered conſiderable ſums to the peaſants for procuring them any ſuch, but always without ſucceſs.

Piacenza has given birth to ſome famous men; one of the moſt remarkable is the Cardinal

Cardinal Alberoni, who governed Spain for many years in quality of prime minister: he was born 1664 in a wretched cottage, ſituated in a ſuburb of the town: his father was a gardener, but ſo poor as to earn his bread by working by the day in little gardens belonging to the citizens; however, in proceſs of time, Alberoni contrived ſo to puſh his fortunes by his ingenuity as to procure himſelf a ſmall cure, which was to him, at that time, the utmoſt pinnacle of human felicity. When the wars of Italy broke out, a certain French poet who was in the *ſuite* of the Duke de Vendome, had received ſome little ſervices from the poor *curè*, and wiſhed to make him ſome ſlight return, for which purpoſe he procured him the honour of ſeeing and ſaluting that general: the duke, who was a man of ſtrong penetration, no ſooner ſaw Alberoni than he became prejudiced in his favour; he converſed with him, and the *curè* did not fail to diſplay his *Protegie*'s parts to the beſt of his capacity. The firſt buſineſs that was intruſted

Cardinal Alberoni.

truſted to him he acquitted himſelf of with alacrity; this was the diſcovering to the general where the peaſants concealed their ſtores of proviſions: and proved his firſt ſtep towards thoſe great dignities he afterwards attained. He ſo attached himſelf to the perſon of the Duke de Vendome, that he was permitted to follow him firſt into France, and then into Spain, where he made a rapid progreſs by inſinuating himſelf into the good graces of Madame des Urſins, who at that time might be ſaid to govern that monarchy. After the death of the Duke de Vendome, Alberoni, by various intrigues (which would take me too much time to particularize) contrived to turn the favours and confidences of Madame des Urſins to good account. He negociated the ſecond marriage of Philip V. with the Princeſs of Parma, having made Madame des Urſins his dupe, and cauſed her to be ſent away from the court. I ſhall give you the particulars of this affair, as they are curious. Alberoni, who was ſufficiently in the confidence of Madame des

Urſins to be acquainted with her earneſt deſire, that whatever Princeſs Philip ſhould marry, might be one of a ductile character, without much genius, void of ambition, and totally incapable of taking a part in the affairs of ſtate, gave her to underſtand, he had found juſt ſuch a one in the Princeſs of Parma. Madame des Urſins was charmed with the choice he had made, and he ſet out for Parma to haſten the marriage by every poſſible means. There is no doubt of his inſinuating at the court of Parma how active an agent he had been in the negociation of this treaty, but notwithſtanding all his diligence and art, Madame des Urſins became acquainted with the real character of the Princeſs, which was preciſely the reverſe in every point to the picture the Cardinal had given of her; in conſequence of this intelligence, a courier arrived the eve of the day on which the marriage was to be ratified, with an order to ſuſpend that treaty for the preſent; but the Cardinal, who was ſufficiently

ciently clear-ſighted to ſuſpect the cauſe of this procedure, menaced the courier with certain death if he diſcovered his arrival by any means till the next day. Madame des Urſins had omitted to charge the courier not to go firſt to the Cardinal's, from which overſight, his Eminence found means to profit doubly; for the next day the marriage being ratified and the papers ſigned, the Cardinal acquainted the Princeſs how he had detained the meſſenger, ſacrificed and betrayed Madame des Urſins to her, and ſo effectually perſuaded her of the obligations ſhe owed him, that upon her arrival in Spain, the firſt favour ſhe aſked of the King was the baniſhment of Madame des Urſins. No ſooner had ſhe quitted the court, than the Cardinal attained that greatneſs he ſo much deſired; and became ſuch a favourite of the Queen, as to be admitted into the moſt ſecret councils of ſtate, honoured with the purple, and declared prime miniſter of Spain. At length, he by his own faults procured his diſgrace; for, being of a boundleſs ambition and of a

daring ſpirit, not to be intimidated by danger or diſappointment, ſeveral foreign powers combined to put a final period to his arrogance; and with much difficulty, Philip found himſelf in the end conſtrained to diſgrace and baniſh him. After his fall he ſtyled himſelf Cardinal of Ravenna, and returned back to Piacenza; where ſo much aſhamed was he of his birth, as never to have aſſiſted, or even acknowledged any of his relations during his life, nor at his death. He kept a ſlender houſe and equipage, lived chiefly with the jeſuits, aſſumed no arms, did no public or private charities, and was totally uſeleſs both to the town and the people, unleſs we deem the eſtabliſhment of thirty-ſix miſſionaries a public benefit. He bequeathed all his wealth, which was conſiderable, to various ſocieties of miſſionaries, of which there are many in Italy. Being univerſally diſliked by his townſmen, he died unregretted. When his body was carried from the town, about a mile and a half, to the eſtabliſhment above-

mentioned, where he was interred, not a creature followed his funeral, ſo literally did he quit the world without leaving a friend behind him. He was conſiderably paſt eighty years old when he died. At our meeting, I ſhall be able to give you more anecdotes of this Cardinal, and alſo my authority for the above: but it is now late, and I muſt ſoon conclude my letter to prepare for our departure to Parma.

Velleia. The remains of the ancient town of Velleia are eight leagues diſtance from hence, and the ſeaſon particularly bad for this journey, which we ſhall therefore defer for the preſent.

Wiſhing to procure a few of thoſe curious foſſils, ſaid to be peculiar to this country, called *dentales*; I ſent a *laquai* upon that commiſſion; with orders not to return without them: he entered juſt now with a paper well folded in his hand, which he preſented me with ſeeming ſatisfaction in his face; but judge of my diſappointment, when upon opening it, the expected *dentales* were converted into *Diablotin*'s chocolate-drops. He

told me without the leaſt feeling, that theſe were much wholſomer for me than the *dentales*. Think of the head of this *laquai de place* of Piacenza; it was too late to find fault.

Need I inform you, who are ſo well verſed in the Roman ſtory, that Placentia was early a Roman colony of no ſmall conſideration in that Empire; it is not therefore ſurpriſing, that there ſhould not be found in its neighbourhood the ſmalleſt veſtige of antiquity of any ſort. Adieu. You ſhall hear from me the very firſt opportunity. We go to-morrow to Parma. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

Parma, Nov. 19, 1770.

WE arrived here yeſterday, and have had a pleaſant journey; the roads were good and the weather fine. The antique Emilian way, which was conſtructed under the conſulate of Lepidus and Caius Flaminius, Emilian way.

Flaminius, commenced at Piacenza, and reached from thence to Rimini, paſſing by Parma, Modena, and Bologna: there are ſtill ſome traces of it to be ſeen, but in a very ruinous condition.

Face of the country between Piacenza and Parma,

The whole of the country between Piacenza and Parma is a dead flat; the ſoil exceedingly rich; the ground well cultivated, and planted with ſtraight rows of elms, at about twelve or fourteen yards aſunder; theſe form the moſt delightful viſtas imaginable, and, what adds greatly to their beautiful appearance is, that the vines planted at the feet of the elms are conducted from tree to tree, forming the moſt graceful feſtoons. The ilex and the mulberry-tree are frequently planted for the ſupport of the vine, as the elms are, and make a moſt agreeable variety: yet we cannot avoid lamenting the want of taſte in the peaſants, who frequently pollard the ilexes and elms, to prevent, as we ſuppoſed, their caſting too broad a ſhadow.

how planted.

Between theſe rows of trees, the

corn flouriſhes in the utmoſt luxuriance, except where the ground is devoted to water meadows.—The horizon is very diſtant, and is bounded by Appenines covered with ſnow. When we came to our laſt poſt, we clearly perceived our nearer approach to theſe mountains, by the keenneſs of the air from their ſnowy tops.

Bounded by Appenines.

This country is by no means deſert: ſeveral ſmall villages and country-houſes appear at a diſtance. At twelve miles from Piacenza we paſſed through a bourg called Fiorenzuola, agreeably ſituated; a little further, and along-ſide the Emilian way, is an abbey of Monks, which makes a conſiderable appearance from the road: the building ſeems to be of great extent. About twelve miles from Fiorenzuola we paſſed through another bourg, called San-Domino. Five miles more brought us to the river Taro, which is ſometimes very dangerous to paſs: we forded two of its branches, but the ſtream of the third was ſo rapid, and the water ſo deep, we were

Fiorenzuola.

San Domino.

Taro river how paſſed.

obliged to croſs over it in a bark: we remained in our carriage, and by means of a raft were drove by our poſtillion into the bark. There is ſomething unpleaſant enough in this ceremony; for the bark has not more room in it than is abſolutely neceſſary; conſequently, when the horſes have made a ſtrong effort to pull the loaded carriage over the raft into the bark, they are ſuddenly checked; the leaders, by the time the hind-wheels have juſt paſſed over the edge, are ſtanding with their fore-feet on the oppoſite rim of the boat, which is the reaſon the carriage is ſtopped ſo ſuddenly; for otherwiſe the leading pair of horſes might very eaſily tumble into the river: they cannot be taken off; for moſt of theſe barks are too ſmall to admit them by the ſide of the carriage. However, we paſſed this branch without the leaſt accident: ſeveral men waded into the water, and ſupported the boat on the lower ſide, to prevent its going down with the current, or overſetting, on account of its great burden and the rapidity of the ſtream.

What

What renders this river dangerous at certain times, is, the being ſwelled with heavy rains, which forming impetuous torrents, force their way through a light ſoil, and overflowing the banks of the river, form an unequal bed, which is very difficult to ford, from the uncertainty of the bottom. This is the caſe with many rivers in Italy, as we have been well aſſured; and to comprehend how true it is, that the Italian rivers ſuddenly change their bed, one may perceive clearly the veſtiges (now dry) of beds of rivers, which, by their appearance, ſhew the force of the body of water that has formed, and excavated vaſt pits and precipices, together with a great quantity of ſtones and ſand, which the water has brought down with it, and thrown up into a kind of ridges. This change of the courſe of rivers frequently happens in one night, as the people of the country affirm; a river fordable over-night, has, by the next morning been ſo increaſed from the addition of mountain-torrents, as to

render it impaſſable; and ſhortly after, has ſhifted its place, leaving its old courſe in heaps of rubbiſh and deep hollows.

Val di Taro. The Taro riſes in the middle of the *Val di Taro*, which gives name to the river.

The country of each ſide ſtill wears the ſame face; the ſame beautiful plantations and feſtoons of vines continue till one arrives at Parma. Peaſants. The peaſants appear gay and not poor; the women are very prettily dreſſed, wearing ſmall ſtraw hats ornamented with knots of ribbon of various colours, with a bunch of flowers over all, or a large black feather; and ſometimes covering the crown of the hat with a morſel of fine fur, which produces a ſingular effect. By this manner of dreſſing, they have a fine air of the head; and being generally well made and handſome, or rather of ſenſible and agreeable countenances, their appearance is very different from any peaſants I have ever ſeen.

Parma. The town of Parma is ſituated in a plain; the river divides it in two parts, which

which communicate by three bridges. It is fortified, and is conſiderably large, the ſtreets broad and regular, particularly one which is uſed as a *corſo*. As to the antiquity of this town, perhaps you know better than I do, that it owes its origin to the Etruſcans, was conquered by the Ciſalpine Gauls; fell afterwards under the power of the Romans, who, in the year 569 of Rome, ſent M. Emilius Lepidus, T. Ebatius Carus, L. Quintius Criſpinus, (triumvirs) to conduct a colony of two thouſand Roman citizens hither and to Modena. I juſt mention thus much to refreſh your memory, as you may not have the hiſtory of the Romans by you at——.

This town was the birth-place of Caſſius, Brutus's friend; it gave birth alſo to Corregio, who is ſaid to have died here of vexation.

Birth place of Caſſius, Brutus's friend.

We are tolerably lodged, and I think very reaſonably; our hoſt furniſhes us with

with two meals a day and our firing for thirty-two pauls: he at firſt aſked a full third more, but I have reaſoned him down to the above price, and we eat much better than uſual. Our cheeſe and cream are both admirable; ſo you may be ſure I am not at a loſs for a good repaſt. We always provide our own breakfaſts, and frequently our wines; as in general thoſe of the inns are the worſt that can be had.

The infanta is in labour, and the people run backwards and forwards about the palace, appearing much intereſted in her welfare. The cannon are drawn out of the citadel, and the matches ready to proclaim her happy delivery, which is every moment expected. All ſorts of vagabonds are in motion, and preparing illuminations, *&c.* ballad-ſingers, mountebanks, muſicians, rope-dancers, all have taken the alarm.

Adieu for the preſent. We have dedicated this evening to the writing letters

to

to our friends at Turin, &c. * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
I have been quite ungrateful, in never acknowledging the extreme convenience three articles you gave me at parting have been of to me upon the journey; the little valiſe for the inſide of the carriage is admirably contrived; the eidder down pillow has mitigated frequently the ſufferings ariſing from bad beds, and the houſewife and pincuſhion uniting their aid in one, have repaired many a ſudden rent and tear in my drapery, as well as ſome little matters in the inſide of our carriage, which had given way, as ſpring-curtains, ſtraps, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Parma, Nov. 20th, at Night.

I SIT down to tell you, in the firſt place, that I am extremely weary; and in the next, that the Infanta is brought to bed; and thirdly and laſtly, that I have met with a grievous diſappointment in the famous picture of Corregio; but you muſt diſpenſe with hearing any more at preſent upon that ſubject, till I come to it in order; ſo I begin with the churches.

Cathedral. The Cathedral *(Il Duomo)* is a ſpacious
Cupola. church, remarkable for its Cupola, painted
Corregio. by Corregio, though it is now ſo much ſpoiled, that it requires a great deal of faith, and a ſtrong imagination, to believe it the remains of a *chef d'œuvre* of ſo great a maſter. This cupola was the cauſe of his death. His towns-men paid him in bad money: their ingratitude is ſaid to have affected him ſo ſtrongly, that he died

ſhortly

ſhortly after of vexation. The ſubject of the painting is an Aſſumption of the Virgin, and was eſteemed one of the moſt perfect and moſt beautiful of his performances.

The Church of St. John is ſhewn to ſtrangers on account of the Cupola, that alſo being painted by Corregio; but it is ſo much defaced, and ſo ill lighted, that little can be made of it: it has been alſo repaired by another painter, at the deſire of the Monks, to whoſe convent this church belongs. In the fifth chapel to the right is a deſcent from the croſs, and a Martyrdom of St. Placid, both by Corregio. The firſt is the beſt, but they are both incorrectly deſigned; their colouring is their principal merit, and that is not ſufficiently glowing.

St. John, church of.
Cupola.
Corregio.
Corregio.

There are ſeveral arches painted in freſco at the entrance of the chapels, by Parmegianino, which have great merit. In the refectory of the convent is a very indifferent picture, by the ſame maſter; but

Parmegianino.

it

it is (in a manner) framed by two collonades of the Doric order, which form a beautiful morſel of perſpective; this deception is by the hand of Corregio.

Corregio.

St. Sepulchre, church of.

In the Church of St. Sepulchre is another picture of his, repreſenting a little Jeſus, a Madona, and a St. Joſeph gathering palms. The three faces are very fine, but the whole is faulty in the drawing, and the colouring weak. This picture is called the *Madona della Scodella*, on account of the porringer ſhe holds in one of her hands. In the back ground is an Aſs, and an angel taking care of him. The ſubject means, doubtleſs, to repreſent a repoſe of the flight into Egypt.

Madonna della Steccata church.

The *Madonna della Stecatta* is the fineſt church at Parma. It is built in the form of a croſs; each end is circular. It is the ducal church; many of the Princes of the Farneſe family have been interred in it.

Inſtallation Order of St. George.

Alſo the Inſtallation of the Knights of the Order of St. George is here performed, with

with all the religious ceremonies peculiar to that inſtitution. There is a painting in freſco over the altar, by Michael Angelo of Sienna; it repreſents the crowning the Virgin by God the Father and Jeſus Chriſt; but it is ſo blackened, as to make it difficult to form any judgment of its merit. Three Sibyls over the organ, with Moſes, Adam, and Eve below the arcade, are executed in *clair obſcure* by Parmegianino. He had painted ſeveral other pictures for this church, which he totally defaced in a violent paſſion, having loſt conſiderably at play: thus revenged upon his own works, he fled to Caſal Magiore, where he died in want. The Parmeſans regret a picture of this maſter, known by the name of the *Madonna del Collo longo*, which was removed from hence to Florence, and from Florence to Vienna. His works are at preſent rare, and held in high eſtimation by the *connoiſſeurs*. At the bottom of the choir, behind the great altar, [called

M. Angelo.

Parmegianino.

the

the *cul-du-four* in French] is a large picture, by Proccacino of Milan; its ſubject the marriage of the Virgin Mary with St. Joſeph. The colouring is warm; the *clair obſcure*, with regard to the heads, is correct and well thrown, but has not been the leaſt attended to in reſpect of the folds of the drapery. The Virgin's countenance expreſſes dignity blended with modeſty. St. Joſeph appears like the moſt diſcontented and the moſt mortified of mankind. On one ſide of this picture is a flight into Egypt, which pleaſed me much for its landſcape, and the effect of the high wind, which blows about the drapery and hair of the angels that conduct the aſs; I could almoſt fancy I felt myſelf colder from its vicinity to me. The landſcape repreſents a wild and romantic country: a ſtork and wild duck fly ſcreaming over a marſh, in the fore-ground of the picture, extremely well done. The Virgin is beautiful, and ſits in an eaſy, natural attitude

Proccacino of Milan.

upon

upon the aſs. Behind the high altar, and oppoſite to the Marriage of St. Joſeph, is a picture, by an unknown maſter. It repreſents Chriſt bound to the pillar; yet is not a Flagellation. There are Roman ſoldiers who ſeem to have juſt faſtened the cords. A ſtranger, ſtruck with the merit of this piece, offered the convent of Channoines to cover it with *Louis d'ors*; but they refuſed to part with it at that price. In my opinion the fleſh is over pale, and the figure looks more like a dead than a living man: the hair and beard are too red; nor can I imagine why all the Italian painters repreſent our Saviour as red-haired. I do not believe they can find Scripture-authority for this cuſtom. The characters of the ſoldiers, as Romans, are not deciſive.

We have ſeen no more churches; theſe are the moſt famous for their paintings; nor had we time to viſit others.

Corregio, his famous picture described and criticised.

I do not queſtion your being extremely impatient to hear why I was ſo diſappointed in the famous picture of Corregio, in favour of which the whole world of *virtuoſi* can ſcarce find words to expreſs the enthuſiaſm of their feelings, when they touch upon its merits. Notwithſtanding my prejudices in its favour were ſtrong, yet I muſt confeſs, though I expoſe myſelf to the cenſure of the firſt *connoiſſeurs*, that I do not like this picture; and now I will proceed to give you its deſcription as well as the reaſons of my diſapprobation. It is a very large picture, higher than wide: about the middle of the canvaſs the Virgin is ſeated with the Infant Jeſus on her knees; a little to the right, and forward, Mary Magdalen, in a kneeling poſture, holds the foot of the little Jeſus in one of her hands, and is ſuppoſed to incline her head to kiſs it; the other hand hangs down: to the left, and on the fore-

ground,

ground, appears St. Jerome; his back turned to the ſpectators, but by looking over his ſhoulder he diſcovers his profile: between him and the Virgin, and farther back, is an angel who ſings out of a book: behind Mary Magdalen is another angel, or young man, who ſeems to drink out of a vaſe. The character of the Virgin's face is ſuch as you often ſee in the loweſt rank of people or peaſants; an unmeaning breadth, *l'air d'hibou, le viſage plâte, &c.* She appears extremely tanned, like a *Vendangeuſe.* The colouring is coarſe, and the ſhadowing of a dirty brown. The infant is one of the homelieſt children I ever ſaw, that was not deformed. The face ſhort, the mouth wide, and the lips turn outwards. The more one conſiders the countenance, the more it ſeems to be in contorſions. The anatomy is falſe, the attitude ungraceful, to ſay the leaſt. The Magdalen has the face of an idiot; and not of a handſome

one. The little Jeſus has hold of her by the hair; but his figure and face are turned from her. Her hair is too ſhort and ſtraight, not curling in natural ringlets, but heavy and greaſy. Her attitude is ſo unnatural and ſtrained, that it is not poſſible for her, in her preſent inclination of body, to apply her lips to the foot of the Infant; poſſibly ſhe might her ear, for ſhe is in the moment of raiſing his foot towards her head: her arm and hand, that hang down, are ill made; her fingers long, lank, and lean, like thoſe of a crooked woman; her arm thin, ſkinny, and flat; her elbow ſharp, and ſeems as if it would wear a hole through the drapery; her toes are long, ſwelled, and red; her dreſs diſorderly; the folds of her drapery confuſedly drawn; that of the Virgin is as bad. As to St. Jerome, he has the air of a miſerable old beggar-man. The ſinging angel opens a mouth like that of a john-

a john-dory; and the young perſon behind the Magdalen has the ſame mouth and lips with the other perſonages; the latter he projects in an extraordinary degree towards the vaſe. In the back-ground appear ſome remains of a ruined theatre, with cottages; they ſtick to the back of the angel's head, ſo ill is the keeping preſerved. There is alſo a kind of withered faggot, which is meant for a tree. Vexed at finding this picture every way ſo diſagreeable and diſappointing, I could not avoid criticiſing it a little before the Ciceroni; who exclaimed at my finding fault (though he could not deny that he perceived ſome abſurdities) with the work of *il divino, il grand Corregio.*

The Theatre of Parma, erected in the time of Ranutio the Firſt, is eſteemed one of the moſt magnificent buildings at Parma. Vignola was the architect. The plan is a demi-oval. That part that fronts Theatre.

the ſtage riſes in ſteps, (*gradins* in French) after the antique models, intended for the ſpectators to ſit on. They riſe about as high as the ſecond row of boxes at the Italian Theatre at Paris. Theſe ſteps are ſo narrow, that they ſeem dangerous to ſit upon; and riſe at the ſame time perpendicularly, that I apprehend few Engliſh ladies have nerves ſufficiently ſtrong to venture to place themſelves upon them, could this Theatre be tranſported to London. Theſe are crowned by a gallery, ornamented and divided in front by columns, equally diſtant, ſupporting arches. Higher up, and above all, is a gallery for the common people. Lalande makes a capital miſtake, in aſſerting that this Theatre will contain above twelve thouſand perſons; it appears barely large enough to admit four thouſand. The ornaments make a beggarly appearance; the pillars, frizes, cornices, &c. are all of wood, and wretchedly painted;

painted: the figures of the genii, intended to hold large wax-tapers to light the Theatre, are poorly executed in plaiſter: the other ſtatues, higher up, are of the ſame materials, and equally meritorious; and the two Equeſtrian ſtatues, placed at each end of the proſcenium, are miſerable performances. The height and breadth of this Theatre conſidered, I am at a loſs to imagine how it is poſſible to light it. The ceiling appeared to be a parcel of old brown planks ill joined together, and much damaged by ſmoke and damps. There is no orcheſtra; but the place where it ſhould be is occupied by a long leaden trough, reaching the whole breadth of the Proſcenium; from which are pipes or ſhoots ſo contrived as to enable them to fill the trough with water, intended for the repreſentation of a *naumachia* or ſea-fight. I imagine this trough was to have ſerved the double purpoſe of an orcheſtra

and artificial ſea: but when it ſo happened that a *naumachia* was to be repreſented, what became of the poor muſicians? they ſurely were not to remain in the trough; that would be a ſymphony *al freſco* indeed. As we could get no intelligence concerning this point, we contented ourſelves with viewing the veſſels intended for the ſea-fight, which are behind the half-ſcenes; they are ſmall, and move upon wheels. The ſtage ſlopes more than any I have ſeen; it is of a rapid deſcent, and ſo ill floored (I ſuppoſe from œconomical conſiderations) that you cannot eaſily walk over it without ſtumbling. The effect of the voice from the ſtage is very ſurpriſing; every word, though ſpoke as low as poſſible, is heard diſtinctly at the fartheſt extremity of the houſe, which is the pit-door of entrance, fronting the ſtage, at the diſtance of 106 yards. But the voice does not ſound agreeably; it ſeems to the diſtant auditor as if proceeding from a tomb:

the

the ſpeaker on the ſtage, as he pronounces, perceives a certain vibration in the air, as if the words at utterance became condenſed, and rolled forward towards the audience. Perhaps the emptineſs of the Theatre may in ſome degree occaſion theſe effects: but it has not yet been diſcovered to what power this extenſion of the voice is owing; it is therefore ſuppoſed to be ſomething accidental in the architecture; many builders and others have carefully examined its conſtruction, but to no purpoſe; a cauſe having never yet been aſſigned for this effect. The ſcenery and decorations are in a wretched ſtate, and do not appear to have ever been magnificent or ingenious.

Upon the whole, you are ſtruck at entering by a want of proportion: the building appears too high for its breadth; the *gradins* ſupporting the gallery ſhock the eye, and you feel as if under ground in a vaſt deep and dark mine.

There

There has been no repreſentation here ſince the Emperor paſſed through Parma: at that time an opera was performed on purpoſe for him in this Theatre: it is never made uſe of but on particular occaſions.

This town affords another Theatre for operas ſerious and comic, and for the *comedie*. The grand or ſerious opera during the months of May and June; from that time till Chriſtmas, the French *comedie*; and from Chriſtmas to the end of the carnival, buffoon or comic operas. The Infant defrays moſt part of the expence for theatrical repreſentations.

Here is alſo a *Cuſino*, or Aſſembly-room, for the nobility. The Infant provides the cards and lights, and two of his gentlemen do the honours. He ſometimes honours the *Caſſino* with his preſence, and plays. The company meet generally three times a week during the ceſſation of theatrical amuſements. This is a very œconomical, as well as agreeable ſcheme in a country where the

Nobleſſe

Nobleſſe are not accuſtomed to have aſſemblies at their own houſes, and where the expence would be very inconvenient to them.

We have ſeen another church belonging to a female convent; it is called St. Paolo, and was founded by a Princeſs Volgonda, niece to Cunigonda, widow of Bernard King of Italy. Volgonda was a nun in this convent, and died in the year 899. In the third chapel to the right is a very good picture by Agoſtino Carracci, repreſenting a Virgin, a St. Margaret, St. Nicholas, and St. John. The picture over the great altar is by Raphael: the ſubject is Jeſus Chriſt in Glory, with St. Paul and St. Catherine; but this picture has been unfortunately retouched by ſome preſumptuous wretch of a painter, who has done his utmoſt to ſpoil it, and has ſo far ſucceeded, as that ſcarce a trace remains of the work of that prince of painters.

St. Paolo church.

Agoſtino Carracci.

Raphael.

The

Palace. The Palace is large, and ſeems to conſiſt of ſeveral buildings joined together. The architecture irregular, and the front unworthy of obſervation. The court of this palace, which leads to the apartments, is in a fine ſtyle of architecture.

The vaſt collection made by the Farneſe family, of bronzes, pictures, medals, and a library of books, is removed to *Capo di Monte*, a palace belonging to the King of Naples.

The apartments are hung with crimſon velvet embroidered with gold, as alſo with ſome fine pieces of tapeſtry from Flanders, and from the Gobelins at Paris.

Gallery. There is a gallery appropriated to the medals, deſigns, *&c.* that have gained the Academy. prize in the Academy of painting and ſculpture of Parma.

The Infant encourages this Academy as much as poſſible, and I make no doubt that in a few years the ſtudents here of Parma will diſtinguiſh themſelves in theſe arts.

Here

Here are ſeveral of the prize-drawings for ſix or ſeven years paſt. Thoſe for buildings, and all that repreſent architecture, do honour to their authors; they are principally done in Indian ink, and amongſt them are ſome drawings by one George Dance, an Engliſhman, that I think are equal, if not ſuperior, to the other ſtudents, for accuracy, neatneſs, and ingenuity. A deſign of his, which gained the prize-medal, repreſents a gallery for a palace, with all its proper architectural ornaments and furniture: ſtatues in niches, pedeſtals, fountains, pictures, *&c.* many of which he had made choice of to ornament his gallery, from drawings now at Rome, from whence this deſign was ſent. He has diſpoſed of theſe neat ſketches with great judgment, and in excellent taſte.

Againſt the wall in the ſame room is fixed a piece of coarſe painting in freſco, its ſhape irregular, having been defaced in taking it from amongſt the ruins of

Velleia.

Velleia. It is curious, and ſeems to repreſent a garden ornamented in the Chineſe taſte; terraſſes ſurmounted with balluſtrades, and flower-pots upon them, with gravel-walks, are plainly to be diſtinguiſhed. There is alſo a plan of Velleia, that is, what it appears to have been, as near as they could judge, after the late excavations, which have been diſcontinued ever ſince the year 1764; the preſent Infant and *Monſieur* Tillot, his miniſter, not chooſing the farther expence of carrying on that work.

They ſhew ſtrangers two tables of bronze found at Velleia; not unworthy the inſpection of the curious. One contains, in a ſmall character, but extremely legible, the names of the principal places belonging to the country of the Vellei. There are ſeveral villages in the neighbourhood that have ſcarcely, if at all, changed their appellations ſince that time, making allowance for the different accenting and pronunciation.

The

The other table contains the Roman laws, as commanded by the Emperor Trajan to be enforced throughout the Ciſalpine Gaul. Here is alſo a piece of antique moſaic of Velleia. It is compoſed of black and white marble in ſmall ſquare bits, and cemented ſtrongly together: it ſeems a rude repreſentation of the Sun. I think I have omitted nothing worth mentioning in the *virtu* ſtyle.

We have heard a piece of news to-day which gave us great pleaſure. The Inquiſition is totally put an end to here: the grand Inquiſitor being lately dead, their priſons are ſhut up, and no Monks are in future to be received into the Dominican order; therefore when thoſe that ſtill remain extinguiſh, that wicked ſociety will exiſt no more in this country.

The preſent Royal Family of Parma are much beloved: the Infanta is eſteemed one of the moſt amiable Princeſſes in the world; ſhe is lively, active, and of great courage; is

Royal Family. Infanta. Characters.

is very fond of the chace, as well as an admirable marks-woman, and will purſue the game frequently on foot, when the frozen ſnow lies on the ground: there are few of her ladies who are ſufficiently keen to accompany her. She is extremely humane and generous: for her *menu-plaiſirs* her allowance is a thouſand ſequins a month, and I was credibly informed that ſhe gives the greater part of it away. She encourages, and frequently excuſes the ſoldiery from puniſhment, where it is poſſible to extenuate their faults; and as ſhe is not difficult of acceſs, petitions reach her inceſſantly, with which ſhe endeavours to comply. As ſhe is a German, (being ſiſter to the preſent Emperor) you may ſuppoſe ſhe has many applications from the diſtreſſed of her own country, though *Monſieur* Tillot does all he can to prevent their penetrating into the palace; yet they frequently ſucceed, and ſcarce ever fail of get-

ting at the ſpeech of the Infanta, who never diſappoints their expectations. This tendency towards her country-people does not charm *Monſieur* Tillot, who doats upon the French, and who governs with unlimited ſway this little court. The Infanta is a perfect miſtreſs of muſic, has a charming voice, embroiders much in the tambour, and reads a good deal. She is tall and fair; never wears rouge or *fard*. The Infant is of a mild, indolent, unambitious diſpoſition, totally devoted to his miniſter Tillot: all favours are obtained through him. His ſtrong prejudices are to the French, their manners, politeneſs, *&c.* he diſlikes the Parmeſans, and deteſts the Germans. He has lately impoſed a new tax, which the people receive with great diſguſt; it is to the amount of an Engliſh ſhilling, to be paid half-yearly, for every hearth, or place upon which a fire is kindled; not excepting thoſe temporary machines in the ſtreets for the roaſting of cheſnuts.

Infant.

The Infant and Infanta give ſtrongly into devotion; they hear maſs twice every day, and are rigid obſervers of the tenets of the church. The court is brilliant and gay. The principal families are thoſe of Roſſi, Pallavicini, San Vitale, Mellilupi, *&c.* The two ladies of the court particularly diſtinguiſhed for their beauty are the Counteſs Garimberti and the Marchioneſs Malaſpina * * * * * * * * * * * * * * The Counteſs of San Vitale is ſaid to receive and entertain the moſt company, particularly ſtrangers; by whom ſhe is much eſteemed for her politeneſs and addreſs. What I have ſaid above I give you as from good authority, not from experience, for our very ſhort ſtay in this town does not permit the availing ourſelves of the amuſement and diſſipation our letters of recommendation might have procured us, from the ſociety they would have opened to us. We have not preſented one of them, being determined to keep our word

Principal families.

with you, in regard to the time alloted to our tour through Italy. We ſhall haſten on to Bologna, Florence, *&c.* that what time we can ſpare may be divided between Rome and Naples.

Remarkable picture.

I believe I forgot to mention a ſingular picture in the church of *St. Micheli.* It repreſents St. Michael and the Virgin weighing ſouls in a pair of ſcales. There is an old one weighed againſt a young; the old ſoul ſinks down ſo low, that it falls into hell, whilſt the young is ſo light that it kicks the beam (one would think the late Mrs. B. held the balance). This airy ſoul has long wings, ſomewhat like a bat, with a very thin body, a bald head, and long weak arms and legs. I ſuppoſe the painter's idea muſt have been that ſouls have no hair, by his giving this one a bald pate; and no bones, as one of his arms bends like that of a rag-doll; by which an angel ſeizing him, pulls him away into Paradiſe.

Ciceſbeios.

The faſhion of Ciceſbeios is not baniſhed the polite ſocieties of Parma; for the ſole object of contracting marriage here, as in France, is that of intereſt. Young ladies at Parma are educated in convents, and brought out to be married when their parents have provided them a huſband. The chooſing for themſelves is unheard of, and would be eſteemed the moſt enormous licentiouſneſs. Wherefore the ſtate deemed here the moſt happy, is that of a young rich widow. We ſhall find upon reflection, that theſe and many other matters, however ſhocking or unnatural they may appear to us, muſt ever be the unavoidable conſequences of all arbitrary and deſpotic governments, whether in Italy or elſewhere. Adieu. I ſhall write next from Modena, I believe.

LETTER XXII.

WE have not yet quitted Parma, owing to a moſt agreeable accident, I aſſure you. Fortune has thrown in our way a few excellent pictures. M—— has not let ſlip this opportunity to make the purchaſe, though moſt unexpected, as well as the manner we came by them. Here are the ſubjects and the painter's names * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The genteel and honourable conduct of the gentleman from whom he has bought them, will appear ſtrongly in the following anecdotes of him and his family, and the reaſons for his diſpoſing of them. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Sincerity, frankneſs, and honourability are not confined to any country; and I think one very conſiderable benefit ariſing from ſeeing other countries beſides our own, is the eradication (by the teſtimony of one's

own ſenſes) of many prejudices and littleneſſes of thinking, which inſenſibly have taken ſo deep a root in our minds, as to render it almoſt impoſſible to judge in an impartial and liberal manner of our fellow-creatures who happen to live at a great diſtance from us, and whom we imagine muſt differ from us in every reſpect, in proportion to the number of leagues that ſeparate us from them.

We have ourſelves been aſſiſting, as you may ſuppoſe, at the packing our pictures. They are to ſet out with all poſſible expedition, and by the beſt means of conveyance, from hence to Bologna, thence to Florence and to Leghorn, from whence they will ſail by the firſt opportunity for London. The little delay the pictures have cauſed, I determined to employ in writing to you again from this place, leſt you ſhould be uneaſy at not hearing from us from Modena as ſoon as you might have expected. In my laſt I mentioned to you with ſome

ſurpriſe

ſurpriſe the downfal of the Inquiſition. I now wonder the Parmeſans could bear prieſtly oppreſſion ſo long as they have done; for this town, no longer ſince than the year 1744, was a ſcene of ſuch riot and aſſaſſination as nothing but prieſts could have promoted. The commencement of this diſturbance was the late Pope's impolitically, as well as vainly, contending with Don Philip for the poſſeſſion of Parma, which haſtened the deſtruction of ſeveral orders of Monks, and the abolition of their convents. At that period the Prieſts carried about with them pocket-piſtols; the Bourgeoiſe went always armed, and the populace were never without *ſtillettos*: not a week paſſed unmarked by one, and ſometimes more aſſaſſinations. The *ſtilletto* and piſtols made their appearance upon the moſt trifling diſputes; it was dangerous to walk the ſtreets at night; robberies were frequent; Holy Church opened her kind protecting

Diſturbances by the late Pope.

boſom to all ranks of villains; the church-porches were their ſure aſylum. The *devots* charitably eſteemed it one of their firſt duties to ſupply the refuged robbers and murderers with proviſions; they even frequently aided their eſcape, or procured their pardon. The ſtreets were infeſted with diſorderly women, and every ſort of crime was practiſed in the moſt licentious manner. At preſent the churches afford no longer an aſylum, more than thoſe of Turin. Aſſaſſinations and robberies are now very rare; not above three or four have been committed in the courſe of the laſt year. They are not always puniſhed with death, unleſs it can be proved the provocation had been of a conſiderable ſtanding; in that caſe pardon ſeldom follows: but if a man is killed through an act of ſudden paſſion, the galleys or a long impriſonment is generally the puniſhment. They diſcourage as much as poſſible, both here and at Placentia, all women of the profeſſion

of

of ſtreet-walkers; an Inn-keeper being puniſhable for ſuffering them to lodge in his houſe. The governor of Placentia is extremely vigilant in regard to them, and as ſoon as they are diſcovered, has them driven out of the town.

Police. The Police here and at Placentia (and we are told at Reggio and Modena alſo) ſtrictly obſerves thoſe who come in or go out of theſe towns: they not only take your name in writing, but alſo whence you come and where you are going; make a ſhort deſcription of your perſon, and in ſo accurate a manner, that you are knowable from it. They are ſo clever at this, that the ſhorteſt time is ſufficient for their purpoſe. When you arrive at the gates, the *Commis* thruſt their heads in at the window of the carriage, and looking in the faces of the travellers, with the greateſt eagerneſs and penetration, make immediate entries of them, in their pocket-books. Each perſon pays a toll of half a *Paul*; even poor ſtran-

gers who travel on foot are ſubject to the ſame. The *Commis* of the gates having taken the names, deſcriptions, and number of perſons, not excepting the ſervants, enter them at a *bureau* or office for that purpoſe. The inn-keeper alſo takes the names down, and ſends them to the ſame *bureau*, where if the entry made at the gate does not tally with that ſent from the inn, a buſtle immediately enſues, and an examination into the miſtake. Theſe precautions are alſo repeated upon leaving the town, and the entries immediately ſent to the governor for his inſpection, *&c.*

We are told that an Engliſh gentleman, by way of fun, tired of repeating his own name ſo often, choſe to vary it, by ſaying he was called Polinchenello; this gave ſuch an alarm to the Police, that he was purſued, taken, and impriſoned (I think) at St. Marino, where he remained till one of our Engliſh reſidents, being ap-

priſed

priſed of his *mauvaiſe plaiſanterie*, cleared up the matter, and procured his enlargement. I recollect an odd adventure which happened at Piacenza not long ago; a Venetian Count, of the name of Carera, carried off the daughter of an inn-keeper, of what place I cannot inform you; ſuffice it, that he gave in his name at one of the gates of Piacenza, and lodged at St. Mark's, where we did. The chief waiter, or *Cameriere*, being his countryman, for a ſmall bounty, omitted (purpoſely) the ſending his name to the *bureau* at night; a rigid inquiry was immediately ſet on foot by the officers of the Police. The next day by eleven o'clock it was diſcovered at what inn this ſtranger lodged; the inn-keeper had ſentence paſſed upon him (agreeable to the law in ſuch caſes) to ſuffer the puniſhment called the *cord*, and three months impriſonment, although they had no ſuſpicion of the elopement of the girl with the Count; conſequently there was no

ſearch

ſearch as yet made for them. The waiter, to ſcreen his maſter, confeſſed it was entirely his fault, and that the not ſending the ſtranger's name to the *bureau* was owing to mere accident, he having been in ſo great a hurry the whole of the preceding day, that he had quite forgot it. They accepted his excuſe upon this condition, that if within the next three years the ſmalleſt omiſſion or neglect ſhould happen of this nature, he ſhould be ſent to the galleys for life; and even upon the ſlighteſt complaint lodged againſt him by the Police, no further indulgence was to be ſhewn him. He ſpoke ſo well in his own behalf, that they did not even give him the *cord*; and was ſentenced only to a three months impriſonment. However, government had compaſſion on him, and releaſed him from his confinement at the end of twenty-four hours.

There is a road now making from Parma in a direct line to Genoa; it will be finiſhed in a year or two; the cauſe aſſigned for this commu-

communication is the benefit of trade; but it is ſuſpected that the real motive is to open a free paſſage for the French and Spaniards, without their being obliged to traverſe the Sardinian dominions: it is alſo believed that ſome foreign power defrays the principal part of the expence. Adieu. We touch upon the moment of our departure for Modena.

P. S. I forgot to mention the prices of job-coaches here, which is very reaſonable, ſix livres ten ſols of France, and thirty ſols each *laquai de louage*.

LETTER XXIII.

Modena, November 25th.

AFTER a very agreeable little journey from Parma, we arrived here in perfect health yeſterday: the roads are good the whole way; they are ſtill part of the *Via Emilia*. We paſſed through Reggio, which is half way between Parma and Modena, Reggio.

dena, equidiſtant from both (fifteen miles); having croſſed two rivers, one in a bark, the other by fording. One of theſe, called the Secchia, is between Reggio and Modena, and is frequently rendered impaſſable by the rains; ſo that all communication between theſe towns is cut off till the waters ſubſide; but this inconvenience ſeldom continues for more than three or four days. The other river is called the Rubiera, juſt on the other ſide of an old fortified town called by the ſame name, three leagues only from Reggio. Between Parma and Reggio lies Guaſtalla, about four leagues to the left, where the famous battle was fought in 1734, in which the French were victorious. To the right is ſituated an old fortreſs called Conoſa, ſeven leagues from Parma. This caſtle belonged to the Counteſs Matilda, and is celebrated for the abſolution beſtowed by Gregory VII. upon the Emperor Henry IV. who was ordered to repair to this caſtle to receive it.

Secchia river.

Rubiera river and town.

Guaſtalla.

Conoſa.

Keyſler

Keyſler ſays, he was obliged to ſtand during very ſevere cold weather three whole days in the court-yard, dreſſed in a penitential garment, barefooted, without meat or drink, and implore his pardon with tears, before the Pope could be prevailed upon to receive him again into the boſom of the Church. This famous Matilda and old Pope Gregory were great friends; we muſt ſuppoſe that nothing more than a *belle paſſion* ſubſiſted between them.

Between Reggio and Modena we paſſed within a league of the bourg Corregio, where the great painter of that name was born. Corregio.

Reggio appears to be pretty large; the ſtreet we drove through extends the whole length of the town; it is wide, tolerably built and paved, with arcades on each ſide, and ſhops under them; but the town has a naked, dreary appearance; and the people ſeem much poorer than thoſe of Parma. There is very little to be

ſeen

Cathedral. ſeen at Reggio: in the cathedral is a large picture by Annibal Carracci, the drawing is fine, the colouring has been good; but it is placed in a bad light, and is much blackened by damps; it repreſents the Virgin and the infant Jeſus in the clouds, with kneeling ſaints.

Annibal Carrachio.

Madonna della Giarra church. In the church of the *Madonna della Giarra* is a fine picture by Guercino, the ſubject a crucifixion; at the foot of the croſs is the Madona in an agony of grief ſupported by two women, one appears to be Mary Magdalen; at her ſide ſtands a biſhop; the head of an angel from a cloud cloſe to one ſide of the croſs, is greatly and deſervedly admired. Our Saviour is juſt expiring on the croſs; the head is admirably well done, as is the face and the muſcles of the body. It is to be regretted that this picture is in ſo deplorable a condition. There are other pictures in this church worth one's attention, though not in a great ſtyle.

Modena

Modena is ſituated agreeably upon a plain, well built, ornamented with fountains and porticoes, under which you may walk very conveniently the whole length of the ſtreets: the *Strada Maiſtra* is the beſt built. There are two large hoſpitals, one for the ſoldiers, another for the *Bourgeoiſe*, and an *Albergo* for beggars. The Duke of Modena commonly reſides at Milan; but is here at preſent, and diſtinguiſhes the Engliſh ſo far beyond all other foreigners, that they are permitted to ſee the palace at any hour they chooſe, without any previous notice, and quite undreſſed; even boots are not objected to: this is an excluſive privilege: I wiſh he was of as amiable a character in other reſpects as he is polite. Modena.

We are tolerably lodged, well ſerved, and very reaſonably; four paols a head only for each repaſt, the eatables good, and well dreſſed; one paol a day for each fire, and no charge for our beds or rooms.

Ducal Palace.

The Ducal Palace is by much the fineſt edifice here; it ſtands alone in a great piazza, and in the beſt quarter of the town. The architecture is both majeſtic and elegant; the architect was Avanzini. The court is vaſt, and ſurrounded by colonades, which have a fine effect. The great ſtair-caſe is in a noble ſtyle of architecture, and makes a ſtriking appearance.

Avanzini.

Grand Apartment.

The Grand Apartment commences by a large ſaloon, (in the middle of the front) which conducts to ſix large rooms, and to a cabinet entirely lined with looking-glaſſes, beautifully gilt and ornamented.

The ſaloon is ſtriking at firſt entrance; but you ſoon perceive the tribunes which ſurround the top to be too low, and the conſoles that ſupport them out of proportion, maſſive, and heavy: the other decorations are ſudden, and not linked together with that graceful dependance that might eaſily have been given them. This ſaloon would appear to greater advantage was it preceded by an antichamber. The

ceiling is painted in oils, by Mark Antonio Franceſchini: it is not ill done, though the colours are much too feeble. Mark Antonio Franceſchini.

In the canopy-room is a Martyrdom of a St. Peter, a Dominican Monk, by Antonio Coſetti of Modena, a tolerable picture. A Judith, by Guercino: ſhe is too maſculine, and appears like a ſtout male Iſraelite in woman's clothes. This painting, however, has merit for a boldneſs of deſign and good colouring; but always too much of the lilac. Antonio Coſetti of Modena.

An Adoration of the Shepherds, ſaid to be by Corregio. The Virgin is uncommonly handſome. On the ceiling of this room are painted four medaillons by Tintoret: the colouring good, but the drawing incorrect. In the bed-chamber is a fine picture of the Samaritan, by Jacopo Baſſano. The hypercritics of Italy find fault with this painter, for repreſenting all his perſonages as peaſants; yet they cannot deny his having been a moſt accurate diſciple of Corregio. Tintoret. Jacopo Baſſano.

Nature; and the vigorous warmth of his colouring muſt ever be held in the higheſt eſtimation by impartial judges. His pictures are ſcarce, and bear a very high price.

Guercino. A Marriage of St. Catherine, in Guercino's laſt manner, when he endeavoured to copy Guido. It is too grey and weak as to the colouring, and is altogether a cold and unintereſting piece.

Famillitore. A Santa Veronicha, by Famillitore. A Madona holding by the hand a dead Chriſt; her head is finely deſigned, the face beautiful, and the character pathetic. They ſay it is by Guido, but no *connoiſſeur* can be of this opinion.

Andrea Sacchi. A Roman Charity, by Andrea Sacchi. This is the moſt charming picture on the ſubject I ever ſaw. The daughter has a beautiful ſoftneſs of feature, peculiar to this painter; her amiable mind and diſpoſition are ſtrongly marked in the expreſſion of her countenance; her old father is rather too fat, and looks doating.

In

In the other apartments the principal pictures are the following: a fine picture by Jacopo Baſſano, repreſenting our Saviour in the Mount of Olives: a Prodigal Son, by Lionello Spada; here in high eſtimation. I do not think it equal to that upon the ſame ſubject at Turin.

Jacopo Baſſano.

Lionello Spada.

Three pictures, by Giulio Romano, repreſenting the paſſing a bridge, a battle, and a triumph. The compoſition is too confuſed, and the colouring diſagreeable.

Giulio Romano.

The Woman taken in Adultery, a capital picture by Tiziano. She is half-naked, extremely beautiful, the expreſſion admirable. A variety of character marks the different perſons preſent, that can never be too much commended.

Tiziano.

A Virgin, by the ſame excellent maſter, with the Infant Jeſus and St. Paul. This is a very fine picture in every reſpect, excepting the figure of St. Paul, by no means equal to the reſt.

A St. Roch in Priſon, and an Angel bringing him a crown. This is a very large picture; the drawing is correct and elegant, the colouring too grey, and in ſome places greeniſh: it is by Guido.

Guido.

Guercino.

A Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Guercino. Become almoſt black, which has very much ſpoiled, and deſtroyed in many places the demi-tints.

The four Elements; good pictures, all of them by Carracci.

Carracci.

Michael Angelo di Carravagio.

A St. Sebaſtian, by Michael Angelo di Carravagio: a charming little picture: an old woman is endeavouring to extract the arrows. There is no contemplating this picture without feeling the ſtrongeſt emotions of pity.

A fine piece repreſenting St. Franceſco, whoſe ardour, piety, and fervency of devotion is carried, if poſſible, beyond nature: but the two little angels who appear to him, are ignoble in character; and their hair

hair is of a foxey-red. This picture is by Guido Rheni.

Guido Rheni.

A Cupid and Pſyche: an admired picture. I think the Cupid is too much of the make and character of a young girl. This is by Guercino, as is a ſacrifice of Iſaac, which has more merit (in my opinion) than any picture I have ſeen by that author. Iſaac is bound upon a pile of faggots; Abraham's arm is already lifted up to ſacrifice his innocent victim: the angel appears as if at that moment, and addreſſes Abraham, whoſe countenance expreſſes at once ſurpriſe, a doubtful anxiety whether the angel is to be depended on, hope, and a firmneſs of faith that can much eaſier be conceived than deſcribed. Iſaac ſhews in his countenance quite a different ſpecies of ſurpriſe; his face turned towards the angel, is recovering from the paleneſs the near approach of death had ſpread over it; his eyes are ſo ſtrained towards the heavenly meſſenger, that the eye-lids appear

Guercino.

red. There is a ſtrong conviction in his countenance of the reality of his approaching deliverance, and a beautiful innocent ſmile about the mouth makes you anxious for the concluſion of the miracle. The angel is finely done; benevolence, dignity, grace, and ardour, befitting a meſſenger from Heaven, are ſtrongly marked in his countenance and perſon. The lamb in the thicket does not appear as if ſuddenly caught; it has a lifeleſs look, as though it had been there a conſiderable time, but had eſcaped the obſervation of Abraham. Upon the whole, this is indeed an intereſting picture; the colouring is warm, the grouping ſkilful, and the character and drawing excellent.

Copy of Notte di Corregio.

Here is a prodigious fine copy of that picture, called *il Notte di Corregio.* The original was ſold with ſeveral other glorious pictures for a great ſum of money to the King of Poland. What muſt the original be, when the copy is ſo admirable! which

is

which is ſaid, however, to reſemble it wonderfully. It ſurpriſes me very much to ſee how different the characters are in this picture from that famous one of his at Parma, which I deſcribed to you. The ſubject is a Nativity; and the extraordinary beauty of this picture proceeds from the *clair obſcure:* there are two different lights introduced, by means of which the perſonages are viſible; namely, the light proceeding from the body of the child, and the moon-light. Theſe two are preſerved diſtinct, and produce a moſt wonderful effect. The child's body is ſo luminous, that the ſuperficies is nearly tranſparent, and the rays of light emitted by it, are verified in the effect they produce upon the ſurrounding objects. They are not rays diſtinct and ſeparate, like thoſe round the face of a ſun that indicates an inſurance-office; nor linear, like thoſe proceeding from the man in the almanack; but of a dazzling brightneſs: by their light

you

you ſee clearly the face, neck, and hands of the Virgin (the reſt of the perſon being in ſtrong ſhadow), the faces of the *paſtori* who crowd round the child, and particularly one woman, who holds her hand before her face, leſt her eyes ſhould be ſo dazzled as to prevent her from beholding the Infant. This is a beautiful natural action, and is moſt ingeniouſly introduced. The ſtraw on which the child is laid appears gilt, from the light of his body ſhining on it. The moon lights up the back-ground of the picture, which repreſents a landſcape. Every object is diſtinct, as in a bright moonlight night; and there cannot be two lights in nature more different than thoſe that appear in the ſame picture. The virgin and the child are of the moſt perfect beauty. There is a great variety of character in the different perſons preſent, yet that uniformity common to all herdſmen and peaſants. In ſhort, this copy is ſo admirable, that I was quite ſorry to be obliged

to

to loſe ſight of it ſo ſoon, but I never ſhall forget it. The Duke of Modena, for whom Corregio did the original picture, gave him only ſix hundred livres of France for it; a great ſum in thoſe days; but at preſent what ought it to coſt! There is a ſingular picture in the *Salle d'Audience*; it repreſents a very handſome woman, ſeemingly in an agony of fear, holding in one hand a bowl of poiſon; a man in armour ſtanding cloſe by her, ſhews an uplifted dagger, the point towards her throat: there are two women attendants behind, whoſe faces and attitudes expreſs a joyous complacence and ſelf-ſatisfaction. A large wild boar peeps out his head from under the garments of the woman who holds the bowl.

Gallery.

The Gallery contains ſeveral curious antiques, and a fine collection of drawings, conſiſting of near ſix thouſand deſigns and ſketches of Corregio, Guido and Tiziano, Sarto, Parmagianino, Guilio Romano, Tintoret,

Painters names.

toret, the Carracci, Vignola, Franceſchini, &c. and a great number of fine engravings, beſides many natural and artificial curioſities.

Egyptian canopus. Antiques, buſtoes, &c.

Amongſt the antiques is a beautiful Egyptian Canopus, eight inches high and four in breadth: a buſto of Adrian and his wife Sabina, in bronze, large as the life: a woman's hand in white alabaſter, much admired; it appears to be of Greek ſculpture, but not to have belonged to a ſtatue: an Andromeda in white marble, about three feet high; ſhe is faſtened to a rock, leaning on her left ſide; there is a noble expreſſion of ſilent grief in her attitude and face; the limbs are delicate, and the workmanſhip extremely well executed: A Hercules about a foot high, drawing Cacus by the foot from a cavern; theſe two figures are out of one block; the cavern and one of the oxen he had ſtolen are of another block; they are fine, and of Greek ſculpture: two heads in one piece; unfiniſhed, but not void of merit: A buſto of Francis the

Firſt,

Firſt, by Bernini; partly in armour; his mantle is ſo finely ſculptured, that it ſeems to float in the air. There are a fine ſeries of medals, but I am not a ſufficient judge of their merits to pronounce upon them; it is a curious ſtudy, of which I know very little.

Amongſt the Cameos, the following appear to be the moſt worthy of obſervation: an agate with five figures in relief, all of different colours; one of theſe figures is ſuckling a child; to one ſide is the god Termes, before him an altar with the ſacred fire burning thereon: another agate of two colours repreſents Iole *coiffed* with the lion's ſkin: a cameo in agate of three colours, with two figures; one, of a man ſitting; he holds a ſceptre in one hand, and has his other arm round the ſhoulders of a woman, who is ſtanding with a lyre in her left hand, and ſomething like a ſhort ſtick in the other; near the man lies a maſk; the woman's figure is ſuppoſed to be

meant

meant for the muſe Terpſichore: another cameo, of two colours, repreſents the buſto of Cleopatra. The above gems appeared to us the moſt valuable in the collection.

Library. The Library contains about thirty thouſand volumes; the book-caſes are very neat though of no better wood than walnut-tree. They are ſurrounded by an iron baluſtrade gilt. Here are ſix columns, which ſeem to ſuſtain the vaulted ceiling; they are ſo well painted, as to cauſe a deception when ſeen from a proper point of view; alſo ſeveral ancient editions of books in the infancy of printing. In another room

Manuſcripts. are many curious Manuſcripts; it is ſaid, to the number of fifteen hundred. They ſhewed us the following; a Greek Teſtament of the eighth *century*; the Miſcellanea of Theodore; a Greek manuſcript of the fifteenth *century*; a Dante of the 14th, with miniature paintings, wretchedly done, on the top of each page, deſcriptive of the ſtory there ſet forth; a Bible in two volumes,

volumes, and a breviary of the fifteenth *century*, with miniature paintings, very tolerable; an Herbaliſt of the fourteenth *century*, wrote in French, with the plants in miniature; a Coſmography of Ptolemy's in Latin, with miniature maps, by one Nicholas Hahn a German, done in the fourteenth *century*. They ſhewed us others alſo; the ſubjects and titles I have forgot, but M—— ſays I have mentioned (as he recollects) the moſt curious. Almoſt all ſhewers of libraries, pictures, *&c.* talk ſo much, and mix ſo many impertinent remarks of their own, in every country I have yet ſeen, that inſtead of helping ſtrangers, they confound and perplex them. I opened a tranſlation from the Greek Teſtament, by Theodore Beza. According to this copy, printed at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart, 1610; the beginning of St. John's Goſpel runs thus; In the beginning was that Word, and that Word was with God, and that Word was God; this ſame was in the beginning with God.

You

You ſee there is ſome little variation from our common tranſlation.

Cathedral. I have now done with the Palace, and ſhall proceed to the Churches. The Cathedral is built in a bad Gothic taſte. The great altar is raiſed ſo high as to admit of a Church, partly ſubterraneous, under it. This is dedicated to St. Geminiano, and his body is conſerved there.

Guido Reni. You find a capital picture by Guido Reni in the firſt chapel on the right hand. The ſubject is called by the Monks who ſhew it, a *Nunc dimittis*. The Virgin is on her knees before the Infant Jeſus, who is held in the arms of Simeon. The Virgin makes as ignoble a figure as that of a common pariſh-girl of a charity-ſchool. Cochin and I vary extremely in regard to the Virgin; he commends her figure for a noble ſimplicity, in which ſhe appears to me to be totally deficient. However, we agree as to the other parts of the picture, particularly in reſpect to the children who are playing

playing with the offering, the turtle-doves. Nothing can be more natural than this little group. The colouring is too much upon the aſh-colour, and produces a cold effect; though the drapery is elegant, and the drawing preciſe. The ſteeple of this church is called the *guirlandina*, and is eſteemed the higheſt in all Italy: it is entirely of marble. They preſerve in it, with the greateſt care, an old bucket hooped with iron, which the Modeneſe in the battle of Zapolino carried off as a proof of their victory over the Bologneſe, and purſued them into their town; however, they met there with ſuch oppoſition as obliged them to retreat; but with the conſolation of carrying off this bucket in triumph. Theſe wars of Modena and Bologna are the ſubject of a mock heroic poem of Taſſo's, called *La Secchia rapita*; in which he licentiouſly miſrepreſents and miſplaces facts, in order to give a larger ſcope to his ſatire and wit.

Chieſa Nova.

La Chieſa Nova is not yet finiſhed; the decorations are elegant, of the Corinthian order; but as it is not divided into iſles, and is to be highly ornamented with modern architecture, it will have the appearance, when finiſhed, of a ball-room, rather than of a temple.

Theatres.

There are two Theatres at Modena, one is very well built and decorated. Here are *gradins*, which riſe in an amphitheatrical manner, and pillars above; the pillars ſeparate ſome of the boxes, and ſuſtain others higher up. The *proſcenium*, the *tribunes*, or boxes over the ſtage, and the ſtage-doors, are ornamented in a good taſte. The other Theatre is very indifferent in all reſpects.

Troops.

The Troops of Modena make a good appearance; they are well-dreſſed, and parade about with a ſtrong band of muſic, conſiſting of drums, fifes, hautboys, and French-horns. The Duke of Modena is

ſaid to have eight thouſand men in conſtant array, and that upon occaſion he can bring twenty thouſand into the field.

The moſt illuſtrious families are the houſes of Rangoni and Montecucully. There are no remains of the families of thoſe petty tyrants who governed Modena before the houſe of Eſt were choſen for their ſovereigns. Illuſtrious families.

The Modeneſe ſeem a gay, cheerful people; have much genius for pantomime ſhows, and what is called pleaſure, or rather diſſipation. They are eſteemed gallant, and the ladies and other females much inclined to coquetry. The *Nobleſſe* imitate the French in their dreſs. The *Bourgeoiſe* wear univerſally the *zendado*, a piece of black ſilk with which they cover their heads; and which croſſing before, is finally tied behind round their waiſts. Bourgeoiſe.

Modena is abundantly ſupplied with the fineſt water imaginable; there are Fountains Fountains.

in almoſt all the houſes. The town indeed ſeems to be ſituated upon a vaſt reſervoir; as, wherever they dig, they never fail to find a pure ſpring; this peculiarity extends as far as ſeven miles eaſt of the town. On the north ſide they do not find water farther than to the diſtance of four miles. In the making wells, after digging about the depth of twenty-three feet, they find the remains of ancient buildings, lower down a firm earth, and at the depth of forty-five feet, a black and a whitiſh ſoil, intermixed with branches of trees, together with troubled and foul water, like that of a marſh. This muddy water is kept out by means of a circular wall of brick, which is founded upon the next ſtratum; namely, a bed of about eighteen feet thick, compoſed of chalk, in which are found ſea-productions, as ſhells, *&c.* Under this chalk begins another ſtratum of a marſhy bed, compoſed of leaves, branches, and ruſhes:

when

when the well is dug to the depth of eighty-five feet, they come to another bed of chalk like the firſt, then another ſtratum of marſhy ground, which is ſucceeded by another of chalk, and that again by a marſh. Having continued to dig on to one hundred and three feet deep, they come to the laſt bed, which conſiſts of gravel, round pebbles, ſea-ſhells, and large trunks of trees; under this is found the pure reſervoir of water, which has always proved to them an inexhauſtible ſource; it ſprings up clear, and in great abundance, by the means of holes made by a borer through the laſt ſtratum above mentioned.

They are alſo ſupplied by other water, from hills ſituated at about three leagues diſtance from the town, which forms little canals that run through the ſtreets. There is a ſpring at a place called Bagnonero near Modena, which produces on its ſurface that oily bituminous ſubſtance called *oleum ſaxi*, or *petroleum*.

Country adjacent.

The adjacent country preſents you with plains, fertile in corn and wine, mulberry-trees, and elms in rows, with vines conducted in feſtoons from tree to tree, as I mentioned before in the road from Plaiſance and Parma hither.

Illuſtrious Men.

Amongſt the illuſtrious Men Modena has given birth to, Taſſo is one of the moſt remarkable. The architect Vignola was born in a village of the ſame name, four leagues from hence; as was the famous Muratori, who has wrote ſeveral voluminous works in Latin and Italian, conſiſting, amongſt other ſubjects, of a Hiſtory of the Antiquities of Italy, and a General Hiſtory of Italy, *&c.* It ſeems there is a French tranſlation of part of his works.

It is to be preſumed that the Dukes of Parma and Modena live up to the utmoſt of their income, otherwiſe they would probably ſave money to defray the expence of building bridges over the dangerous rivers, which render travelling through their territories

ritories inconvenient, and often impaſſable to their own ſubjects, and particularly ſo to travellers, by whom they profit conſiderably. It would not be difficult to reſtrain and conduct the rivers ſo as to keep them within their banks; by which means they might gain a conſiderable extent of land, now rendered totally uſeleſs by the impracticability of its cultivation. Beſides, there are many other particulars reſpecting this city and territory, upon which public money might be moſt laudably expended.

We leave this place to-morrow, to purſue our journey to Bologna, from whence you ſhall hear from me with the very firſt opportunity. This letter has been the work of two evenings only, ſo excuſe the inaccuracies, *&c.* Adieu; it is late, I am very ſleepy, and can ſay no more, than that I am always, *&c.*

LETTER XXIV.

Bologna, Nov. 28, 1770.

WE left Modena yesterday, and reached this city last night. The roads are good the whole way. At about two miles from Modena, we crossed the river Panaro in a bark. This river divides the Dutchy of Modena from the Ecclesiastical State. About a mile farther, and to the left, is situated the Fort Urbano, a citadel built in the beginning of the seventeenth *century*, by order of Pope Urban the Eighth: there are always some troops in garrison here. Samogoggia is just half-way between Modena and Bologna; it is a considerable village, and has the appearance of a town. Before you arrive at Samogoggia, there is a long stone bridge to pass, which joins together two branches of the river Reno; this, like other rivers already mentioned, has,

Panaro river.

Fort Urbano.

Samogoggia village.

Bridges and river Reno.

by

by changing its bed, branched itſelf out, and is impaſſable after great rains. It takes its ſource in the Appenine, at the foot of which Bologna is built.

We are extremely well lodged at the Pel- Inn.
legrino, and well ſerved. The proviſions are excellent in every reſpect, and extraordinarily well dreſſed. Our hoſt provides us much more than we can eat and drink, dinner and ſupper, for eleven livres and a half (French) by the day; our firing, lodging and wine included. Our dinner to-day conſiſted of a white ſoup, with vermicelli and fine Parmeſan cheeſe raſped over the ſurface, half a Bologna hog's head admirably dried and dreſſed, ſuperior to any hog-meat I ever taſted in England; *une friture tres recherchée*, a diſh of *boullie*, a *poularde*, one of the fineſt I ever ſaw; it rivalled thoſe of *Git*; a fore-quarter of lamb roaſted, a *ſicando* with ſmall *navées*, ſpinage dreſſed the French way, colliflower, fricaſſeed truffles dreſſed with butter and anchovy,

chovy, a diſh of *mortadello*: for deſert, the fineſt white grapes imaginable, white Bury-pears, the beſt cheſnuts and walnuts, being of an uncommon ſize and ſweetneſs. The wine is exceedingly good here, ſo is the water, which I think a moſt material object in the article of luxury. I have given you this detail of our dinner, to ſhew you the great difference in reſpect of eating between one part of Italy and another. Our dinner we mutually agreed was too abundant for two perſons only to ſit down to; as ſome of the diſhes went way untouched, our hoſt was ſhocked, fearing we did not like them: I ſent for him, and told him we were perfectly ſatisfied with what he had provided; but deſired he would for the future give us only a ſoup, an *entrée*, and ſomething roaſted, with a plate or two of garden-ſtuff, and a deſert, and to vary the diſhes as he ſaw proper. He was ſo amazed at our want of appetite, or moderation, that he concluded

cluded our requeſt might proceed from ſome vow of abſtinence made in order to bribe Heaven to proſper our journey. Such bargains are frequently ſtruck in theſe countries between particulars and certain favourite Saints. The votive pictures with which every church is adorned, proves the univerſality of the commerce. But to return to our hoſt, who really behaved in a moſt genteel and diſintereſted manner; for finding us reſolved to eat no more than we could eat, he propoſed a diminution of the price (I had informed him we choſe to have a lighter ſupper, proportioned to our dinner), and that if he would find bread, butter, and cream for our breakfaſt, I did not deſire to take from what we had agreed to give. He ſeemed much ſurpriſed, ſaid he ſhould get too much by my propoſal, and inſiſted on providing us, into the bargain, with coffee or chocolate, as we ſhould chooſe. The behaviour of this man gave us a favourable impreſſion of the Bologneſe.

We

We have ſeen nothing of the town to-day; for I have been employed with hiring *valets de place*, ſeeing chamber maids, chooſing one, unpacking, and inquiring about coaches and chairs. A job-coach and coachman coſts thirteen paolos, or ſix livres ten ſols a day, French; a chair eight paolos. We propoſe ſtaying ten days here. I believe our letters of recommendation to this town, will prove extremely convenient, and agreeable in their conſequences. We propoſe ſending them to-morrow to ther reſpective addreſſes. I expect letters from you every moment.——Here they are.

We both ſincerely rejoice that you and —— are in good health. * * * * * * * I ſhall not ſend this letter to the poſt till to-morrow.

I have juſt reſigned my head to the operation of ornamenting its outſide by a very good hair-dreſſer, who lives near this houſe, and is known by the name of *Etienne*; he torments me to recommend him to my country-women,

try-women, who may happen to pass through Bologna. Alas, this Frenchman thinks I must know every individual in his Britannick Majesty's dominions; for upon telling him, that if he performed well, I would endeavour to recommend him to my acquaintance, he did not seem thoroughly satisfied. What a diminutive speck ignorant foreigners suppose England to be. *Etienne* dresses extremely well, is a very humble, well-behaved man, and reasonable in his price.

We have had the pleasure of finding here the two English gentlemen we met at Turin and Genoa. It is a very agreeable circumstance, that we may always flatter ourselves with seeing some English acquaintance in every considerable town of Italy.

Nov. 29th, past 12 o'clock at night.

I could not send this letter to-day, as I intended * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Having dispatched our letters of recommendation this morning about eleven

o'clock, we received the moſt obliging anſwers; and have already met with civilities, that I think are unprecedented even in French politeneſs and urbanity.

We had ſcarcely dined when a ſort of confuſed noiſe at our inn-gate announced ſomething extraordinary. This proceeded from the arrival of his Eminence the Cardinal Legate, who did us the honour to come in perſon to make us a viſit, in conſequence of our letter of recommendation from the Cardinal of Choiſſul. Our hoſt was in great perturbation on his arrival, as he is Viceroy * here, and veſted by the Pope with deſpotic authority; the ſenate enjoying but few privileges, and little or no power. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * What to do with his equerries, pages, and foot-guards we did not know (his little body of 30 light horſe drew up in the ſtreet before the houſe). Our kind hoſt, who

* This Prince is of the illuſtrious houſe of Branchin Forti of Sicily, who have intermarried with the Colonnas, &c. &c.

under-

underſtood our looks upon this occaſion, opened the doors of the adjacent apartments for them.

His Eminence is a very polite old gentleman; he bears hard upon his grand climacterick, is hale and ſtrong, good-humoured and lively; he has done us the honour to invite us in the moſt friendly manner to dine with him, and to his box at the opera. He had not been above five minutes with us before the Counteſs of O——i was announced. She is a fine woman, ſpeaks French, as does the C——l very well. * * * * * * * * * * The Senator Aldrovandi and his lady arrived ſoon after, and made us the moſt obliging offers of their equipages during our ſtay, and propoſed coming at a fixed hour every morning to conduct us to the palaces and churches, and every evening to the *corſo*, opera, and the aſſemblies at private houſes, which they ſay are very agreeable. We accepted their kind offers,

except

except in regard to the equipage, as there was no poſſibility of refuſing them; for they ſaid, they inſiſted *on ſerving* us while we ſhould ſtay in this town. This expreſſion means, that ſtrangers recommended are to make uſe of the perſons they are recommended to, in regard to themſelves and every thing belonging to them; and I underſtood that what I had been told at Turin was very juſt, namely, that if a ſtranger happens to have many letters of recommendation, he ought to ſink all above one, or at moſt two, to the ſame town; otherwiſe he is not near ſo well ſerved, as when this method is obſerved; for it is almoſt impoſſible to divide one's time properly amongſt ſeveral families, though they ſhould happen to be well together; but if, unfortunately, the recommendatory letters chance to be addreſſed to families that are at variance, the reception of the ſtrangers ſerves only to make the breach wider, and may oblige the latter *d'entrér en matiere*, which probably may be productive of diſ-

agreeable

agreeable conſequences to all parties. Thus we have ſuppreſſed ſome of ours, and I am ſure we ſhall not regret our having ſo done. The family to whoſe guidance a ſtranger reſigns himſelf, introduces him in the moſt kind manner into the ſociety of all their acquaintance as we have experienced this evening; for at the departure of the Cardinal Legate and the other company above mentioned, the ſenator and his lady called upon us about ſeven o'clock, to accompany them to the opera, where after having firſt gone into his eminence's box, and made him a viſit of about a quarter of an hour, they introduced us into the boxes, and to the acquaintance of ſome of the principal families here.

The Sub-legate and the ſiſter of the Counteſs *Orſi* * * * * * * * *; the *Barbazza*, the *Zambecari*, the two ſiſters, *Marcheſe's Maruli* and *Laniani*,

one remarkable for her beauty, the other for her wit; the latter ſpeaks French well, and has attained the air and manner of a genteel Frenchwoman; the family of B—, and others whoſe names I cannot recollect. After we had made all our viſits in their boxes, we ſat the remainder of the evening in that of A—i.

The boxes in this theatre reſemble rooms, and are wider backward than forward: you will eaſily imagine how this is contrived from the circular form of the theatre. They are all furniſhed according to the taſte of their owners; Madam Aldrovandi's is hung with a beautiful pale blue and ſilver ſilk, and lighted up with wax, as they all are, in ſilver ſconces. This lady is lately married; ſhe is extremely amiable; her huſband is a ſenſible, grave man; both as polite and agreeable as poſſible.—The Cardinal's box is much larger than the others, and is placed in

the center of the ſecond range, or tier of boxes; it is lined with crimſon velvet, beautifully ornamented. I was charmed with the theatrical performance, but ſhall reſerve my obſervations thereupon for their proper place, when I come to ſpeak of the theatre in its order. During the opera, refreſhments are brought into the boxes; conſiſting of iced and preſerved fruits, biſcuits, lemonade, orgeat, *&c.* After the opera was over, we were conveyed home in the ſame manner as we came; with a liſt of invitations that it will be impoſſible for us to comply with in the ſmall ſpace of ten days, we were therefore obliged to refuſe ſeveral on that account; alleging the many fine pictures and curioſities Bologna abounded with, and the impoſſibility of inſpecting them, were we to avail ourſelves of all their civilities.

Good night; melody, dance, and ſong have ſo taken poſſeſſion of my head, that I ſhall certainly dream of nothing but operas.

I am as ever, yours, *&c.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.